

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY
TWO TICKETS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE TO SEE

the *avengers*



THE INDEPENDENT

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THE MAGAZINE

LIFE AS A HATE FIGURE: THE DAVID BECKHAM STORY

WEEKEND REVIEW

WEEKEND REVIEW

EXCLUSIVE NEW SHORT STORY BY LOUIS DE BERNIÈRES

YOUR MONEY

PENSIONS FOR THE YOUNG, SUCCESSFUL & CLUELESS

THE BEST WRITERS HOWARD JACOBSON · FERGAL KEANE · NORMAN STONE
TRACEY MACLEOD · SIMON CALLOW · PAT NEVIN **PLUS** RALPH STEADMAN

Revealed: New evidence that might free Myra Hindley

MYRA HINDLEY is preparing for a bitter public battle with Ian Brady as part of high-risk legal moves to persuade the Court of Appeal to free her from jail.

She is planning to introduce dramatic new evidence in an attempt to prove that she took part in the Moors Murders because Brady sadistically abused her and threatened to kill her mother, grandmother and young sister.

In letters and a series of interviews with *The Independent*, Hindley says she will tell the court for the first time that Brady strangled, bit, whipped, flogged and blackmailed her to submission. She says the evidence includes photographs taken by Brady showing her naked with bruises and injuries caused by bites, whips and canes.

However, her tactics are expected to provoke a violent backlash from Brady, 60, now a patient at Ashworth Special Hospital in Merseyside, her family's families, and some sections of the media. She believes Brady will publish a number of letters she wrote to him in secret code while they awaited trial and after imprisonment in 1966.

Letters, a statement and conversations with *The Independent*, Hindley tells how the coded messages worked and why she has feared Brady releasing them for more than 30 years.

Brady's alleged treatment of Hindley, 56, will form one of two grounds in an appeal against a decision by the Home Secretary, Jack Straw, that in her case life imprisonment should mean life. The other ground, to be heard in October, will relate

BY STEVE BOGGAN

to her own progress as an individual and repeated claims by professionals that she is not likely to re-offend.

She was recently moved to Highpoint category C prison in Suffolk, where supporters say she has made "remarkable" progress. She suffers from angina and osteoporosis. During her time in jail, she has gained a degree in humanities and has been the subject of repeated positive assessments by psychologists and psychiatrists. Whether her latest move will be seen as a cynical attempt to lessen her culpability, or as valid mitigation,

think that I am the arch-villain in this, the instigator, the perpetrator. I just want people to know what was going on. [Her claims] together with these pictures, will help people understand how I got involved and why I stayed involved.

Brady will not be pleased at what I am saying a) because he knows it is true, and b) he will not want people to think worse of him than they already do. The police found pictures of me among his possessions, when he was arrested, showing me with whip and cane marks and bruises.

She said she believes the photographs still exist and her

Brady and Hindley. She claims Brady asked her to send such messages for "stimulus".

Asked why she had never before made the claims about his treatment of her, she said: "I suffered dreadful abuse at Brady's hands but I didn't say anything about it for a long time. I felt so guilty and, frankly, I felt I deserved what I got."

The discovery that the photographs still exist is thought to have helped her reach her decision. Only three years ago, in a letter to a newspaper, she said: "I am not seeking to blame Ian Brady for what I am personally responsible for, or even to apportion blame."

Brady Once, after she had applied for a job that would have taken her to Germany, he drugged her and "warned me that if I ever tried to get away again, I'd be the sorriest person alive".

She added: "After the first murder, as we were driving home, he told me that if I'd shown any signs of backing out, I would have finished up in the same grave as Pauline... I just said, 'I know'."

Brady threatened her with a rifle and a knife, beating her with a broom handle and strangling her to unconsciousness after finding her crying over a newspaper advertisement that read: "Pauline, please come home. We're heartbroken for you." It related to Pauline Reade, their first victim.

Hindley added: "I used to ask him why he kept strangling me so much, so many times - this was before the offences took place - and he told me he was 'practising' on me. I said one of these days he was going to go too far and would kill me, but he just laughed and said he wouldn't - he needed me. That wasn't an affectionate remark; I knew what he needed me for."

Asked what she planned to do if ever she were released, Hindley said: "I have contingency plans, but I am under no illusion that that is when another sentence begins..."

"I would like, ideally for the Home Office to let me go abroad but that would have to be negotiated. I know I could be out one week before someone assassinated me. But at least I would have had a week of freedom. I will take my chances. I would prefer one week of freedom to the security of a lifetime of incarceration."



Terrorised, tortured and abused - Hindley's life as Brady's girlfriend. The secret code that kept her quiet, page 12
Leading article, Review, page 3

remains to be seen. Hindley and Brady were jailed for life at Chester Assizes on 6 May 1966 for the murders of Lesley Ann Downey, 10, in 1964 and Edward Evans, 17, in 1965. Brady was also convicted of murdering 12-year-old John Kilbride, with Hindley an accessory after the fact. Twenty one years later, they confessed to killing Pauline Reade, 16, and Keith Bennett, 12.

During the 15-day hearing, the jury was played a tape recording on which Lesley Ann can be heard crying: "Please mum, please God... What are you going to do with me?"

Hindley says she wants to explain how she became involved. "I just want people to know what happened. People

legal team - solicitor Jim Nichol and barrister Edward Fitzgerald QC - have requested copies. Mr Nichol refused to comment yesterday; Mr Fitzgerald was not available.

Hindley added: "Brady has been threatening me for years with extracts from letters we wrote to each other while on remand. But I won't be threatened any more. He can do what he likes. I know I will come in for criticism but I won't sit on the truth because of his threats."

The secret messages do not reflect well on her. In one, she suggested Brady should get someone to throw acid on Brett,

the four-year-old son of Ann West, whose daughter, Lesley Ann Downey, was killed by

"And whatever mitigating factors there were, my own conscience and acute awareness of my own culpability tell me the unpalatable truth that - excepting God's mercy - I have no excuses or explanations to absolve me for my behaviour after the first offence."

Hindley has written a seven-page statement detailing explicitly for the first time Brady's treatment of her. It alleges:

■ Brady drugged her grandmother to show he could commit the "perfect murder". He also drugged Hindley and took pornographic photos with her.

■ Brady regularly beat her with a cane, raped her, bit her, urinated on her and strangled

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The Moors Murderers Myra Hindley and (inset) Ian Brady



Congo in chaos as rebels advance on Kinshasa

BY JAMES ROBERTS AND PETER CAPELLA

THE DEMOCRATIC Republic of Congo - formerly Zaire - was in turmoil yesterday with foreign governments urging their nationals to leave the country, and uncertainty about the whereabouts of President Laurent Kabila.

The Foreign Office warned the estimated 350 Britons in the country to leave, and a com-

mando unit was standing by to assist in a possible evacuation. France said it was sending an Airbus to pick up any foreigners who wished to leave.

Mr Kabila, who toppled the late dictator Mobutu Sese Seko in May last year, has been fac-

ing a fast-growing revolt for the past two weeks, led by Congo's ethnic Tutsi community, based in the east of the country in the areas bordering Rwanda.

Yesterday he was reported to have fled the capital. "The president is not in Kinshasa," a high-level government adviser said. "I can't tell you any more than that." A Western

diplomat in Paris said Mr Kabila was in Lubumbashi, his former rebel base, but had no further information.

With rebel forces advancing on Kinshasa from the west, the city awoke yesterday without electricity, radio, television or newspapers. Power was restored to some areas in the early afternoon and state radio

began broadcasting with a weakened signal. "We call on the people to remain calm, the president of the republic and the government are doing everything to reverse this situation," the radio said before resuming its barrage of accusations against neighbouring Rwanda and Uganda, which Mr Kabila accuses of waging war against Congo.

Kabila aides admitted that the advancing rebels had taken over the power distribution centre at the huge Inga hydroelectric dam in the west. Apart from the capital, Inga also supplies power to the country's mainstay copper and cobalt mines in Shaba province, and to Brazzaville, capital of the neighbouring Congo Republic.

With pumping equipment paralysed, Kinshasa residents were reduced to walking the streets with buckets in search of water yesterday. Meanwhile the UN Children's Fund reported that hundreds of children, some as young as 12, had been rounded up by rebels and government forces to serve as soldiers.



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HOME

Home Office minister Alun Michael is to write to every police officer in the country demanding to know whether they are freemasons

HOME

The Damien Hirst industry took another leap with a limited edition book cover - at £1,000 a time

FOREIGN

Son of Soviet spy Gordon Lonsdale has written of the fury felt by his father after his return to the Soviet Union in a spy swap with Britain

FOREIGN

Weekly executions and amputations in Kabul draw crowds enthusiastic about the Taliban's brand of Islamic justice

BUSINESS

The Hong Kong government took the unprecedented step of intervening in the financial markets yesterday

SPORT

Mika Hakkinen clocked the best time in a practice session for tomorrow's Hungarian Grand Prix

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Barcode
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Mostly dry with **PIMM'S** breaking out towards early evening.

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£15,000 award for female boxer

Britain's only professional woman boxer announced she had received £15,000 in a settlement from the British Boxing Board of Control after winning a claim of sexual discrimination

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McKenna cleared by judge

Hypnotist Paul McKenna did not transform a man who took part in one of the TV star's live stage shows into an "aggressive schizophrenic", a court found yesterday

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Racism culture in Met, says PCA

A culture of racism within the Metropolitan Police was partly to blame for the failure of the Stephen Lawrence murder inquiry, according to the head of the Police Complaints Authority

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Clinton to admit Lewinsky affair

Three days before Bill Clinton is due to testify publicly about his alleged affair with Monica Lewinsky, the public is being softened up for an admission that he did have sex with the former White House trainee

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Hollywood backs family values

Scentsing money in morality, Hollywood is injecting more tender moments and scenes reflecting "family values" into action movies, in an apparent move to lure more women to cinemas

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BP to spend £50m on makeover

British Petroleum is set to spend between £50m and £100m on a huge corporate makeover following its \$110bn merger with the US oil company Amoco

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Henly's raises bid for Dennis

Three directors at Dennis, the bus-parts maker, were yesterday sitting on a £10.5m paper profit after Henly's raised its bid for the company to £309m, trumping a rival offer from engineer Mayflower

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SPORTS NEWS

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Chinese sign for Palace

International defenders Fan Zhiyi and Sun Jihai became the first Chinese footballers to sign for an English club when they joined Crystal Palace for a combined fee of £1m yesterday

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WEEKEND REVIEW

32-PAGE BROADSHEET SECTION

Fergal Keane

On Monday, an 82-year-old man will shuffle into a courthouse in the South African seaside town of George. There he will listen to a day of legal arguments and prepare to hear the judgment of the court

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£40m windfall causes a stir at the Garrick

MEMBERS OF the Garrick Club are often caricatured as

pompous twits and rampant misogynists. They do, however, know a thing or two about money. Four of them, after all, are former Chancellors of the Exchequer.

The Garrick is a watering hole in central London, one of those quaint institutions known as gentleman's clubs. Yesterday members gathered to discuss a £40 million windfall that they stand to gain as a result of an offer by the Disney Corporation to buy the rights to royalties from *Winnie the Pooh*.

Garrick officials stonewalled enquiries about the timing of the get-together. When the media turned up anyway, members decamped to the nearby Fortune Theatre, swatting away impudent questions.

By 1pm it was all over and 300 or so members wearing the club's garish pink and green tie swarmed back up the marble steps, like a horde of exotic eldritch animals escaped from a zoo.

So, could we have a brief statement, please, on the outcome of the meeting? No, we could not, replied a faint-faced doorman. Why not? It was none of our business. Could a request be passed to Anthony Butcher, chairman of the general committee? Mr Butcher was "at luncheon" and could not be disturbed.

As tempers rose, *The Independent* entered the club and made a polite request for information. Lord Lamont said recently:

"I can't imagine that a club full of honourable people would vote to award themselves a load of money." Really.

handled me back out on to the pavement.

Members emerging from the gloomy interior refused to answer questions.

"We're under strict orders not to feed any titbits to the press," said one old codger, waving his walking stick.

"We've been told to come back at 5 o'clock with carrier bags for the money," said another, laughing hilariously at his own joke.

Even media types were tight-lipped. One senior *Sunday Times* executive hid his face behind a newspaper when he saw the television cameras.

Fortunately, there are a few courteous souls at the Garrick. John Gale, a retired impresario, broke ranks and supplied some information.

The meeting, it transpired, had voted overwhelmingly to spend some of the Disney cash on doing up the club and some of it on setting up a charitable fund.

An amount will be left over, and it is to be decided at a later date whether individuals should pocket it.

Mr Gale thought it unlikely that members would be so greedy. "It's an appalling idea and I'm sure it's not what A A Milne would have wanted," he said.

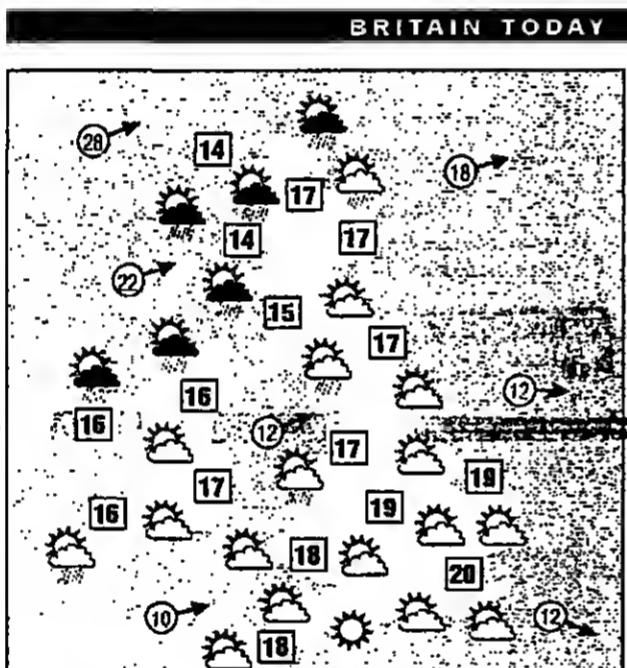
"I can't imagine that a club full of honourable people would vote to award themselves a load of money." Really.

"GUARANTEED TO CHILL THE BLOOD"
BEN SCHAFFER

"SPINE TINGLING"



Garrick members leave the Fortune Theatre after the vote
Mykel Nicolaou



LIGHTING UP

	8.56pm	9.01am
Belfast	8.56pm	8.01am
Cardiff	8.56pm	8.57am
Glasgow	8.56pm	5.50am
London	8.24pm	5.47am
Manchester	8.38pm	5.50am
Newcastle	8.40pm	5.42am

Height measured in metres

HIGH TIDES

	AM	HT	PM	HT
Amsterdam	7.24	8.12	8.12	9.07
Cork	5.29	6.10	6.10	7.05
Dun Laoghaire	5.44	6.31	6.31	7.27
Falmouth	11.23	4.6	11.55	4.6
Fitzpatrick	7.56	1.9	8.28	1.6
Groningen	8.28	3.4	8.54	3.3
Hartlepool	5.17	1.7	5.47	8.1
Ilfracombe	12.33	5.9	-	-
Ilford Haven	10.21	5.3	11.04	4.9
Isle of Wight	9.8	1.1	10.5	2.9
Leeds	9.21	3.2	10.05	2.9
London	11.33	6.0	12.05	5.9
Newquay	10.54	4.7	11.28	4.7
Portsmouth	7.24	3.4	8.07	4.1
Portland	12.56	1.5	13.43	4.0
Powell	2.06	4.3	2.39	4.0
Rhay	4.45	7.7	5.2	7.3
Scarborough	10.21	5.3	11.04	4.9
Southampton	4.42	1.7	5.17	5.2
Southend	9.18	1.8	10.17	2.9
Southsea	9.21	3.2	10.05	2.9

Height measured in metres

AIR QUALITY

Today's readings

	NO ₂	SO ₂	O ₃
London	Moderate	Good	Good
S England	Good	Good	Good
Wales	Good	Good	Good
C England	Good	Good	Good
E England	Good	Good	Good
N Ireland	Good	Good	Good

SUN & MOON

Sun rises: 05.46

Sun sets: 20.24

Moon rises: 04.24 (Sun)

Moon sets: 14.18

New moon: August 22

WEATHERLINE

For the latest forecast dial 0851 3009 3009 or for the forecast for your area, Source: The Met Office. Calls charged at 50p per min (inc VAT).

OUTLOOK

Rain for many parts of Sunday but southern England will escape dry. Unsettled on Monday with rain or showers in most parts. Sunny spells Tuesday with rain likely on Wednesday in the north and west.

TRAVEL

Roads: London: M1/A12 link road. Various improvements in place.

UK: M4 between J5 (B4080) and J7 (B4060). New road layout with a narrow lane in both ways. Until 12th October.

West Midlands: M6 between junctions 4 and 42 (Lorries interchange) (M6/M40). Roadworks with a 50 MPH speed limit. Until 30th November.

South East: M25 between junctions 11 (M25) and 12 (M26). Extra lane in each direction both ways and a 50 mph speed limit.

British Rail: 0800 145 0000. For travel information.

British Airways: 0800 077 0770. For flight information.

British Rail: 0800 145 0000. For travel information.

Roll up, roll up: a \$100 bill by Damien Hirst. Yours for £1,000

BY OLIVER BENNETT

DAMIEN HIRST rides again. The arch-blagger, Soho lad- celebrity polymath and fest we forgot artist, is to design a cover for a book, a limited edition re-issue of the Sevenies cocaine trade pothole *Snowblind* by Robert Sabbag.

Hirst's cover is to be made of cocaine paraphernalia - mirror, credit card and a genuine \$100 bill - and is to be launched next month. Jamie Byng, the go-ahead young editor at publisher Canongate, says: "It's the most off-the-wall book this country has seen in a decade." Already most have been reserved through private sale, despite it costing a stiff £1,000.

There is more in the 33-year-old's typically busy schedule. A Hirst image - of a smiley-face badge lying on soil - is also to do the honours as the cover of *Happy Like Murderers*, a book by Gordon Burn about the mass murderers Rosemary and Frederick West, due to be published in October. And there are also rumours of an imminent vodka advert directed by the artist, which is to carry the line *Absolut Hirst*.

Indeed, this year constitutes an anniversary for Hirst, since it was 10 years ago that the young art student made his name as the curator of *Freeze*, the warehouse exhibition of fellow Goldsmith's College students' work that kick-started the YBA phenomenon and made his name.

Since then Hirst has gone ballistic, confounding the critics who have been predicting his demise since he burst onto the scene. Indeed, he has even won some nay-sayers over; the late Dan Farson sniffily referred to him as more pop star than artist, but was later to revise his opinion having found Hirst to be an amiable drinking partner. Even Brian Sewell, plummy-voiced scourge of the contemporary art world, has reviewed Hirst's work with more equanimity than one might have expected. And *The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living* - also known as the pickled shark, which is still Hirst's *magnum opus* - was taken seriously by many art world commentators as an example of the artistic tradition of *memento mori*: a reminder of mortality.

Charles Saatchi backed a winner when he bought into Hirst, whose stock rose immensely when he won the Turner Prize in 1994.

"It's amazing what you can do with an E grade in A level art, a twisted imagination and a chainsaw," said Hirst at the time.

Rather than resent this cheeky success, the art world still seems to do on Hirst, who was rejected by St Martin's School of Art in London, to become the biggest thing in Brit art since David Hockney in the Sixties.

"He is a kind of impresario, able to turn his hand to anything," says one gallery commentator, who prefers to stay anonymous. "He has such an ability to inspire."

To her, Hirst is a little like Andy Warhol, who turned his own celebrity into his subject matter, and also a little like Jeff Koons and Francis Bacon, who are appreciated for their larger-than-life personalities and lifestyles as well as their work. She adds that he has been an inspiration to the younger generation. "I would say he has opened it up for younger artists. Damien has had an enormous impact."

That he has entered the canon was evident when he was voted onto BBC Radio 3's list of 100 people constituting the



Damien Hirst's cover for *Snowblind*, will feature a mirror, a credit card and a \$100 bill

Nils Jorgensen

Cultural Elite of the 20th century. It was certainly a controversial choice: panelist AS Byatt said: "No one was arguing for Hirst," and Professor John Carey argued that it was appalling to overlook figures such as Sigmund Freud in favour of Hirst.

Richard Wentworth, the sculptor, taught Hirst and remembers him as a "cheeky chappy - which decent art students often are". Like others, Wentworth says that Hirst "is not someone that people should dismiss". But he applauds his "fantastic penetrative power" and the fact that he is a kind of mascot figure for Nineties Brits.

Many will Hirst. He has had the accolade of having work sabotaged: his *Away From The Flock* - also known as the pickled sheep - was ruined by an artist with black ink. His "old-in-the-Ritz" bad boy act turns off as many people as it excites. And some of his work, such as his "dot" and "spin" paintings, have been seen as derivative of Sixties Op Art painting.

Now his ventures into film been particularly remarkable. *Hanging Around*, from 1996, was previewed at the Hayward Gallery but failed to make much impact. David Sylvester, doyen of art critics, lambasted its "mediocrity, banality, self-indulgence and lack of self-criticism". Better received was his bawdy promo for Blur's *Country House*.

But his sheer fame has survived the knocks, as if he is big-

ger than his various productions. Such is Hirst's celebrity that acolytes refer to him simply as "Damien" and everyone knows who they mean. His Groucho Club friends include the louche drinking chums, Alex James of Blur and Keith Allen, who landed us with the alternative football anthem *Vindaloo*, released on Hirst's own record label, Turtleneck Records.

With his foodie counterpart, Marco Pierre White, he refurbished the musty old restaurant, Quo Vadis - conveniently close to the Groucho - transforming it into a shrine to the work of fellow artists such as Sarah Lucas. Then there is his Notting Hill diner, Pharmacy, which was told to drop the name by the Royal Phar-

aceutical Society on the basis that it might confuse the public. It is now called Arby Ramp.

His home life seems to be fairly secure, too. Hirst is married to an American jewellery designer, has one son called Connor and houses in Chelsea and Devon.

It is probably too early for Hirst to have a retrospective, though last year the interactive book *I Want to Spend the Rest of My Life Everywhere, With Everyone, One to One, Always, Forever, Now* was published by Booth-Clibborn Editions, which made reference to his previous artworks but primarily operated as a kind of memento of his personality cult. For behind all his various productions, that is what Hirst primarily has to offer.



Hirst works (from top): the cover of *I Want to Spend the Rest of My Life...*; sheep in formaldehyde; a spin painting; and the CD cover for the single "Vindaloo"

BUT IS HE ANY GOOD?
THE CRITICS DECIDE

YES SAYS RICHARD SHONE

"Like lots of great artists of the past, Damien Hirst likes to do all kinds of things. He's got an extremely fertile, sometimes mischievous, but essentially serious mind and I think he'll go on expanding for as long as he wants. He is a very important figure in contemporary art in that he has been a great permission-giver and a great liberator. He's never been a pussyfoot. If he wants to tackle big, big subjects he'll go ahead and do it, whereas a lot of English artists are a little too tentative, a little too polite. He's ambitious and he's serious. He makes extremely arresting and unforgettable images with big and engrossing themes. Once you've seen a Hirst you never forget it."

Richard Shone is art critic and associate editor of *The Burlington Magazine*

NO SAYS BRIAN SEWELL

"It's possible that Damien Hirst has run his course as an artist and that he has nothing more to say. He has turned into an entrepreneur and at the end of it there will be nothing which is of any aesthetic value or interest. It will be a successful business and that's it. It's very easy for any aesthetic impulse to slip away from the Hirsts of this world if they fail to nourish it. He has done no serious work for five years or so. He's quite clearly got a court and the courtiers are all people who tell him he's marvellous, which is doing him no good. I'd now be very surprised if he could do anything other than come up with gimmicks."

Brian Sewell is art critic of the *Evening Standard*

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What's the Hirst industry worth?

BY CLARE GARNER

His stuffed animals, including his dissected cow and sheep, have made him another £1m. His famous shark piece, entitled *The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living*, fetched £50,000.

Then there are his spin paintings, made by swirling paint over a canvas leaving an abstract pattern of colour. The whole process takes a matter

of seconds to produce. Recently one of his spin paintings, won in a competition by a *Big Issue* seller from Liverpool, fetched £71,900 at Christie's.

Earlier this year a glass-fronted, fibre-board medicine cabinet entitled God was sold for £188,500 at Christie's, London, while at Sotheby's, New York his *Asthmatic Escaped* cleared £123,000.

Graham Southern, director of the contemporary department

at Christie's, said of the spin sale: "It was an astounding day. I was hoping the Hirst cabinet might make it over £100,000, but when it reached £170,000, it was just astonishing."

Hirst is part-owner of Pharmacy, the profitably trendy restaurant in Notting Hill, west London, that is planning to float on the stock market in a deal which could value it at up to £10m. That works out at more than £50,000-a-seat.

And now simply being Damien Hirst can apparently make money. His autobiography is priced at an astonishing £59.95.



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JP Hirst

Ulster death shows time is slow healer

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

TODAY IS the anniversary of the death of Samuel McLarnon, who was shot in the head with a police bullet. That was all of 29 years ago but, as a relative of another victim put it, "the bullet just travels on for years through time".

This week the death gave rise to fresh controversy in a way that illustrates how, although the Northern Ireland death rate has fallen dramatically, the legacy of deaths during the Troubles will pose difficult issues for years to come.

The question of how to care for the victims, those bereaved by the 3,600 killings of the Trou-

bles, and those injured by the violence, has recently come to the fore after years when the Government and the body politic paid little attention to their needs.

Victims' aid groups have welcomed this new trend, but this week the McLarnon case showed how the whole area remains alive with sensitivities, and how a single incident can give rise to hugely different perceptions and reactions.

For most people, the idea of victims conjures up those who have suffered at the hands of republican or loyalist terrorism. But the McLarnon case has brought into sharp focus the fact that around 400 of those killed met their deaths at the hands of the security forces. Some were terrorists but many were civilians.

This week's episode began at the Folk and Transport museum just outside Belfast, when a police officer's wife visiting the museum took exception to a quotation included in a small exhibition. This consisted of photographs and fragments of interviews with children and young people conducted by a group called "The Cost of the Troubles".

The quotation said: "The first thing that happened to me was my father being shot dead when I was two and a half ... I remember the effect on the whole family. He was shot dead in the house by the police."

The woman was upset by this. She did not believe a man had been killed in the way indicated, and she made complaints both to the museum and to the Royal Ulster Constabulary. The RUC contacted the museum to pass on her complaint. The museum decided to remove the quotation while the its accuracy was checked.

Samuel McLarnon, son of the Samuel McLarnon who was killed, was upset by this. It was his quotation.

"I'm disgusted," Mr McLarnon said. "This is censorship, this is the RUC denying involvement."

"He was an innocent man, he was in the house, and the police shot him. I regard it as murder."

The museum meanwhile checked the circumstances of Mr McLarnon's death, concluded the quotation was accurate enough, and reinstated it to the exhibition.

Although mysteries surround many of the deaths in the Troubles, the McLarnon case was investigated in great detail by an English judge. This was Lord Scarman, who was called in by the authorities to investigate the rioting and deaths which led to the first deployment of troops in Belfast exactly 29 years ago today. The McLarnon shooting was one of these.

The Scarman tribunal established that, with a "catastrophic riot" raging in the Ardoyne district of north Belfast, police backed up by an RUC armoured car had opened fire. Lord Scarman concluded that shots were fired from one end of Herbert Street at police who, he said, replied with heavy fire.

The late Samuel McLarnon lived with his two children and his pregnant wife at 37 Herbert Street. Three bullets went through his sitting-room window, one of them hitting him in the head. Although a police witness would not accept that the shots were fired by police, Lord Scarman said the evidence was "irresistible" that these were police bullets.

Mr McLarnon's son says he has no memory of the shooting, though his mother told him of "my dad falling to the floor me standing looking at my dad with blood running down the floor". He says his father was pulling down the window-blind when he was shot: "We got compensation, but it was money you couldn't wait to be rid of anyway."

He is aggrieved about this week's happenings, claiming that differentiation is being made between different types of victims. "All the murders by the IRA and loyalists are all acknowledged as being wrong, but they don't mention the security force killings," he said.

"The security forces are part of the equation but what they did is being overlooked and ignored all the time. At the end of the day I don't expect any justice, I don't expect any trial; I just want it acknowledged that they've done wrong."

The death of Samuel McLarnon took place in 1969. Many will conclude the police were at fault; many others, better disposed to the authorities, will not hold them to blame for the death. The difference in perspective and interpretation is summed up all too aptly in the title of the exhibition, which is: "Do you see what I see?"

IN BRIEF

400 terrorists seek freedom

MORE THAN 400 terrorist prisoners in Northern Ireland's jails have officially applied for early release. The first prisoners are expected to walk free within the next few weeks amid continuing anger over the release scheme. Stephen Ross, 26, whose face had to be rebuilt with a steel mask after he was caught in the Remembrance Day bombing in 1987, said: "A person who commits murder in England doesn't get out after two years so why should someone in Northern Ireland?"

Met officers on assault charges

FIVE METROPOLITAN police officers are facing 15 disciplinary charges after allegedly assaulting two men they had arrested. The officers allegedly struck the men after a dispute at Dagenham police station in 1996. The injured men, arrested for breach of the peace, were taken to hospital. A sixth officer faces charges of disobedience and neglect of duty at a hearing in two months time.

Murder inquiry into baby's death

A WOMAN was being questioned yesterday by police in connection with the murder of a baby boy who died from repeated blows to the head. Adam Reid, aged eight months, from Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, died on Tuesday morning after sustaining serious injuries on Tuesday night.

Hotel saves Thames river bus

A SPONSORSHIP deal has saved a proposed Thames river bus service. White Horse Fast Ferries' managed to raise only a third of the required £1.5m from shareholders. But yesterday the Holiday Inn at Rotherhithe, south London, stepped in to save the service.

New paw prints point to big cat

Two huge paw prints were yesterday bailed by police and the RSPCA as the clearest evidence yet that big cats are living wild in the countryside. RSPCA officers believe the paw prints found on a farm in Lincolnshire are similar to those made by animals such as pumas or lynx.

NORMAN STONE

Bismarck had charisma, a rarity in Germany, a gift for one-liners, something he shared with Hitler

— THE WEEKEND REVIEW, PAGE 7 →

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Fleetwood Assassin defeats boxing bosses



No longer a Mickey Mouse world for the Fleetwood Assassin who has become Britain's only professional women boxer Peter Macdiarmid

ONE MIGHT have expected a more theatrical entrance – perhaps a large, evil-looking minster walking in front, a shiny golden dressing gown, or may be the theme tune from *Rocky*.

None of it. Instead Jane Couch – the self-styled Fleetwood Assassin – bounced into the room with her solicitor, ringlets swept back and wearing a fight sports top showing off her flat stomach and Mickey Mouse tattoo.

"Hooray! You all right? It's my birthday. You can sing me happy birthday!" she raffled, her mouth as quick as her fists.

Britain's only professional woman boxer had reason to be pleased yesterday as she announced she had received £15,000 in a settlement from the British Boxing Board of Control (BBCB) after winning a claim for sexual discrimination.

Ms Couch, 30, the world welterweight champion, had taken the case to tribunal earlier this year after she was refused a licence to box professionally in Britain. That licence was finally granted in June.

Yesterday at a press conference at the London offices of her solicitor she revealed the board had also undertaken to implement a full equal opportunities policy.

"I am well-chuffed. It's a nice birthday present," she said. "In the future if any woman decides to take up boxing there will not be a stigma attached to the girls." Ms Couch, who works

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE

ed in a Blackpool rock factory and at a scrapyard before taking up boxing, added: "People have been coming up to me in the street, even old ladies, and saying, 'Well done!' to me since I won the tribunal."

"In a few years time young girls will be able to go to their mums and say they want to be a boxer, and they will be able to do it. And I don't think there's anything wrong in that because it's not a bad thing for a girl to be able to look after herself."

Ms Couch said she was planning her first professional fight in Britain for some time in September. Then she has to defend her world title in America on 30 October.

Her solicitor, Sara Leslie, said: "We hope this will finally destroy the myth that there are medical reasons why women should not partake in boxing – any more than men."

The BBCB had objected to licensing women on the grounds that they faced different injuries to male boxers. Some suggested women boxers being punched in the chest were at higher risk from breast cancer.

Yesterday the BBCB's general secretary John Morris said it would now be talking to the Equal Opportunities Commission to help draft a formal statement that would let other women fighters be licensed.

"There were concerns expressed about the potential

dangers to women," he said, adding that regulations which once obliged boxers to fight bare-chested had now been altered. "We are concerned about the welfare of all our licence-holders," Mr Morris stressed.

There are an estimated 6,000 to 8,000 professional women boxers in other parts of the world, with the majority in the United States and Canada where top fighters can earn up to \$250,000 (£165,000) a fight.

Some critics have claimed there is not same sort of demand for female fighters in Britain, but Glyn Leach, editor of *Boxing Monthly*, said interest would grow. "Of course there is opposition from old stagers who think women should be stuck at home," he said. "But the proof of the pudding is in the States where there is a great deal of interest, and where top women fighters can earn more than respected and established male world champions."

Not everyone is convinced. Frank Maloney, who manages Lemnox Lewis, the WBC world heavyweight champion, said: "I think it is absolutely disgusting that women are being allowed to fight. If anything happens during a woman's fight there will be calls for a ban and all those left-wing, do-gooder lesbians who have been fighting Jane Couch's case will be the first to complain."

"The only women you'll find in a ring at one of my fights are very pretty ring-card girls."

The hot 100: New in at 94, Harry Secombe

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE

NO SURPRISES about the winners then. With boring predictability, the Beatles were yesterday voted Britain's favourite music performers of all time, ahead of the equally predictable Elvis, Frank Sinatra, Queen and Sir Elton John.

So much for the top five, but what about further down the list. What about no 31 – Daniel O'Donnell? Or how about no 48 – Michael Ball? Ahead of the likes of Bruce Springsteen, the Beach Boys and Stevie Wonder?

If there is anything that can be said about the survey carried out by the British Market Research Bureau (BMRB) is that it certainly canvassed listeners of all ages. And tastes.

A total of 5,000 people were questioned in the survey, which was published yesterday by the middle-of-the-road pop and rock magazine *Mojo*.

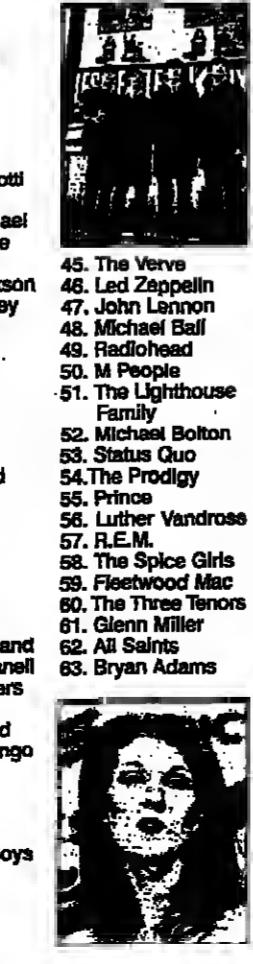
"While many younger voters will have changed their minds since this survey was conducted, many older respondents obviously gave the same answer they would have 20 years ago," said *Mojo*'s editor, Mat Snow.

The survey uncovered some interesting trends. The Beatles, who polled 5 per cent of the total vote, were particularly popular among the 45-54 age group and middle-class music lovers.

THE TOP 100

1. The Beatles
2. Elvis Presley
3. Frank Sinatra
4. Queen
5. Elton John
6. Celine Dion
7. Cliff Richard
8. Oasis
9. Luciano Pavarotti
10. Phil Collins
11. George Michael
12. Nat King Cole
13. Bing Crosby
14. Michael Jackson
15. Shirley Bassey
16. Jim Reeves
17. The Rolling Stones
18. Simply Red
19. Rod Stewart
20. Madonna
21. Abba
22. Neil Diamond
23. Bob Marley
24. U2
25. Diana Ross
26. Bon Jovi
27. Pink Floyd
28. Eric Clapton
29. David Bowie
30. Barbra Streisand
31. Daniel O'Donnell
32. The Carpenters
33. Dire Straits
34. Ella Fitzgerald
35. Plácido Domingo
36. Boyzone
37. Wet Wet Wet
38. Tom Jones
39. Tina Turner
40. Backstreet Boys
41. Bob Dylan
42. Roy Orbison
43. Meat Loaf
44. Paul Weller
45. The Verve
46. Led Zeppelin
47. John Lennon
48. Michael Ball
49. Radiohead
50. M People
51. The Lighthouse Family
52. Michael Bolton
53. Status Quo
54. The Prodigy
55. Prince
56. Luther Vandross
57. R.E.M.
58. The Spice Girls
59. Fleetwood Mac
60. The Three Tenors
61. Glenn Miller
62. All Saints
63. Bryan Adams
64. Enya
65. Simon & Garfunkel
66. Lionel Richie
67. Whitney Houston
68. Paul McCartney
69. James Last
70. UB40
71. Matt Munro
72. Mario Lanza
73. Buddy Holly
74. The Stones
75. The Eagles
76. Barry Manilow
77. Vera Lynn
78. Frankie Vaughan
79. Genesis
80. Bruce Springsteen
81. Perry Como
82. Paul Robeson
83. Nirvana
84. Johnny Mathis
85. Robbie Williams
86. Chris Rea
87. Kiri Te Kanawa
88. Stevie Wonder
89. Eels
90. The Beautiful South
91. Billy Joel
92. The Seekers
93. Take That
94. Harry Secombe
95. Jimi Hendrix
96. The Beach Boys
97. Alanis Morissette
98. Madness
99. Tammy Wynette
100. The Police

Compiled by the British Market Research Bureau for *Mojo* magazine



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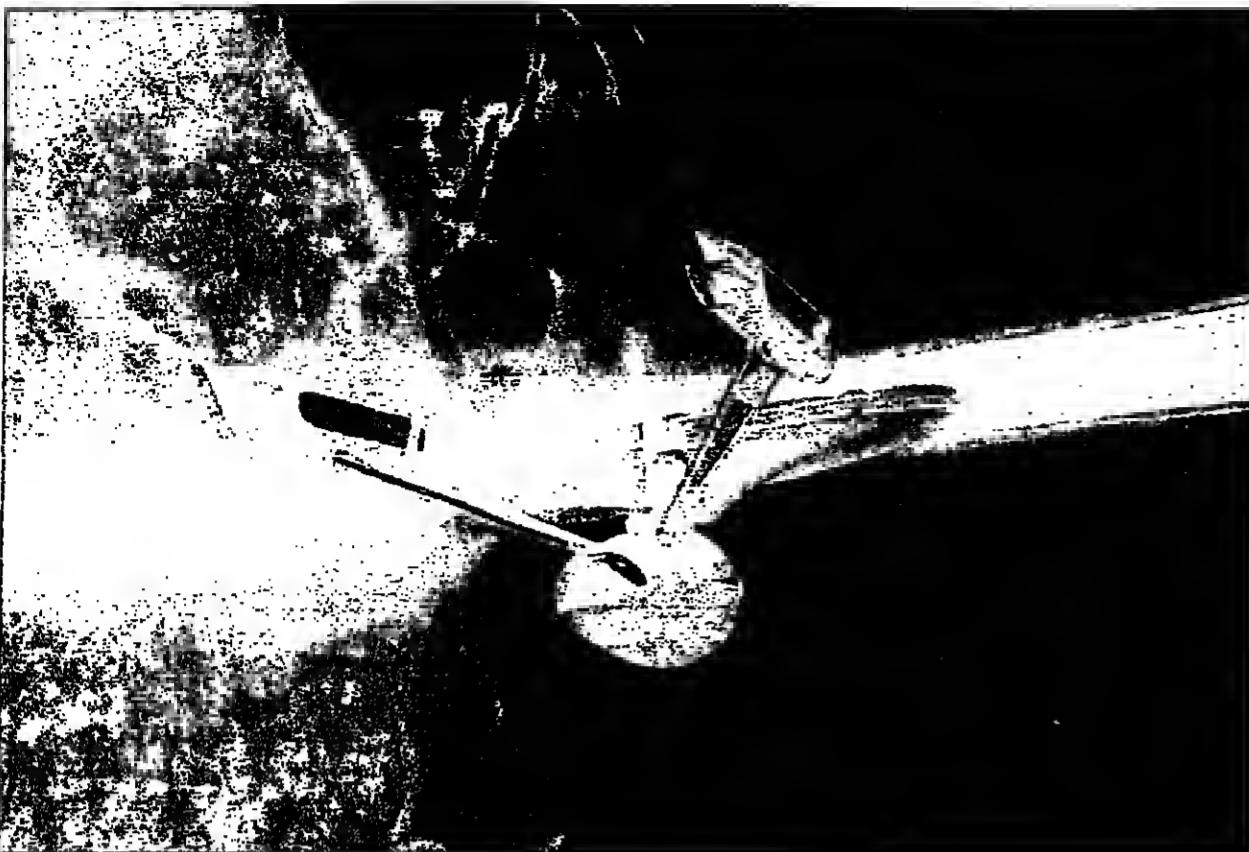
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Explorers set to follow Captain Kirk



The Starship Enterprise: Now scientists are working to turn science fiction into reality

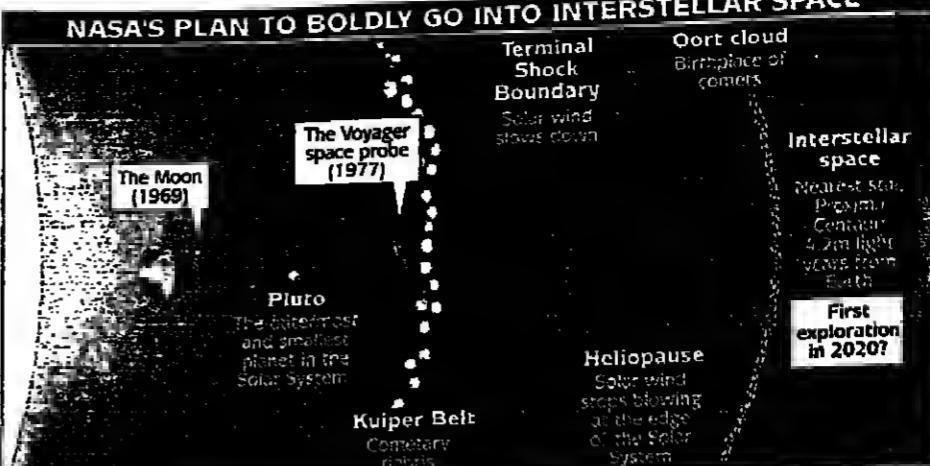
BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

LEADING EXPERTS in space exploration are planning to send a spacecraft to the stars in an ambitious attempt to emulate Captain Kirk and boldly go where no man has gone before.

Interstellar travel – once the stuff of science fiction – is now being taken seriously by none other than Daniel S. Goldin, head of the American National Aeronautics and Space Administration (Nasa), who has ordered his brightest scientists to find a way of sending a space probe beyond the Solar System.

Goldin has directed Nasa's Office of Space Science to draw up proposals for building a space vehicle of the 21st century and he has asked the prestigious Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California to set up a task force for drawing a "route map" to the stars.

Recent findings suggesting there may be water-bearing planets orbiting our nearest stellar neighbours – raising the distant prospect of alien life – have spurred on efforts to turn



the science fiction of interstellar travel into reality.

At a brainstorming session of some of the world's leading authorities on space travel, held last month at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, scientists proposed futuristic power sources for propelling spacecraft thousands of times further than the Sun.

"I think Nasa is serious about developing advanced propulsion, but whether these

space vehicles will take us to as early as 2010, or even before that if we have a breakthrough," said Dr Richard Mewaldt, a Caltech physicist who attended the meeting.

"But they would get us into

interstellar space, and the planets of our own solar system, in a far shorter time than we can today."

Conventional rocket technology would not be suitable for interstellar travel. Just travelling to the edge of the Solar System – to a point known as the heliopause, where the solar wind stops blowing – would take 30 years with existing rocket fuel.

The furthest man-made object from the Earth is the Voyager 2 space probe, which was launched in 1977 and has so far travelled about 70 times the distance from the Earth to the Sun. It is expected to run out of fuel in about 2020, when it will be no more than about twice this distance.

Going to the stars is even more daunting. It would take more than four years for a spacecraft travelling at the speed of light to reach our nearest stellar neighbour, the star Proxima Centauri.

Dr Andrew Coates, a physicist at the Mullard Space Laboratory at University College London, said Nasa is nevertheless serious about interstellar travel.

"There is great interest in

exploring this interstellar space because so little is known about it. A probe that can travel this distance is being taken very seriously and it could be launched

as early as 2010, or even before that if we have a breakthrough," he said.

If a space probe can be built to go beyond the edge of the Solar System it can search for the elusive Oort Cloud, a cosmic maternity ward for billions of comets, some of which occasionally escape to fly past the Earth, Dr Coates said.

Nasa is investigating several alternatives to rocket technology. One of the most promising is a plan to launch lightweight spacecraft using powerful laser beams.

Leif Myrabo, professor of engineering physics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, has successfully test-fired a prototype miniature space vehicle which he has managed to launch 30 metres into the air using a military laser gun.

One advantage of this is that the spacecraft's launch motors – the laser – are left behind, enabling them to be reused, in addition to making the spacecraft lighter. "We're trying to defeat gravity at a cost that is far cheaper than rockets," Professor Myrabo said.

Another idea is for interstellar spacecraft to deploy large "solar sails", which can use the energy of the solar wind to propel them into interstellar space, said Dr Mewaldt. "There is a whole series of new spacecraft technology you can think about to accomplish interstellar travel. One could imagine in five years you could launch a spacecraft to test these concepts," he said.

Police must reveal links to Masons

ALUN MICHAEL, Minister of State at the Home Office, is to write to every police officer in the country demanding to know whether they are Freemasons.

The controversial move is certain to cause an angry protest from police officers who will regard it as an invasion of privacy.

But the Home Secretary, Jack Straw, has made it clear to colleagues that he is determined to press ahead with identifying Freemasons in the police force, the Probation Service, and the Prison Service.

Lord Irvine, the Lord Chancellor, recently wrote to 5,000 members of the judiciary, from the senior law lords to members of judicial tribunals, asking them to declare whether they were members of Masonic lodges.

Judges have reacted with hostility to the demands for disclosure, and ministers are now considering action to break through the wall of silence and secrecy surrounding the Masons.

Home Office sources said last night that officials were already working on legislation to force the disclosure of Freemasons, if the voluntary approach failed.

Senior judges, including Lord Bingham, the Lord Chief Justice, have objected to the demands. He said there was "no justification" for judges to reveal whether they were Freemasons.

The United Grand Lodge, the head of the Masons, has so far refused to comply with Home Office demands for information.

Mr Michael wrote to the United Grand Lodge in March asking it to disclose the names of members working in the police, the judiciary, the Crown Prosecution Service, Probation Service, Prison Service, and as coroners and members of police authorities.

It failed to provide the information and in May Mr Michael wrote to the ruling Grand Lodge again, informing the Freemasons "that the Government would press on with

the process of implementing its policy of declaration and registration".

Officials are collating the names of serving office-holders and employees. The refusal of the Freemasons to co-operate has brought forward the threat of legislation by the Home Office.

The Home Secretary accepted earlier this year the report and recommendations of the Home Affairs Select Committee, chaired by Chris Mullin, a Labour campaigner for civil rights, who called for the Freemasons to make the disclosures voluntarily.

Mr Straw said: "Membership of secret societies such as Freemasonry can raise suspicions of a lack of impartiality or objectivity. It is therefore important that the public know the facts."

All recruits will now be asked to sign a register saying whether they are Masons. The Home Secretary has not ruled out legislation to force the creation of a register of existing members in public service.

"The Government will address the need for legislation having regard to the extent of compliance with voluntary registers, once they have been established."

It had been thought that the Lord Chancellor was reluctant to act, but he was the first minister to require information from those employed under his departmental brief.

Lord Irvine warned that any who did not declare membership of the Masons would still have their names published. They would be marked down in new public register as "not prepared to provide information", a category that will persuade many critics that they are in fact Masons.

Lord Irvine's threat was condemned by leading Freemasons as "discriminatory". They said it was unfair to single out judges rather than others involved in the justice system.

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A new home for ospreys under threat

THE RELEASE of 12 young ospreys on a Midlands reservoir is prompting hopes that the spectacular fish-eating hawk will return to breed in England.

On Thursday night, a group of conservationists set loose the last of the 12 Scottish ospreys on the shores of Rutland Water - a site they believe is a perfect breeding ground. The birds had been brought from nests in the Scottish Highlands. There, after a painstaking breeding programme started in 1954, there are now 120 pairs.

It is the third year in succession that young Scottish birds have been released, in the hope that they will imprint the new surroundings on their memories before their autumn migration to West Africa. The idea is that when they eventually return, after three, four or five years, they will nest at Rutland Water.

The giant reservoir, 23 miles in circumference, had long been known as a stopping-off place for ospreys on their spring journey back to the Highlands from Senegal and The Gambia. In 1994 a pair stayed the whole summer, but failed to breed.

So Tim Appleton, the warden of Rutland Water nature reserve, called in Scotland's leading osprey expert, Roy Dennis, to advise on how to attract the

day, at the end of August or the beginning of September, the inborn urge comes, and south they go.

More perches? Artificial nests? Mr Dennis, a former head of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in Northern Scotland and a former warden of the Loch Garten reserve, suggested something far more radical: translocation. Taking young birds from nests elsewhere and releasing them in new areas has proved outstandingly successful in the United States. Anglian Water, the reservoir's owners, were persuaded it could be done at Rutland, and agreed to finance the project.

The six-week-old birds are taken singly from Scottish nests where there must be at least three chicks, and brought to artificial nests, in pens on a 15ft-high platform, at the edge of the wood on Rutland's western end.

For the next month or so the project manager, Helen Dixon, feeds the juveniles on rainbow trout bought from a fish farm and getting to know them intimately, before they are released. They then spend another month flying around the area, learning their spectacular fishing dive but for the most part feeding on trout put out on platforms. Then one

There are more than 80 volunteers helping the osprey project and everyone involved thrill to the sight of these striking raptors with their 5ft wingspan.

"They're fantastic birds," said Helen Dixon. "They're so handsome, their colours are so striking, chocolate brown above and snow white beneath, especially when the sun catches them. But it's in flight they're most exciting, especially when they're plunging to fish. They soar and they dive and they're acrobatic and they take your breath away. They're majestic fliers. You never get tired of it."

Rutland Water nature reserve will play host next weekend to the British Birdwatching Fair, which is rapidly becoming the biggest social event in the twitchers' calendar, with up to 20,000 enthusiasts expected.



One of the graceful young ospreys launches itself over Rutland Water on a hunt for fish

Peter Macdiarmid

CS spray 'attacks' on mentally ill spark curb calls

WELFARE GROUPS have demanded new guidelines to control the use of CS spray by police on the mentally ill after complaints that the weapon is being used indiscriminately.

The National Schizophrenic Fellowship and the British Association of Social Workers have called for new instructions to be issued. The Mental Health Act Commission is also looking

at the issue. The *Independent* has learnt of two cases in which the weapon was used to overpower psychologically disturbed people.

A headmistress from Cambridgeshire, has complained that her son - who cannot be named for legal reasons - was treated like a criminal. He was

having psychological problems, but refused to go to hospital and did not co-operate with social workers called to help him, she said.

"He wasn't violent in any way, but he didn't want to go to hospital. Because he was ill he didn't understand he needed help. Then the police came. Three of them went right up to my son and one of them said he

had to go to hospital and that there was 'an easy way and a hard way'.

"My son, who was still lying down, mumbled something incoherent, as he tends to do when he is ill. He jerked away when one of the officers tried to grab him. Instantly and from a very short distance, another officer fired this spray straight into my son's face while he

was still on the sofa. He jumped up, blinded and in a panic.

"They then grabbed him and eventually manhandled him outside after a struggle. He was put face down in the corner of the garden with his hands handcuffed behind his back."

The family's solicitor, Peter Gourri, said: "We hope to issue proceedings next week." A complaint was also made to the

Police Complaints Authority. A spokeswoman for Cambridge Police said she was unable to comment on the case.

In a similar incident in Hampshire, a mentally ill man was sprayed when police arrived to take him to hospital in Southampton. His mother said: "They made no attempt to talk to him at all. Three policemen came into the house,

took him outside and he was sprayed."

A Hampshire police spokesman said: "We were called to an address to prevent a breach of the peace. We had no way of knowing that the man we found suffered from mental illness. He became violent, attacking police officers, and CS spray had to be used to bring him under control."

Earlier this month the English National Board for Nursing, Midwifery and Health Visiting reported that one in four new nurses in Britain is being recruited from overseas while the number of those entering the profession has fallen to its lowest level since records began.

This week the United Kingdom Central Council of Nursing, Midwifery and Health Visiting reported that one in

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Nurses look for way out of NHS

THE PRACTICAL WORKER

EXCERPT FROM THE HISTORY OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION, BY JAMES BROWN,
1804. VOL. I. PAGES 111-112.

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19. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1937, 32, 100-104.

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Chris Morris

PCA says London police are racist

A CULTURE of racism within the Metropolitan Police was partly to blame for the failure of the Stephen Lawrence murder inquiry, according to the head of the Police Complaints Authority.

Peter Moorhouse, chairman of the PCA, claimed that racist attitudes by some Scotland Yard officers were responsible for the break-down in relations with Stephen's parents, Neville and Doreen. He said detectives gave the impression that the 18-year-old was probably involved in drugs or gang fighting.

Mr Moorhouse's comments, in an interview with *The Independent*, are a severe blow to Sir Paul Condon, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, and his force, which is still reeling from the catalogue of blunders revealed at the public inquiry into the Lawrence affair.

Stephen was stabbed to death at a bus stop by a white gang in Eltham, south-east London, in 1993. While the Metropolitan Police has admitted that its officers were grossly incompetent, it strongly denies allegations of racism.

Mr Moorhouse said: "If you ask the [Police Complaints] Authority if there is a racism problem in the Metropolitan Police, the answer has to be yes. I suspect most large urban police forces have that same problem to a greater or lesser degree."

Commissioning the PCA's examination of the Lawrence murder inquiry, he said: "We did not find hard evidence that overt racism impeded the investigation." But he added: "That's not to say there's not institutionalised racism in the Met."

Mr Moorhouse cited exam-

BY JASON BENNETTO
Crime Correspondent

ples in the Lawrence case. "There was no appreciation that there was a different culture in areas, such as grieving within different communities... often in Afro-Caribbean communities, sympathy is expressed by family and friends gathering at the home of the deceased relatives," he said.

"So when the liaison officer turned up and there were family and friends there it was seen as a form of preventing the police having access to the family."

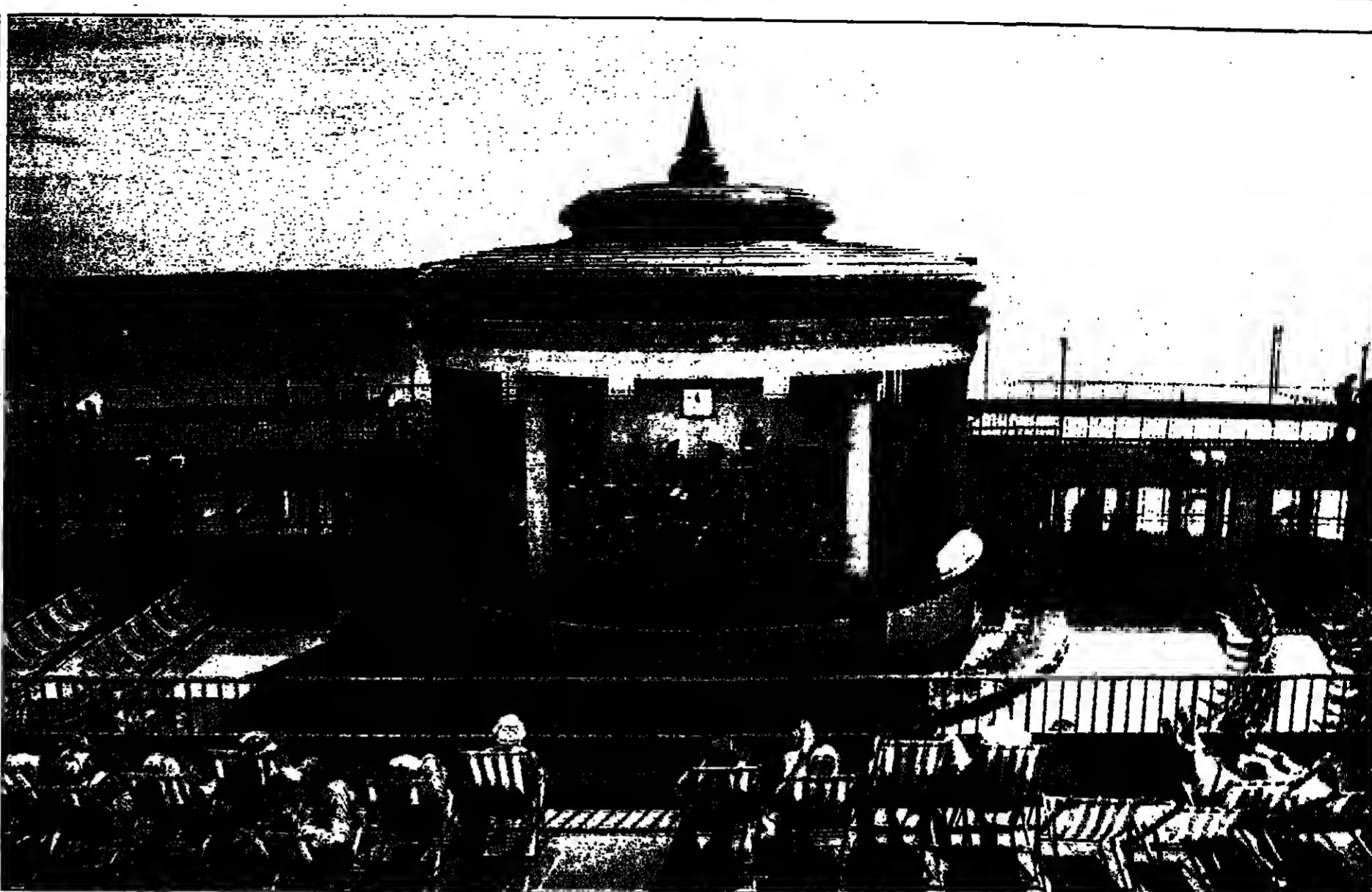
He said the police expected the family to make themselves available on their terms. "This was the wrong way round."

The Scotland Yard detective who led the murder investigation did not meet Stephen's parents until more than a year after he was killed, he said.

Mr Moorhouse added that the police also failed to make it clear that they viewed the murder as a racist attack and that as a routine part of the inquiry they needed to make inquiries into the background of the victim.

Instead that was taken by the Lawrence family, probably with some justification, as alleging that their son was involved in drugs or a gang. The family felt there was some kind of slur on Stephen. The police failed to get across that they knew their son was a fine upstanding young man."

Mr Moorhouse is also concerned that some ethnic minorities are afraid to make official complaints because they fear being harassed by officers.



Bands are the big attraction for the traditional holidaymakers who choose to stay in Eastbourne. Many visitors plan their trip around their favourites

Rui Xavier

The genteel sound of satisfaction

AT 12.30pm the crowd stood as

one for the National Anthem,

taking their signal from the man in the black frock coat up front.

To some it may have appeared anachronistic, but not in Eastbourne. The south-coast resort is the only one in Britain to have a band season throughout the summer, playing the highest satisfaction levels, according to the English Tourist Board. Its 11,000 hotel beds are booked up.

In a world of cheap foreign package holidays, television and the Internet, Eastbourne's

BY GLENDA COOPER

stubbornness in clinging to a 1950s innocence may seem quaint. But it works. The resort attracted 1.8 million visitors last year, with 70 per cent of holidaymakers returning for another break and recording the highest satisfaction levels, according to the English Tourist Board. Its 11,000 hotel beds are booked up.

Eastbourne aims to provide a traditional family holiday complete with sedate prome-

nade, floral masterpieces and tea-rooms where waitresses still wear Victorian costumes. The four theatres put on summer seasons of Ray Cooney farces and Agatha Christie mysteries starring Bob Grant from TV's *On The Buses*.

And it knows how to keep up its standards. Don't even think about going topless here.

But most of all there is the bandstand. "People book their holidays around the bands," said John Wilkinson, the bandstand and deckchair manager (the deckchair hire alone nets

£100,000 per season). "They find out when their favourites are coming like the Blues and Royals or the Lifeguards and make sure they are there that week."

He added: "We do have a very traditional clientele in Eastbourne. We attract the more mature holidaymaker and they always enjoy the bands. Some of our younger customers don't appreciate it as much. But we're the only ones who do it."

Captain Jim Taylor, who leads the Normandy band, has been coming to Eastbourne

since 1977. "It's exactly the same as it was then," he said with satisfaction. "That's what people like, it doesn't change. You know what to expect. It's nice and quiet and gently go-lightly. We know what to play for them - they like best all the ones they can sing along to. They can listen to us for an hour-and-a-half and go home happy."

Alan and Margaret Stoneham, from Essex first came to Eastbourne on their honeymoon 47 years ago. "Yes we love the bands," said Mr Stoneham. "We thought it was lovely when we came on our honeymoon. And it's nice because it's so flat, there's not many hills."

"It's very clean," said Claire Collett, who has brought her young son to Eastbourne for the day. "It's good for family holidays because there is lots to do for the kids but it's not nasty like Hastings or Brighton."

But how do young people get on? Sixteen-year-old John Mitchell insisted: "It's all right. There's loads to do on a beach. I'm just here for the day though - I don't know whether I'd want to stay all week."

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Police searching Saddleworth Moor, near Oldham, for the body of Pauline Reade - Brady and Hindley's first victim. They did not confess to the crime until 21 years after their trial. Below: Ian Brady in the early 1960s

'Brady told me that I would be in a grave too if I backed out'

BY STEVE BOGGAN

THE voice sounds worn out, gruff like a smoker's, and it stirs slightly, as if blunted by tranquillisers or alcohol. Of course, it cannot be alcohol, even in Hi-di-Highpoint, as the inmates like to call this soft jail.

It is simply age and depression, combined with despair: This is Myra Hindley, prisoner 964055, trying to explain why she did it, why she helped her husband to sexually abuse and kill five children.

Hers is a very dark world, a world one feels one does not want to visit, let alone inhabit. But it is irresistible, too, if you want to learn anything about the dynamics of a series of crimes that not only provoked profound shock, but became the benchmark by which other acts of evil and depravity have come to be measured.

The Moors Murders - and the taping of 10-year-old Lesley Ann Downey's last seconds - have haunted the nation for 32 years. During the same period, Hindley claims she has carried a secret, a secret that would explain why, as an impressionable 20-year-old, she was persuaded to participate in crimes of almost unimaginable horror.

Finally, she has decided to reveal it to a world that might not wish to listen. So here she is on the telephone, and almost breathlessly, she wants to talk about it over several conversations. "I just want people to know what happened," she says. "People think that I am the arch-villain in this, the instigator, the perpetrator. I just want people to know what was going on... [to] help people to understand how I got involved and why I stayed involved."

When they met, Hindley was 18 and Brady was 22. They both worked at Millwards, a small chemicals firm on the outskirts of Manchester; in mundane clerical jobs but, by all accounts, they were bright and intelligent.

She waited six months before exchanging a word with him and she later surrendered her virginity on the sofa of her grandmother's house, where she lived. According to Hindley, however, Brady's darker side soon emerged and contaminated the relationship until his domination was complete. This is a claim that will be fiercely contested by her opponents because she has always been portrayed as a willing partner in the murders.

Whether she will believe remains to be seen; she clearly has a motive for saying "Brady made me do it". Whether she can ever be forgiven is another question altogether.

"I was under duress and

until I nearly passed out. Then he hit me on the cheekbone, just below my right eye, until my face began to bleed. I tried to fight him off strangling me and hitting me, but the more I did, the more the pressure increased. Before he left, when he'd seen the state of my face, he told me to stay off work the next day."

By way of example, Hindley refers to a statement which will be used by her legal team at a Court of Appeal hearing in October. The statement amounts to a seven-page litany of abuse and will form part of her appeal against the decision of the Home Secretary that she will never be released from jail. Her personal progress, as judged by professionals in the penal system, will be another factor.

At one point, the statement refers to a Friday night before the murders began. Brady had taken Hindley to a country pub on the back of his motorcycle, but he drove a little way past, produced a knife, and asked her why; the previous Monday, she had accepted a lift from a colleague.

"All the time we were talking, he was running the knife across his fingers and I honestly thought he was going to stab me," she wrote. "Then he laughed, put the knife away, told me never to accept a lift from [the colleague] again, and we drove back to the pub."

"Later, as we were driving home, I dreaded what he was going to do when we got there, for I knew he would do something."

"He raped me anal, urinated inside me and, whilst doing so, began strangling me



answer; I couldn't stop shaking and crying, for I was devastated about what had happened to Pauline, and for her mum and dad.

"I really liked Mrs Reade and used to feel sorry for her because she had problems with her nerves and always looked as though she was on the edge of a breakdown. He grabbed the paper off me and soon saw what I'd said.

"He put the bolt on the front door in case gran came back, did the same to the back door, and began to strangle me. Before I lost consciousness, I heard him remind me of what he'd said after Pauline's mur-

der, and that threat still stood.

"After the first murder, as we were driving home, he told me if I'd shown any signs of backing out, I would have finished up the same grave as Pauline."

Hindley claims that even the happiest times with Brady - picnics on Saddleworth Moor - had a tendency to turn black.

"We used to climb up to and over the big rocks, where he would tell me he was going to practise carrying a body, tell me to make myself as limp as possible, then he'd hoist me up and over his shoulder; with my arms and head hanging over one side and my lower body and

legs over the other side," she recalled. "The blood used to rush to my head until I thought I was going to faint. Sometimes he would stumble over a small rock or large tuft of grass and we'd both fall and I often hurt myself."

"He'd pick me up again and walk up and down and round in circles. It was a terrible feeling, and when I saw the old movie *Great Expectations*, where Magwitch the convict picked up Pip and held him upside down and round and round, that was exactly how I had felt, seeing the sky and the ground whirr round until I was faint and dizzy."

On another occasion, she describes how Brady sent her to Manchester central library for books with a sexual theme. He asked her to buy books by the Marquis de Sade from a "dubious" bookshop in Manchester.

The owner said she would have to collect them from his flat, a worrying suggestion that Brady countered by promising to rush in at the first sign of trouble.

She found out, after the shopkeeper had made a pass at her, that Brady had not waited outside the man's home at all.

Later, after reading one of

the de Sade books, Hindley

says Brady demanded sex.

She was half asleep and refused.

"I just couldn't bear to be touched by him - [but] he said he would soon wake me up," she said.

"He went into the kitchen and

came back with a sweeping

brush and, using handle and

head in turns, beat me until I

was a bleeding bruised mess.

"I'd learnt not to cry out

when he was hitting me, for my

gran had been wakened sever-

al times and shouted down the stairs."

Hindley said she joined a gun club at Brady's request in order to get a firearms certificate (she could not because he had a previous conviction) and she bought two handguns. Brady also had a rifle.

"He often used to sit cleaning the rifle and when I looked up, he was pointing at me with his finger slowly pulling the catch back," she said. "I didn't know if it was loaded or not but it petrified me, until one day I said 'Shoot me and put me out of my misery.' He just laughed.

"Another time, he was sitting reading and I was cleaning one of the handguns, a Webley 45.

When he [her italics] looked up, I was pointing it at him. I told him it was loaded - which it wasn't - and a real look of fear crossed his face.

"He made a slight movement and I loudly released the safety catch. The tension was palpable and just as my hands began to shake, I threw the gun across to him and asked how it felt to have a gun pointed at him as he'd done to me so many times. Then I began to cry and he smacked me across the head twice with the handle of the gun, told me I was getting too out of line [and] not to go too far or he would put me in my place once and for all."

Hindley hates Brady now. When she talks about him, her voice rises with anger. During one conversation, she told how, despite being in jail awaiting trial, he had made her "the happiest woman on earth" by sending a message proposing to her: "It was all I'd ever wanted," she said.

"He had got them all together. He was standing behind me and everyone started crying and saying 'Please don't take the job'. We were a really close family. And I was thinking 'For Christ's sake, it's because I want to protect you that I am trying to leave'.

"Then he put his hand on my shoulder - and he never touched me in public - and he said to everybody in general, 'Don't worry, she has two weeks in which to make her mind up'. He squeezed my shoulder and I knew then that he wouldn't let me go."

In her statement, Hindley added: "When everyone had gone home and gran had gone to bed, he stripped me, gagged me and beat me with a cane, raped me anal, which he often did because he knew I cried with the pain and hated him doing that to me. Then he turned me over and urinated inside me. Before leaving, he warned me that if I ever tried to get away again, I'd be the sorriest person alive."

No payment has been made by The Independent in connection with this story.

The secret code that kept me quiet

HINDLEY CLAIMS she remained silent about her treatment at the hands of Ian Brady because he was blackmailing her with letters she wrote to him in a secret code.

She admits the letters will not show her in a good light. She claims she wrote them according to subjects Brady had requested in advance.

"Over the seven months we were on remand, Brady compiled a notebook in which he wrote dozens of messages that I was to respond to in a code he'd devised," she said.

In a detailed letter and interviews with The Independent, she said she thought no one would believe her claims that Brady beat her and threatened to kill her mother, grandmother and sister if she did not participate. However, she now feels it is worth risk-

ing the wrath of Brady and the fallout from the release of the coded letters in order to make public her claims and the photographic evidence.

She knows the letters' contents will add to the public perception of her as a callous and evil killer, but the discovery of photographs depicting the injuries Brady inflicted on her made her decide to go public.

"Over the seven months we were on remand, Brady compiled a notebook in which he wrote dozens of messages that I was to respond to in a code he'd devised," she said.

"If the date on which either of us wrote a letter to each other was underlined, it meant there was a message in the letter." The code began six lines into the letter with the seventh and eighth words

beginning the message; a line was missed - ie with no message words - and the seventh and eighth words continued the message.

"It carried on in this way, every other line, the seventh and eighth words, until the message was over. It was written in such a way as to make complete sense as a normal letter to whoever read it - the censor etc - whilst containing [secret] messages."

Hindley sent the following letter to Brady from Risley remand centre while awaiting trial. The words in italic are the ones Brady will have found using the code, starting from the sixth line:

"I've been thinking for a while, why don't you ask if you

can go [end of line] to church on Sundays so we can at least see each other there? [End of line] It's your right to go there. [End of line] See the Governor if necessary. There are places in the chapel for people [end of line] in your situation Ian, so ask someone to look into it for you. There's [end of line] someone here who goes with two officers. She's in here for killing her own [end of line] child and also for attempting to throw acid in her boyfriend's face. No-one [end of line] likes her; she's on Rule 43 of course. Your mention of facial expressions in your last letter, I, too, wish [end of line] I could have seen the one

on Brett. His face was a picture

when you stared him out!"

Asked why she wrote such a message, she said she did it only because Brady had asked for "stimulation" and had given her a list of subjects to write about. "He was so meticulous in the way he planned everything," she said. "He had a list of subjects from A to Z that I was to write about. It was like he was when he was planning the murders. Everything was always written down - even the number buttons on his coat so he knew how many he should have when he got back."

Hindley says Brady passed details of the code before remand hearings at magistrates court while they were being held at Risley. Hindley

says they were given 15 minutes to speak privately together. When she broke off contact with Brady, Hindley says she destroyed all his letters. However, he kept hers and has lodged them with his solicitor, Benedict Birnberg.

"When the abuse and

duress and very probably

those photographs are used

at my appeal, Brady will be

enraged," said Hindley. "And no doubt [he] will instruct

Birnberg to reveal that and all

the other messages from my

letters to him."

Mr Birnberg confirmed that Brady had Hindley's letters but he could not recall his client ever mentioning a code.

STEVE BOGGAN

JPV/110/98



Hillary Clinton: persuaded her husband to resist making a public 'confession'

Hillary has legal eye to protect her husband

AS THE lawyer guest on one talk-show said this week: 'Mr Clinton has some of the best lawyers in the country: David Kendall, Bob Bennett - and Hillary.'

The President, also a lawyer by training, is known to respect his wife's legal brain - she was once listed among the top 100 US lawyers - and to take her advice. Aside from his personal attorneys, she is, in fact, the only person who can advise him in full legal confidentiality.

Hillary is widely believed to have persuaded her husband to resist pressure to make a public 'confession'. One reason would be legal: that this would go back on his earlier sworn statement and so expose him to a perjury charge. Another reason is said to be personal: in January, within days of the scandal allegations breaking, Mrs Clinton went on two breakfast television talkshows, calmly and definitely protesting her husband's good faith, grabbing the headlines with her talk of 'a vast right-wing conspiracy out to get him'.

In the months that followed, Mrs Clinton said no more, appearing quietly by her husband's side, the very image of a faithful wife, and fulfilling a series of solo public engagements, including a rally to mark the 150th anniversary of feminism in America at Seneca Falls in New York State last month. But the weekend before

BY MARY DEJEVSKY
in Washington

last there was speculation that relations between the Clintons were not what they had been. Although Mrs Clinton accompanied her husband to his star-studded fund-raising trip to Long Island, they seemed cool to each other and she did not attend some events with him.

White House watchers also noted that she had no public appearances scheduled for the two weeks before his testimony on his relationship with Monica Lewinsky for independent prosecutor Kenneth Starr.

The Presidential public relations machine swung into action almost at once. During his cross-country tour this week, Mr Clinton paid tribute to Hillary in every speech, referring to her historical contributions and millennium projects.

When he cut short his tour, he nominated Hillary to fulfil the engagements in Milwaukee in his place. His message was clear - this marriage is a political partnership and it is intact.

On Tuesday, Mrs Clinton gave an interview to the main Arkansas paper, the *Democrat-Gazette*, blaming 'anti-Arkansas prejudice' for some of her husband's difficulties.

On Thursday, she was by her husband's side at the memorial service for the Nairobi bomb victims. They left holding hands.

Cash pours in for President's defence fund

THE PRESIDENT may have many worries at the moment, but money should not be one of them. There has been a surge of contributions to the legal defence fund that was set up for him in February and it now stands at about \$2m.

A trust had been set up four years ago to pay the President's legal fees, but it had become entangled in complicated legal issues and was paying out more to handle its own problems than it was bringing in.

It was dissolved last year, leaving the President and his team concerned that they would run up vast bills with little hope of ever paying them off. It had raised only \$1.3m.

The new fund permits direct solicitations and gifts of up to \$10,000.

The old fund limited contributions to \$1,000. Most of the money has come from a direct mail campaign, which apparently fell upon fertile soil.

Sympathy for the President's position has increased as the Starr investigation has focused increasingly upon sex

BY ANDREW MARSHALL
in Washington

rather than money, the previous target of the inquiry.

'If you are disturbed by the way politics is conducted today,' the direct mail flyer read, 'then what better response than to make your own gesture of decency and generosity.'

Among those who have contributed has been the millionaire David Geffen, who gave \$10,000.

'I would have given more, but they didn't want any more,' Mr Geffen told the *New York Times*.

More than 800 people have contributed 'from Main Street, Wall Street and Hollywood', said a supporter, Barbara Streisand. Tom Hanks, Steven Spielberg and Gail Zappa, Frank Zappa's widow, also contributed.

But even \$2m is only a fraction of the estimated \$6m cost of the Clintons' legal bills, which could eventually mount to as much as \$10m.

Clinton team prepares for 'admission of truth'

WITH LESS than three days remaining before President Bill Clinton faces grand jury questioning, American public opinion is being softened up for a 'limited admission' that he did have a sexual relationship with Monica Lewinsky.

A process that began with an article in the *Wall Street Journal* on Tuesday, elaborating on Mr Clinton's earlier sworn denial, went into overdrive yesterday with a lengthy front-page article in the *New York Times* and a shorter account in the *Washington Post*, which were picked up by television networks and Internet services across America.

Meanwhile, findings of a Gallup Poll conducted for *USA Today* and CNN indicated that the public was ready to accept that Mr Clinton had sex with Ms Lewinsky, a former White House trainee, but would find it unacceptable if he lied to the federal grand jury on Monday.

Asked if they would lose confidence in Mr Clinton if he said he did have sex with Ms Lewinsky, more than 70 per cent said no. Asked whether they would consider removing Mr Clinton from office if he lied to the grand jury, 60 per cent said yes. The poll findings illustrated clearly what is at stake for Mr Clinton.

Repeating essentially what the *Wall Street Journal* had set out, but in greater detail, the *New York Times* said the small, close-knit legal team now advising Mr Clinton was veering towards a 'limited admission' scenario, in which the President would tread a very thin line between admitting some kind of sexual relationship - probably oral sex - and denying perjury in his earlier statement.

This high-wire act would be made possible by what amounts to a legal technicality. Until this week, reporters had relied on an edited transcript of what Mr Clinton told the judge in the Paula Jones sexual harassment suit in January. That transcript was released by Ms Jones's lawyers, but was never contested by Mr Clinton.

Robert Bennett, challenged the definition - at his client's insistence - on the grounds that it would encompass 'even a handshake'.

So when Mr Clinton answered, his denial related only to activity covered in point one: 'Contact with the genitalia, anus, groin, breast, inner thigh, or buttocks of any person with an intent to arouse or gratify the sexual desire of any person.'

This could be interpreted as excluding oral sex, so allowing Mr Clinton to claim that he told the truth - as he understood the question.

This limited admission option follows Mr Clinton's apparent rejection of a widely canvassed 'confession' scenario, according to which he would go on television in full penitence mode to admit that he lied in his Paula Jones testimony. 'Yes, I lied,' Mr Clinton might have said, 'but only to save my wife and daughter from the damaging truth.'

I know her for the forgive

the American people.'

While popular with senior Republicans, who saw it as a least bad option, and some

Democrats, who

would save them from ha

impeach Mr Clinton, the

confession' had one big li

ameant Mr Clinton would

likely admit to perjury,

as a crime. In Mr Clinton's

it might also be untrue.

In the wake of the *New*

Times disclosures yes

the White House insisted

Mr Clinton had not yet s

on a final strategy for Mon

testimony. But it did not

the *Times* version either

with most television net

clearing their schedule

Monday night to cover i

idential testimony that is

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that Mr Clinton will c

his story, and might even

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At last, the truth emerges about Gordon Lonsdale's shadowy life

BY HELEN WOMACK
in Moscow

TROFIM MOLODII, son of the Soviet spy Konon Molodii who passed himself off in Britain as Gordon Lonsdale and stole submarine secrets in the 1950s, was sick and tired of reading "rubbish" by Russian authors about his father. "All they ever got right was his date of birth and his date of death," he said. So, with a ghostwriter, he has written the "true" story of the agent, portraying him as a human being rather than the voodoo hero of Soviet propaganda and even suggesting the KGB might have killed him after he was released from Britain in a spy swap.

The manuscript, produced with Leonid Kolosov, a retired KGB agent who worked under cover as an *Izvestia* correspondent, has been handed to a Russian publishing house, "Secret", which plans to have it ready for the Frankfurt Book Fair. The book will be called *Dead Season - End of a Legend*, a title full of resonance for Russians. "Dead Season" was a James Bond-style film, loosely based on the life of Konon Molodii, which was banned for a long time in the Soviet Union and therefore attracted great attention when it finally reached cinemas.

Trofim, 40, an ex-border guard officer who runs a security firm in Moscow, was 12 when his father died in 1970. So he asked "Uncle Lyonya" Kolosov, 71, to write the book with him, as he had studied with Konon in the 1940s and befriended the spy again after he returned from Britain in 1964.

Konon Molodii, whose Ukrainian roots account for his name, was born in Moscow on 17 January 1922. His father died when he was a child and his mother sent him to live with an aunt in California. Genrikh Yagoda, then head of the Soviet secret police, helped the boy get a passport to go to America. Evidently the KGB had set eyes on him when he was only 12 years old," said Trofim.

That Konon grew up speaking English enabled the KGB to use him later as an "illegal", not a spy, with diplomatic cover, as an agent with the riskier job of passing himself off as a native in the target country.

When the Soviet Union took over Finland after the Second World War, it inherited public records there. In 1953 the KGB sent Konon to Canada on the asport of a dead man whose mother had been a Finn married to a Canadian, Arnold Lonsdale. Thus Konon became Gordon. In the US, where he trained with the Soviet atom spy Rudolf Abel before entering Britain as Gordon Lonsdale, head of Lonsdale Ltd, a company that did juke-boxes and chewing-gum machines to pubs.

To make his cover convincing, Lonsdale really did work in his trade as well as spying and became a rich man, with a fleet of cars, a yacht and a playboy lifestyle. But once a year he told friends he was going on holiday to the Ca-



Konon Molodii, also known as Gordon Lonsdale, taken in 1961 at Portland. Greville Wynne (below left), swapped for Lonsdale, and Trofim Molodii, Konon's son

naries and flew instead to Prague or Warsaw for R and R with his Russian wife, Galina.

"She had absolutely no idea what he really did," said Trofim. "He told her he was a Soviet trade representative in China. He said the living conditions there were too poor for her to join him and so they could only meet like this. During one of those meetings in Eastern Europe, I was conceived."

Kolosov was equally in the dark about Konon's life, although they had drunk together and shared girlfriends when they had been students at Moscow's Institute of Foreign Trade. Kolosov had yet to join the KGB when he was recruited by Lubyanka bosses impressed by his anti-fascist fervour during the war.

The story that Konon had gone to China after college was plausible, because he had studied Chinese at the trade institute but one incident made Kolosov suspicious. "A mutual friend told me he had seen Konon at Orly airport in Paris. Impossible," I said, "Konon's in China." But he said he had gone up to him and greeted him. At first Konon spoke English and pretended not to know him. But when he persisted, Konon took him on one side and whispered in Russian, 'Fuck off. I found this very puzzling.'

Matters were clarified for Galina and Kolosov after Scotland Yard caught Lonsdale taking secrets from an agent on Waterloo Bridge and he was sentenced to 25 years' jail. Kolosov read about it in the Western press. Galina got a terrible shock: "KGB bosses came



to our flat in Moscow and gave her a 12-piece tea service," said Trofim. "They told her not to worry. Her husband was a hero and they would get him out of prison soon as they could."

This was how the *Daily Express*, then a serious broadsheet, reported the trial in its edition of 23 March 1961: "Stocky, 39-year-old Lonsdale, whose true identity may never be known, faced Lord Parker, the Lord Chief Justice, with a smile on his face, a flush on his cheeks and the fading words of his counsel in his ears: 'At least it can be said of this man that he was not a traitor to his own country. But at the tone of Lord Parker's voice, the smile vanished and he paled. A gasp broke the silence of the packed court at the sentence — the longest passed there in memory.' Sentence with him were Peter and Helen Kroger, East Europeans who got 20 years

each, and Harry Haughton and Ethel "Bunty" Gee, British traitors sentenced to 15 years each for having helped Moscow lay its hands on the secrets of the Portland Underwater Weapons Establishment. Lonsdale's identity emerged when a Pole working for the West unmasked him. It was a tip-off from the same Pole that led to the arrest on Waterloo Bridge.

Lonsdale/Molodii was taken to Winslow Green Prison, Birmingham. By his own account, he was in an entertaining company, for although he was in a single cell, he fraternised with some of the Great Train Robbers. The authors of the book gleefully publish a snobbish letter from a certain Geoffrey N Draper to Lonsdale, cancelling his membership of the Royal Overseas League because of his changed circumstances.

But he did not remain long behind bars. In 1964 he was swapped in Berlin for Greville Wynne, a British businessman jailed in Moscow for his contacts with the Soviet traitor Oleg Penkovsky.

Thus Konon went back to the Soviet Union, where he ceased to be a man and became a myth. He was treated like a hero at first, being given a bigger flat for his family, a bigger car, and all plucked the line that Konon was a hero.

The truth, say Kolosov and Trofim, is that he was angry. Like Kim Philby, who became depressed when he saw the reality of life in the Soviet Union for which he had betrayed Britain, Konon grew disillusioned with Communism because he had the yardstick of his Western experience by which to measure it.

Also, he was bitter about the way the KGB had handled him. When the Pole blew the whistle on the Portland spy ring, his controllers should have warned him not to go to Waterloo Bridge, he said. Finally, it maddened him that the KGB, thinking he may have been turned while in prison, did not trust him, and followed him

and bugged him in Moscow, even though he was supposed to be a hero.

Six years after returning home, Konon collapsed while walking in the woods outside Moscow and died on 9 October 1970. His death came "prematurely, when he was at the height of his creative powers", said the short official biography that was the only document Kolosov, despite having been a KGB officer, could extract from KGB archives when researching *Dead Season - End of a Legend*. The book argues that it is possible the KGB murdered Konon to shut him up.

Kolosov especially is inclined to believe this. He says his friend was healthy when he came back from Britain.

But soon he began complaining that KGB doctors were calling him in and giving him injections for supposed high blood pressure. He told Kolosov he was getting headaches he never had before the injections but the doctors said he should expect to "feel worse before he felt better".

Shortly before he died, Konon also spoke of a pal in Britain who had predicted he would "wear handcuffs, but not for long" and that when he returned to his country of origin, he would be "in danger from seeming friends and unethical doctors".

Trofim is more sceptical. "There was a history of high blood pressure in our family and I can't really see why the KGB would wait six years to kill him when they could have done it as soon as he returned from Britain. On the other hand, I do not exclude the possibility."

Yeltsin helps to calm market

BY HELEN WOMACK

PRESIDENT BORIS Yeltsin declared yesterday that the Russian rouble was safe, having the population to return again after Thursday's panic over a possible devaluation.

"It won't happen — I say it firmly and clearly," the Kremlin's leader answered reporters who caught him on holiday and told him his comment was worth more than all the assurances already heard from government ministers.

"It's not just a matter of what I think, of my own father's tastes, of what I do or do not want to see. It's all calculated," he said.

Mr Yeltsin, who was visiting the historic northern town of Novgorod, added that he had no plans to interrupt his holiday as he did at the end of July because that would be interpreted by the people as meaning that the situation was worrying.

"On the contrary," he said, "the President should take it easy."

Mr Yeltsin's words should further help to calm markets that were already returning to normal after the fever of "Black Thursday". The rouble was only slightly down yesterday at 6,200 to the dollar, demand for foreign currency was being met and the Stock Exchange was operating again.

Investor confidence had been shaken by a suggestion from the millionaire fund manager George Soros, that the rouble still needed to be devalued by 15-25 per cent despite credits from the International Monetary Fund (IMF) intended to avoid that.

For all his philanthropic work, the Hungarian-born Mr Soros is likely to be unpopular in Russia now after news that his fund made a profit of more than 100 million dollars by currency trading while the panic lasted.

In one ironic way, the crisis seems to have helped Prime Minister Sergei Kiriyenko, who is still pushing for acceptance of revenue-raising measures that were a condition of the IMF's support.

Deputies from the State Duma or parliament had been reluctant to break their vacation to consider the new laws but since the panic they have agreed to convene in an extraordinary session.

After a summer of strikes by unpaid miners and doctors, raising the spectre of mass social unrest if the economic crisis continues, the debate is likely to be stormy. But it would appear that President Yeltsin has prepared a scapegoat to throw to the angry Communist and nationalist opposition.

Yesterday, while he toured a meat factory in Novgorod, the Kremlin leader complained about the work of the Economics minister Yakov Urin son, and summoned him to the presidential holiday cottage by Lake Valdai. All the signs are that there will be a sacking this weekend.



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Hollywood cashes in on family values



Ill-suited Ben Affleck and Liv Tyler clinch it amid the carnage of 'Armageddon'

IS THERE money in morality? Its least likely purveyor, Hollywood, seems to hope so. In recent months, a spate of action movies gracing American cinemas have interspersed *wham, bam, shoot 'em* scenes with more tender moments of familial reconciliation and pregnancy. Is Tinseltown softening? Hardly.

Driven perhaps by the billion-dollar success of *Titanic*, which blasted into box office history thanks to myriad frenzied female fans, and even earlier by *Apollo 13*, whose astronauts had time to think about their wives while hurtling off into space, studios may hope to lure more women to the testosterone-driven action genre by adding a dash of family values to their protagonists' lives.

This summer, Mel Gibson, Ben Affleck and even Godzilla took time out from their action-packed days of saving or destroying the world to address family responsibilities. It's enough to make a superhero cry.

In *Lethal Weapon 4*, Mel

BY SUSAN KARLIN
in Los Angeles

Gibson's character feels the baby kick in his wife's belly moments before they are chased over railway lines by van-driving villains. The bad guys end up getting smacked by the train and their karma goes up in a fireball. In *Deep Impact*, Tea Leoni's character makes peace with her estranged father as the East Coast is engulfed by a giant tidal wave.

Armageddon's Bruce Willis imagines his daughter in a wedding dress during a nuclear weapon crisis. In *The Mask of Zorro*, Zorro is reunited with a long-lost daughter; while our favourite lizard, Godzilla, attends to his brood of baby reptiles. (Who says dads can't nurture?)

The latest summer blockbuster, *Saving Private Ryan*, while a large cut above the others and a different kind of action movie, juxtaposes violent shooting scenes against the solitude of a mother grieving for her son and dying men



Bruce Willis in *Armageddon* and sensitive Godzilla

calling for their mothers. "The studios have merged two genres in order to get the broadest audience possible," says Marde Gregory, the associate director for the University of California's Center for Communication Policy. So, is it working?

"A number of women students I spoke with were quite taken by the love scenes between Ben Affleck and Liv Tyler in *Armageddon*. It's

grossed \$109m domestically and was the top movie of the summer until *Ryan* overtakes it."

Still, Gregory adds that while dropping a pregnant woman or two in the plotlines might make the stories in action movies better, it doesn't necessarily guarantee financial or creative success. (In the U.S., *Godzilla* lived up to its reputation as a disaster movie - sadly, at the box office.)

With exceptions such as *Saving Private Ryan* and *Welcome to Sarajevo*, she says, "you don't necessarily leave these action movies knowing and thinking more about the world. But my cynical side says, 'This is a business and the film studios don't care whether people are enlightened or not.'"

Suggest this to the studios and you get a dissenting earful. "To say that we go out of our way to include elements such as morality, family values or portrayal of gays and

minorities, for that matter, as a marketing strategy in films we produce would be inaccurate and ridiculous," admonishes a spokesperson for 20th Century Fox Film Corporation, "Anyone who makes movies for the public has a responsibility to underline issues of humanity and morality. But to suggest it as a marketing strategy is absurd."

Perhaps the kindest view of the new fad sees it reflecting both the sensibilities of the filmmakers and the audience, says Gary McVey. As executive director of the American Cinema Foundation, dedicated to raising the cultural standards of Hollywood, Mr McVey has his work cut out.

"Many filmmakers have families and take an almost blue-collar pride in driving their kids to daycare when they can afford to have them flown in by helicopter," he says. "On the other hand, action moviemakers are finding that these sub-plots enable men to drag their dates to these movies."

But McVey is cautious in his welcome for the new trend. "I think it's good that the testosterone level in movies may finally be dropping," he says. "It's useful when male audiences have to pay attention to female characters. But you're not going to see an extreme sensitivity taking over action movies. Hollywood has always known about the importance of female audiences. "Every 20 years, you see articles saying 'Hollywood has finally gotten the message about women.' It's always bid the message - it just drifts in and out of focus."

'City of peace' label divides Hiroshima

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARKER
in Tokyo

gust, when the city sits down to remember the bombing. Angry citizens rang the city office, complaining that government premises were closed and asking whether their rubbish would still be collected.

"How long will you continue with this?" one asked. "More than 50 years is enough."

Other acts of cynical impatience are reported by the so-called *kataribe* or "story tellers" - survivors of the bombing who visit schools to recount their terrible memories. Last year, a number of *kataribe* said they were ignored by schoolchildren, who sneered at their experiences and made sarcastic expressions of mock horror. One elderly survivor, Tsukasa Watanabe, was pelted with boiled sweets. "That was the worst experience I've ever had as a *kataribe*," he said. "I couldn't help weeping in anger and frustration."

On Wednesday, police in Hiroshima arrested a man for an unusual act of arson. A week before, on the eve of the bombing anniversary, he is alleged to have set fire to piles of origami cranes piled up in the city's Peace Park. The cranes are painstakingly made by schoolchildren as memorials to the young people who died from blast and radiation.

The following day, the Hiroshima municipal government admitted that it had received dozens of complaints about the atomic anniversary on 6 Au-

gust, when the city sits down to remember the bombing. Angry citizens rang the city office, complaining that government premises were closed and asking whether their rubbish would still be collected.

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One boy wrote in an essay

about the visit of the *kataribe*

"The survivors made me wonder if they got some kind of narcissistic self-gratification out of

getting up on a soap box."

Burma deports foreign activists

BY DAVID BEER

THE BURMESE government demonstrated again its extraordinary use of the stick and carrot yesterday when 18 foreigners accused of inciting unrest by handing out pro-democracy leaflets were suddenly put on trial, sentenced to five years' jail with hard labour and then ordered to be deported without spending a single day in prison.

The succession of events started when the government abruptly told diplomats that a trial would begin yesterday morning. Within a few hours it was over and the group, consisting of Americans, an Australian, Filipinos, Indonesians, Malaysians and Thais sat solemnly as the sentence was

delivered. No sooner had the news sunk in than a home affairs official announced they were to be deported and would not need to go to jail unless they re-entered Burma.

Meanwhile, Aung San Suu Kyi was again detained while making another attempt to meet members of her National League for Democracy who live outside the capital.

She is stranded at a road block 100 miles west of Rangoon, where she was detained for six days last month. On that occasion she was denied food and water. This time she is in a van with supplies to more than a week.

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JAY VILLE

Half an hour after the executions, Kabul stadium opens for football

FRIDAY AFTERNOON in Kabul sports stadium and the shadows are beginning to lengthen across the dusty, dried-out football pitch. A crowd of about 5,000 has been filing on to the stepped concrete stands for an hour. For as long, a series of religious leaders have been reading them lessons from the Koran. It is virtuous to attend an execution, the crowd is told.

After an hour two men are led into the centre. They are pushed to the ground by armed Taliban soldiers and stretched out on their stomachs. Their arms are tied at the elbow behind their backs.

A third is led to the penalty area where, a few yards back from the penalty spot, he is made to squat. While a clergyman mutters Koranic verses through the tannoy a surgical team amputates both hands from one of the men tied up on the grass.

As the team remove a foot from the second man, three men, two armed, walk over to the man described as the convicted murderer by the disembodied voice on the tannoy. One raises a Kalashnikov and, holding it a distance in front of him, he pulls the trigger three times. Welcome to Kabul, a city where for a million people life is routine.

At a casual glance Kabul is full of broad, tree-lined roads, with little traffic, lots of bicycles and clear dry August sunshine. The bazaars are bustling, the streets relatively clean and the beggars are no worse than in Sana'a or Karachi.

But it is a city where violence and discrimination are institutionalised, where the economy scarcely exists, where much of the population cannot even afford bread, but where people accept one of the world's most oppressive regimes as better than any available alternative.

BY JASON BURKE
in Kabul

They have little choice. Three quarters of Afghanistan is now in Taliban hands and the opposition forces are in no position to launch a counter-attack.

Traditionally, the best informed men in Kabul are the money changers. Constantly sifting rumours to judge when to sell and when to buy, they have long experience of the ups and downs of the civil war that has racked their country since the Soviet withdrawal in 1989.

As Mazar-e-Sharif, the key northern city, fell to the Taliban last week, the "southern" Afghan currency in Taliban-held area, is as strong as it has ever been. "If they keep advancing, it will just get stronger," said Anamullah, 28, a money changer. "It is very good because it means prices are coming down."

Prices may come down but that will do little to help the vast bulk of Kabul residents struggling to survive.

There are few jobs and all employment, apart from work for aid organisations, is miserably paid. A senior government official gets 200,000 Afghans (about £4) each month - if he is paid at all.

As one flat Afghan loaf costs 200,000 Afghans, it is clear that even those with jobs find it hard to feed themselves. Many cannot afford bread and live on rice and vegetables.

"I have a wife and family and all we had for dinner last night was sweet tea," said one Kabul resident who did not want to be named.

Many people live in ruined buildings that are still mined. About a third of the city is without proper sanitation and two thirds is without electricity. Everywhere one can see the Taliban edicts, enforced



An Afghan nomad family roams the front line north of Kabul. Thousands have been denied access to the better pastures in the north AP

with the lashings that govern every facet of daily life. Curfew is at 6pm. Beards must be a fist wide. Women must wear the tent-like Burqa when travelling outside the home, which they may only do with male relatives.

But the Taliban are still welcomed.

Almost everyone agrees that the security the Islamic militia has brought has made life in Kabul bearable again.

After the execution yesterday the blood was mopped up. Within half an hour, 22 men from local teams were warming up for the five o'clock football match.

"Peace is more important than your belly," said Ghulam Sayeed, a shopkeeper. "We have been through a lot and we would put up with anything rather than go back to the rocks and the fighting."

It is unlikely they will have to. Despite a lack of manpower the Taliban made further advances yesterday into the mountainous strongholds still held by the opposition.

The pressure on the shattered northern alliance is intense. Ahmed Sha Masood, the veteran commander who holds the Parwan valley, is still trying to stem the Taliban advance from the north. But

several of his supply lines have been cut and he is in danger of being caught by a pincer movement when Taliban troops in the south around Kabul start an offensive.

At the front line, 15 miles north of Kabul yesterday, the Taliban troops' morale was high. Mulla Abur Saif, who commands 2,000 Taliban soldiers, said the Jihad (holy war) was now over. "We don't want

to kill any more of them. There is no need. We have opened negotiations and asked them to surrender because we know that they have no wish to carry on fighting a lost cause."

A single incoming shell

kicked up a cloud of dust a few hundred yards from his command post.

"It is a quiet day today," he said. "Soon every day will be quiet."

BY DAVID BARBER
in Wellington

NEW ZEALAND'S Prime Minister, Jenny Shipley, sacked her deputy and Treasurer, Winston Peters, yesterday and invited his party colleagues to desert her and stay in coalition with her.

Ms Shipley accused Mr Peters, who staged a walk-out of his New Zealand First party ministers from a Cabinet meeting on Wednesday, of bringing the country's reputation into disrepute and impugning her integrity.

She insisted the government, in power since December 1996, would remain in place pending a commitment from the four other NZ First ministers to stay in the Cabinet.

One, the Associate Treasurer, Tuarid Delamere, accused Mr Peters of misleading the country and said: "The Prime Minister has my unwavering support at this time." The others said they would make up their minds over the weekend.

Last night, Mr Peters expressed confidence in his colleagues' loyalty.

"These are not people who can be bought off," said Mr Peters, who formed his New Zealand First party after being sacked for disloyalty while a minister under Jim Bolger, Ms Shipley's predecessor, in 1991.

Ms Shipley's conservative National Party needs support from seven of NZ First's 16 MPs to gain a majority in the 120-seat parliament. Meanwhile, 10 opposition MPs have promised to back her on votes of confidence and money supply.

The Prime Minister said if the coalition collapsed she would run a minority National Party government. She ruled out an early election, saying she intended to see out the government's three-year term, which expires late next year.

'I have sinned a lot with women and drinking'

IT IS the classic image of traditional Turkish life. Moustachioed men sit in fezzes and baggy trousers, drawing on their nargiles (water-pipes). But today there are only a handful of nargile cafes in Istanbul. And Senol Imamoglu, the manager of the Sinan Pasha cafe is far from a traditional Turk. He is a dynamic young businessman, typical of the class now reaping the rewards of Turkey's economic success.

Mr Imamoglu is tall and clean-shaven, dressed in black trousers and white shirt, a yellow-and-red striped tie, knotted loosely around an open collar. Like everyone else, he is perspiring in an August hot even by Istanbul's standards. He drinks regularly and boasts of his exploits with women. He rarely goes to the mosque to pray.

The Sinan Pasha cafe is in the city's old quarter, within the sound of the call to prayer from the Blue Mosque. With its

old stone vaults and Turkish carpets, the cafe looks as if it has been serving nargiles for hundreds of years. In fact, it opened less than 10 years ago.

"When we arrived here, the place was just a ruined graveyard," says Mr Imamoglu. "There was rubbish everywhere. We wanted to find a use suiting the age of the building, that wouldn't ruin it."

The nargile was introduced to the Ottoman Empire in the 17th century, and became hugely popular. It was invented in India, and travelled to Istanbul via Iran. Today nargiles are smoked all over the Middle East, but in Turkey their popularity has waned. The Sinan Pasha cafe relies on income from tourists enticed by the image of the exotic east.

Some Turks are regular customers at the cafe, many of them young. Mr Imamoglu thinks they find the cafe's setting trendy.

It is in an old Ottoman cemetery, and the open court-

yard is next to a disused religious school. Customers can smoke a nargile, eat, or just drink sweet black Turkish tea. The complex belongs to the Balkan Turk Culture and Solidarity Association, a charity that supports Bulgarian ethnic Turks who fled here to escape Bulgarian discrimination in the Eighties.

Mr Imamoglu was born in Turkey. When Communism collapsed in Bulgaria in 1989, like many Turks he saw his chance.

Property was cheap in Bulgaria,

and he opened a restaurant in Sofia. When the association was given the Sinan Pasha complex by the Turkish government, it invited him back to Turkey to manage the cafe.

Mr Imamoglu arrives for work at 9.30am, after a two-hour bus ride through Istanbul's chaotic traffic. Like many locals, he lives on the Asian side of the city and commutes across the Bosphorus to work, joining the rush-hour

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF SENOL IMAMOGLU, WATER-PIPE CAFE MANAGER, ISTANBUL



Senol Imamoglu

queues at one of the suspension bridges. The cafe doesn't open until 11am. For now, Mr Imamoglu supervises the cleaning. With customers he is always genial, but with his staff he is stern and distant.

He has a long day. In sum-

mer the cafe doesn't close until 3am and, while most of the staff work 12-hour shifts, the manager is on duty all day.

An Italian couple arrive, attracted by the brightly lit sign advertising "mystic water pipes". Mr Imamoglu shows

them to a table. The cafe's best customers are Italians and Spaniards. Few British come, and those who do are usually students staying in Istanbul.

The couple order nargiles.

The decorated pipes are prepared in a separate room, then brought to the table. An ascetic waiter whose job is to keep the pipes alight, brings a pan of hot charcoal and places some on the sticky tobacco. A nargile costs £1, and can last more than two hours if the charcoal is replaced regularly.

Mr Imamoglu has a quiet day and in the evening takes a couple of hours off for a game of football with his friends. Football is an obsession in Turkey.

But today the manager's side loses. He returns to the cafe and lights up a nargile. "Whenever something depressing happens I smoke. It calms me down. I know the football's a small thing, but it matters to us."

The pipe is smoked while sit-

ting down. It is necessary to draw deep to drag the smoke through the water that filters it and up the long tube to the mouthpiece.

The smoke is very mild, and flavoured with fruit. Mr Imamoglu puffs out huge clouds of apple-scented smoke.

A German tourist beacons Mr Imamoglu over. He wants to know if his pipe contains hashish. "He's probably been drinking whisky and his head is spinning. He thinks it's the pipe," says Mr Imamoglu, laughing. "We never put hashish in them."

Wednesday is Mr Imamoglu's one day off for the week. He can choose which day. "My day off is always reserved for taking girls out," he claims. This week, he is taking a Spanish tourist to Buyukada, one of the Prince's Islands in the Sea of Marmara, a favourite day trip for Istanbul residents. They go to a seafood restaurant and drink raki, the Turkish version of Pernod. At 28, Mr

Imamoglu is still single. "I'll get married when I'm 30. In Turkey, we have to get our military service out of the way. Then it takes years to set ourselves up financially." He makes about £180 a month.

Friday comes and at noon the call to prayer echoes over the city. Whenever it starts, the music in the cafe is switched off. Because it's the Muslim Sabbath, three waiters ask for permission to go to the mosque. Only today are they allowed time off work for prayer. Mr Imamoglu tells them to pray for him.

"Sometimes when I look at all the graves here, I worry about where I will go when I die. I have sinned a lot. We are Muslims, we're not supposed to drink and womanise. But it gives me great comfort that all these dead sultans are in great tranquillity, while we're worrying here. We all die in the end: there is nothing to worry about."

JUSTIN HUGGLER

The trouble with closing your business at night

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BRIEFING

Shattered Astec slashes dividend
Astec, the electronics group which was the subject of a controversial shareholder battle earlier this year, yesterday slashed its dividend and issued a profit warning, announcing a £325m acquisition. "We thought the first quarter was going to be the bottom, but the third quarter is down even further," said Howard Lance, Astec's chief executive. "With the overcapacity in the market, the ring has got more aggressive."

Meanwhile, Astec announced plans to buy the Advanced Power Systems Business of Nortel, a Canadian telecommunications group which makes power conversion products, a variety of Nortel products, for \$325m in cash.

Earlier this year, Emerson Electric, the US giant which is 61 per cent of Astec's shares, attempted to buy out the remaining minority. At the time, Emerson warned that its offer - which was pitched at the market price of 111p a share - was rejected, it would use its clout on Astec's board to stop dividend payments.

Institutional shareholders, including Electra Fleming, Salomon Brothers and Equitable Life - challenged the suit in the courts, but their case was thrown out. Since then, Astec shares have drifted downward. Yesterday, they closed down 2.5p at 80p.

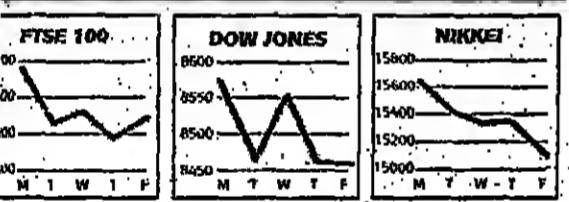
Transition year cuts pubs' profits

PUBS CHAIN Sing & Lettuce yesterday reported that a year of transition was to blame for its slight fall in annual profits. The group, which changed its name from Grosvenor Inns during the early part of the year, said the disposals had changed its business from a multi-branded group into one "quality brand". Sing & Lettuce posted a fall in pre-tax profits from £367,000 last year to £7,000 to the year ended 31 May 1998. Turnover increased from £23.8m to £22.6m. Tim Thwaites, 50, the chairman, said: "This has been a remarkable year. We have sold 19 non-core pubs where performance at the time of sale was below that of the previous year.

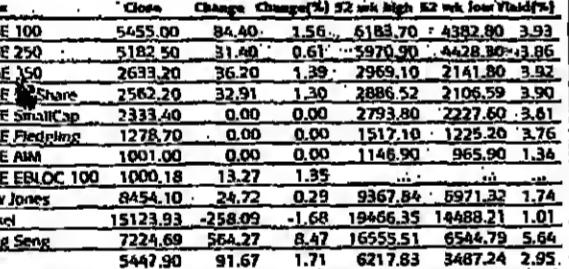
"I am delighted with the excellent performance of a constantly evolving Sing & Lettuce brand, and I look forward to reporting on a successful outcome for the current year."

The final dividend remains unchanged at 6.3p.

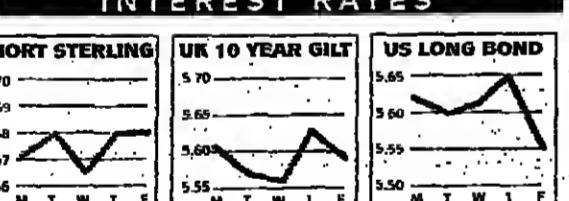
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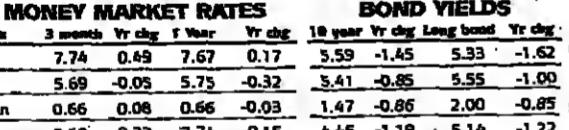
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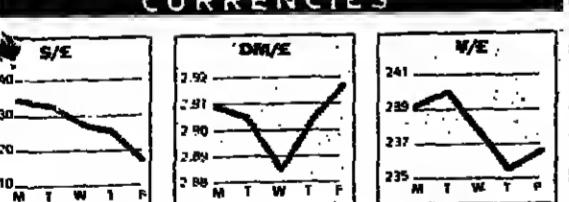
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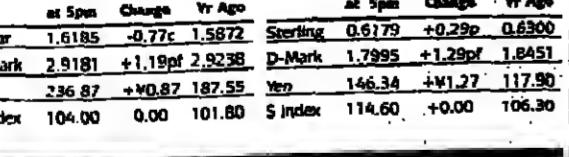
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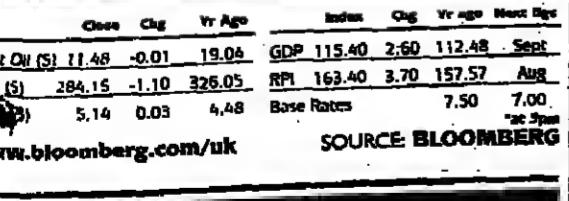
CURRENCIES



OTHER INDICATORS Data: [Bloomberg.com](http://www.bloomberg.com)



TOURIST RATES



Source: [Thomas Cook](http://www.thomas-cook.com)

SHARPS STAGGERED RECOVERY Shares staged a recovery, with Footsie at one time up 118 points and ending with a 55.5-point gain at 5,455. More benign overseas markets helped sentiment, as did a steady stream of takeover rumours with Lloyds TSB at centre stage.

Credit Lyonnais produced a report dwelling on the possibility of Lloyds, known to be looking for a major acquisition, merging with HSBC, owner of Midland Bank. Lloyds shares rose 51.5p to 755p, and HSBC was up 65p at 1,325p.

World equities: Markets recover on Hong Kong government's shock intervention

HK uses reserves to boost shares

By STEPHEN VINES
in Hong Kong

interest rates engineered by speculative activity against the Hong Kong dollar".

The government did not give details of which stocks it had bought. However, the blue chips showing the biggest gains were companies controlled by mainland Chinese entities. Mr Tung emphatically denied that Hong Kong had needed to seek permission from Peking before initiating its intervention.

The government only disclosed its market activities after the close of play. Surprisingly, traders were unaware that the government was out buying blue chips and Hang Seng index futures: indeed, until the reason for the buying strength was explained to them, they were highly puzzled as to why the markets had suddenly turned bullish.

However, the sudden policy about-face by the authorities was not greeted with enthusiasm by market makers. "I think investors will be slightly wary if the government is coming in to support its own market", said Miles Remington, the head of sales at SG Securities in Hong Kong. "Where will they stop?" he asked.

Sir Donald Tsang, the Financial Secretary, said that the intervention was necessary because the local currency had come under attack by speculators using "a whole host of improper measures".

Sir Donald said that "we only contemplate intervention in very exceptional circumstances, when there is sufficient reason to believe that movements in the stock and futures markets are clearly and substantially caused by corresponding movements in

the economy".

Sir Donald said the government "could have used covert means" to manipulate the market but "we believe strongly we



Happy, if puzzled, Hong Kong traders before the intervention was announced AP

should tell the public what we are doing".

The same degree of transparency has not been shown in the government's activities on the foreign exchange market

where, last week, the Hong Kong Monetary Authority started buying the local currency, allegedly to make up for a

shortfall in the government's cash flow.

However, Hong Kong operates a currency board system to maintain the local currency's fixed link with the US dollar.

This system is designed to obviate the need to buy the local currency to protect it from speculative attacks. Instead

the currency board is supposed to drain liquidity from the market when the currency comes under attack.

The government therefore seems to be undermining its own system, and with this new practice of intervening in the equity markets it is taking Hong Kong into uncharted waters.

Yeltsin vows to defend rouble

THE RUSSIAN stock market yesterday rebounded from Thursday's dramatic plunge, lending much-needed relief to the London and European bourses and Wall Street, after President Boris Yeltsin vowed not to devalue the rouble, writes Francesco Guerrera.

Financial markets were also buoyed by news that the Group of Seven leading economies were to meet to consider ways to help Russia.

"There will be no devaluation - that's firm and definite," the Russian President told reporters.

Mr Yeltsin's intervention came only hours after George Soros, the speculator who two days ago created havoc on the world's financial markets with his call for a devaluation of the rouble, tried to distance himself from the collapse in Russian stocks. "The turmoil in Russian financial markets is not due to anything I said or did," the Hungarian-born financier said in a statement.

Mr Soros said his fund had not speculated on the rouble falling in value and had "no intention of shorting the currency".

The two statements soothed Russian traders' jittery nerves and triggered a 13.7 per cent jump in share prices. The rise helped the benchmark RTS index to recoup part of Thursday's 28.7 per cent loss.

In New York, the Dow Jones Index was up 37 points in early trading after losing the gains from a 100-point spike. The FTSE 100 Index closed up 55.5 points at 5,455.0. Germany's DAX rose 1.71 per cent, and Paris's CAC-40 was up 1.09 per cent.

The £100m BP makeover

By MICHAEL HARRISON

BRITISH PETROLEUM is set to spend between £50m and £100m on a huge corporate makeover following its \$110bn (£68bn) merger with the US oil company Amoco.

The massive exercise will involve a new corporate logo for the group and rebranding thousands of BP petrol stations in the US under the Amoco name.

The last BP makeover in 1989 cost the group £100m and involved redesigning the company logo and introducing the now-familiar green-on-yellow colour scheme. On that occasion, all BP's 18,000 petrol sta-

tions were given a facelift along with its fleet of tankers.

This time the existing BP brand will be retained on all its petrol stations outside the US. The 6,500 US stations either trade under the BP name or are run by independent retailers. All these BP-branded stations will be converted to Amoco outlets.

BP will have to amend its branding on all stationery and offices round the world, where it will be known under the corporate name of BP Amoco. A spokeswoman said it had not

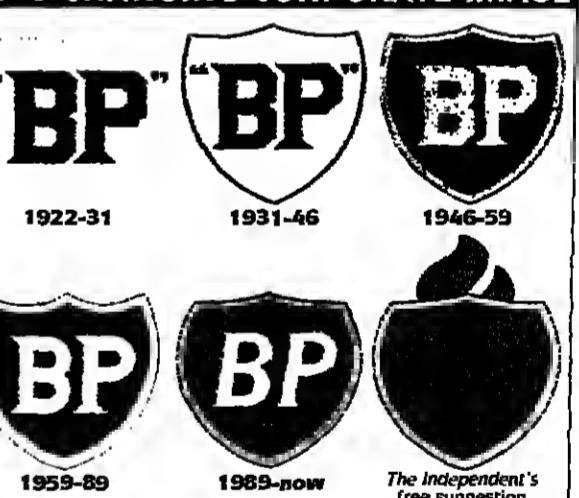
yet decided whether to create a new corporate identity or run the two logos side by side.

BP is considering whether to employ design consultants. If it does the costs could escalate.

The makeover of British Airways, featuring the controversial tail fin designs, cost £60m. The rebranding of Cable & Wireless Communications, a merger between Mercury Communications and three cable companies, cost £50m.

The BP Amoco merger is already costing around £100m in fees mainly to the companies' respective investment bank-

BP'S CHANGING CORPORATE IMAGE



The Independent's
free suggestion
for the future

Devaney set to receive £350,000 Eastern pay-off

By ANDREW CORNELIUS
AND MICHAEL HARRISON

JOHN DEVANEY could be in line for a pay-off of more than £350,000 after quitting yesterday as executive chairman of Eastern Group, the Eastern Electricity and gas power station business owned by American Electric Power, Texas Utilities.

Mr Devaney is currently on a one-year rolling contract paying him annual salary and fees of £50,000 a year, with extra bonus and pension payments.

The news came as speculation continued that Mr Devaney is the front man for a City-led consortium seeking to

invest in the UK energy market. The statement said that the

search for a successor would begin immediately and that Mr Devaney would help with that

search.

Merger talk sends DG and JP Morgan surging

By LEA PATERSON

SHARES IN Deutsche Bank and JP Morgan surged yesterday as rumours that the two banks were in

merger talks with a "much larger European bank". Deutsche Bank is known to be on the look-out for an acquisition in the US, where it has

suffered high-profile defections in recent months.

One analyst said: "The rumours have been around long enough to make me think there has been some high-level contact between the two, but I don't think anything is imminent."

The rumours were sparked by an article in *Business Week* which said there was a good strategic fit between the two banks, although it could be hard to integrate the cultures.

Deutsche has well-developed bond and equity divisions, but has struggled in corporate finance and advisory and is widely seen as being weak in the US. JP Morgan has an established US presence and a thriving corporate advisory business.

A JP Morgan spokesman said: "We've heard this rumour before. It's been around for some time. We did not comment on it then, and we're not commenting on it now." A spokesman for Deutsche Bank also declined to comment.

AROUND THE WORLD'S MARKETS

LONDON

SHARES staged a recovery, with Footsie at one time up 118 points and ending with a 55.5-point gain at 5,455. More benign overseas markets helped sentiment, as did a steady stream of takeover rumours with Lloyds TSB at centre stage.

Credit Lyonnais produced a report dwelling on the possibility of Lloyds, known to be looking for a major acquisition, merging with HSBC, owner of Midland Bank. Lloyds shares rose 51.5p to 755p, and HSBC was up 65p at 1,325p.

NEW YORK

WALL STREET stocks were up for the ninth time in 10 sessions on fears that Sony, Toyota and other major exporters facing declines in profits. The benchmark index fell 258.09 points, or 1.68 per cent, to 15,123.95 - its biggest one-day drop since 27 July.

The broader Topix index of all issues on the first section of the Tokyo exchange fell 12.91 points, or 1.09 per cent, to 1,168.80. Traders said investors were nervous about returning to domestic sectors while uncertainties remain.

TOKYO

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BANGKOK

THAI stocks ended an eight-day losing streak as the yen stabilised, easing concerns that Hong Kong would break its 13-year peg to the US dollar. Banks led the advance: yesterday the government took over seven financial companies, including two small banks, and ordered that their shareholder equity be written off against bad loans.

The benchmark SET index rose 6.69 points, or 2.9 per cent, to 237.56, led by Bangkok Bank and the Thai Military Bank and the Thai Military Bank

HONG KONG

SHARES gained after the government bought stocks and futures for the first time to end off an assault on the currency. The Hang Seng index surged 8.5 per cent to 7,224.69, the biggest rally in six months. The latest attack on the Hong Kong dollar threatens the economy and public by driving up borrowing costs, said the Financial Secretary, Donald Tsang. Hong Kong is now heading for its first recession in more than a decade, and currency doubts have pushed up interest rates.

MAIN MOVERS

ES | **FA**

SPORT

They were British. They didn't want a scene

IF THERE is such a thing as national character, it surely resides in the British athletics supporter.

When Britain's men retained the European Cup in St Petersburg a couple of months ago, their success was witnessed by a group of about 80 spectators holding little Union Jacks - about the size you would put into the top of a sandcastle - and bearing the odd, daring banner: Example: 'Go, Go, Jo! When the Greeks talked about moderation in all things, they knew what they were about. Socrates would have been proud of these passionate civilised people perched in the glaring concrete edifice of the Petrovsky Stadium. That is if he could, by some mysterious process, have been there, preferably with a working knowledge of the European



MIKE
ROWBOTTOM

Cup points-scoring system. Which, of course, he wasn't.

Anyway, the Brits were out in force, the majority of them wearing white, floppy hats to guard against a sun which hammered down on the

back of their necks and bounced back into their faces of the previously mentioned glaring concrete.

Worse than just glaring, in fact. Crumbling. If this stadium really was Russia's finest athletics arena - as the man on the loudspeaker claimed - there was nothing to do but be thankful the competition was not taking place in one of the sub-standard structures.

In this challenging environment, the travelling Brits showed their true red, white and blue colours. They cheered. They clapped. They waved their Union Jacks. And they shouted things like 'Come on' and 'Well done!' At any moment, I expected someone to start up with 'Two, four, six, eight, who do we appreciate.' And at the end of the day they had their moment of triumph -

shifting along the stand to get a better view of the presentation ceremony on the infield, then smiling indulgently as the team members performed the ritual of dumping the chief coach, and one or two unfortunate characters from their midst, in the steeplechase water jump. All good clean fun.

Soon, too soon, the supporters were consulting their watches and gathering up their rucksacks. The bus back to the hotel awaited them, and with it the fearsomely hard-line official guide. It's just a guess, but I think she regarded the fall of the Berlin Wall as no more than a nasty rumour.

"Shall I give the microphone over to you now?" she had enquired with an acid smile as her early-morning tour of St Petersburg's landmarks -

short on historical detail but long on the exact heights and weights of the city's stonework - was infringed by a couple of muffled conversations.

The conversations ceased - not because of the falling off, but because of embarrassment. We were British. And we did not want a scene.

Periodically, promoters of athletics meetings in Britain attempt to jazz up things. This has usually involved the frequent playing of anthems by Queen and Tina Turner - you can guess which ones - and the use of son et lumiere effects to literally spotlight events.

There have been times, sitting in Birmingham's National Indoor Arena, when I have wondered if I have come on the wrong day and am, in fact, watching a TV recording of *Gladiators*.

Perhaps they view things differently abroad. At last year's meeting in Brussels, I witnessed Daniel Komen of Kenya breaking the world 5,000 metres record amid a confused tumult of noise, only part of which was the encouragement of the crowd. The announcer was yelling advice, and to the side of the main scoreboard, a group of tribal drummers pounded out an unrelenting beat.

Earlier this week at the Zurich grand prix, Swiss athletics followers packed the Letzigrund Stadium - which has the ear-buzzing acoustics of Wimborne's old home at Plough Lane - and, as is their wont, chanted the names of competitors like Lars Riedel and Sergei Bubka as if they were a football crowd.

No doubt this is the stuff of a British promoter's dream. But these things are simply not meant to happen here.

At last year's British trials in Birmingham, the organisers attempted to enliven proceedings by employing the exuberant, and very very loud disc jockey, Pat Freddy M. as master of ceremonies. Pat Freddy did what he did best, to the best of his abilities. But he was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

As his rap-style rhetoric rose to a super sonic level during the introductions for the climactic event, the 400 metres, the gathering dissent from the thermos-carrying inhabitants of the main stand formed itself into an unheard-of expression - boos. They were British. They didn't want a scene. But sometimes a point has to be made...

Rugby Union: Arrival of coaching duo and a new owner offers fresh hope to dented pride of West Country club

Bristol face last chance to survive

BY CHRIS HEWETT

BOB DWYER and Jack Rowell may not yet realise it, but they are about to embark on a construction project that would reduce the average Pharaoh to a nervous wreck and leave him contemplating the uncomfortable prospect of an early sarcophagus. For 100 years or more, proud Bristolians regarded their rugby club as the eighth wonder of the sporting world. Today, they consider it an embarrassment, a shambling dinosaur treading a dangerously thin line between irrelevance and extinction.

When Nick de Scossa, the incoming chief executive of the newly formed Bristol Rugby Ltd, laid out his blueprint for recovery at the Memorial Ground on Thursday, he did so with a surge of optimism tempered only by a determination to make his sums add up. His optimism was not wholly misplaced either: Dwyer and Rowell are, after all, towering figures of the rugby union world, with their own five-star suits in the coaching pantheon.

But the Lazarus card has been played too often over the last decade to stem the tide of disaffection. The Bristol rugby landscape, once the most hustling and businesslike in Britain, has been laid waste and according to Ed Morrison, who arranges the fixtures for his local Bristol Harlequins club when not

actively engaged in his more familiar role as the world's leading international referee, it could take years of unstinting grass-roots effort to re-establish the city at the apex of the union pyramid.

"I get the feeling there is something very wrong in this part of the country," he admits. "In all the time I've been involved in local rugby - and we're talking decades - I don't think I've ever seen so few people playing the game here. On the face of it, the clubs are still there, but many of them struggle to field a second team, let alone a third or fourth XV. The failures in the shop window have left the fabric of the game in this city in tatters. I hope and pray it can be stitched back together but it's going to take a tremendous amount of work."

Morrison's concerns are echoed by Phil Adams, the recently retired Bristol second row who, under the last management regime, took it upon himself to attempt a single-handed restoration of the severed links between the Memorial Ground and the wider rugby population.

In many ways, Adams symbolises the lost spirit, the lost traditions of the game in Bristol: indeed, he was the last major first-team player to work his way to the top via the junior club scene, graduating from St Brendan's and Colston's, two of the greatest rugby schools in the country. It was not unusual to go 30 games unbeaten. We were the best, simple as that.

"All I really wanted to do was play for Bristol, although I never thought I had a cat's hope in hell of doing so. There used to be a big home game against Cardiff on a Wednesday night and, along with the rest of the BAC boys, I'd rush home from work and head straight for the ground. It

meant everything because it was our world. If I'd been born or brought up anywhere else in England, I probably wouldn't have picked up a rugby ball at all. In Bristol, it was automatic."

"Somehow, all that has been eroded. BAC have gone from running five teams to having 20 members. The combination clubs don't give a bugger whether Bristol wins or loses in fact, some of them actually want Bristol to lose so they can have a good laugh. It upsets me to say so, but we have only ourselves to blame. By allowing a culture of complacency to develop, the Bristol club failed the city and allowed others, particularly Bath, to grow strong on our own resources."

Adams has his own imaginative

ideas on how to win back the hearts and minds of the lost souls and he is hoping against hope that the new regime will give him an opportunity to deliver the goods. He has one or two significant recent successes in his favour: "Bath have a formal academy link with Colston's School and I've managed to hook that particular trend by talking three good 'tunes' into coming to Bristol," he says enthusiastically.

Judging by his dignified efforts on behalf of a redundant professional squad over the last few traumatic weeks of receivership, Dwyer and Rowell could certainly make use of his talents.

"Apart from anything else, a big public relations exercise needs to be done here," Adams says. "There is

a lot of disenchantment, a lot of vitriol flying around and so many questions that need answering. But the Rowells and Dwyers of this world are serious people with serious reputations. It's fantastic that they're here. Now we have to get them amongst the people and ensure that their expertise doesn't go to waste. It's our last chance, really."

The Last Chance Saloon, in fact, Bristol have been regulars in that particular watering hole for more years than anyone cares to remember and it is not too fanciful to suggest that Malcolm Pearce, their new investor and chairman, is buying the final round. After this, there will be nothing left behind the bar. It is a clear case of "Time gentlemen, please".

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In the short term the club game looks bleak. The English can at least embark on a programme of Al-Duhar Premiership matches but the Welsh, still in dispute with both Cardiff and Swansea, and the Scots face problems in formulating a competitive fixture list.



Bristol's new backers face a huge task to bring the glory days back to the Memorial Ground

Christopher Jones

Name game leaves Tyldesley stalled in pit lane

I BLAME Fifa. At the first sightings during the World Cup they should have stamped it out. Jaap Stam should have been the first - that was Gianluca Vialli a few years ago, I seem to remember).

I'm talking about shaven heads, which have been getting out of hand lately. Manchester United's Polish visitors on Wednesday for the Champions' League qualifier (ITV), the deeply unambitious LKS Lodz, had clearly decided that their only hope of oufling out any kind of result depended on bamboozling the opposition with tonsorial uniformity.

On first inspection, it looked as if United were about to take on 11 Ivan Denisovitchs, though on closer inspection the truth was more horrifying: it was 11 Dennis Wiseys

CHRIS MAUME

SPORT
ON TV

were up against. Any English player thinking of having their head shaved - don't, said the commentator, Clive Tyldesley, thinking of a season of misidentification ahead of him. Not that Lodz were the only willing victims of a No 1 crop. When Stam or Roy Keane clashed with any of the Poles, it looked like an impromptu game of Twister at a Com-

bat 88 convention. I suppose these things are done to foster team spirit - remember the blonde-blonde Romanians in the World Cup. But it's immensely distracting and I wish they'd stop it.

Beckham, with his silly, fussy floppy fringe, should seriously consider it, though. What he has so far been unable to grasp in his very public career is that brand spanking new convertible Jag or not, Spice person on his arm or not, a bad hairdo still makes him look ridiculous. Still, why should he care? It's not as if the nation's out to get him or anything. He can console himself with the fact that if things do get nasty at any stage, he's got Keane on his side. A friend told me she fantasises about a steamy encounter with the Irish-

man in the United dressing room - which makes me think that perhaps something's gone wrong somewhere in her development, because although I've no idea what he's like as a lover (and have very little wish to find out), he looks truly terrifying.

After a season of inaction, he was soon back in the swing of things on Wednesday, steaming in on some hapless Pole. "He should be patient and jockey people a bit," said Roy Atkinson, while Tyldesley advised that "he really has got to be controlled tonight" - which is a bit like giving the police CS gas and expecting them to use it only in emergencies. Still, Keane's a lovely lad. After Gary Neville had been jockeyed off the ball on the opposition goal-line, it didn't take an HND in tip-

reading to see what Keane was saying (and he was miming it vigorously anyway): "Nev! Nev!" you could see him yelling. "Elbow him!" As I say, a lovely lad.

The shaven heads weren't giving Tyldesley grief so much as his attempts to pronounce their names. Trying to do a Barry Davies with the team name, he came up with "LKS Woods", he is in Tiger Lodz, though later he'd corrected it to "LKS Wudge". The goalkeeper, Boguslaw Wypioro, came out as "Boguslaw Ray Parlour", though Tyldesley had no trouble with the splendidly named Omadigbe Darlington.

It's a question of Life After Brian for ITV and Tyldesley, though technically a superior commentator to Brian Moore (but then which com-

mentator wasn't?), lacks that ham quality that made Moore annoying yet endearing. He kicked off with an ambitious Formula One metaphor, about this being qualifying with the chequered flag far away, that ran for several laps on empty before coming in for an overlong tyre change, stalling in the pit lane and ending up with no championship points.

Tyldesley also showed a worrying tendency to weigh his commentary down with lumps of Motsonary, providing an overly thorough run-down on the technical specifications of the new playing surface at Old Trafford, for example (the only one of its kind in the northern hemisphere, apparently, grown on a Yorkshire turf farm and costing £500,000 with 12 pop-up sprinklers embedded in it).

Back in the studio, Bob Wilson was coming over all frisky, which made for unappetising viewing. It was the fault of Barry Venison, who's about to become the new Saint - or is it the new Greavie? - alongside Gaby Korath in the revived *On the Ball*. "She frightens me, Gaby," Venison said. "She's bigger than me." Wilson was in there quick as a flash. "I was going to say you'll have your hands full," he said, "but I'd better not."

It sounded off-key somehow, like hearing your grandmother tell the one about the wife with 'Sheffield Wednesday' tattooed on her private parts. If that sets the tone for the coming season, then we are in for a tawdry time of it indeed.

Coulthard ready to show loyalty

MOTOR RACING
BY DERRICK ALLSOP
in Budapest

PARTNERSHIPS ARE dubious affairs in Formula One but two Britons were pledging loyalty and togetherness with their other halves here yesterday.

David Coulthard, the Man Friday of this championship saga, was again fastest in practice for tomorrow's Hungarian Grand Prix and then promised to move over should he be required to, and help ease the path of his team-mate at McLaren-Mercedes, Mika Hakkinen.

Next door at Jordan, Damon Hill was satisfied sixth and then took up the happy families theme by urging his team to conclude contract negotiations with himself and Ralf Schumacher and ensure that they remained in tandem for next season.

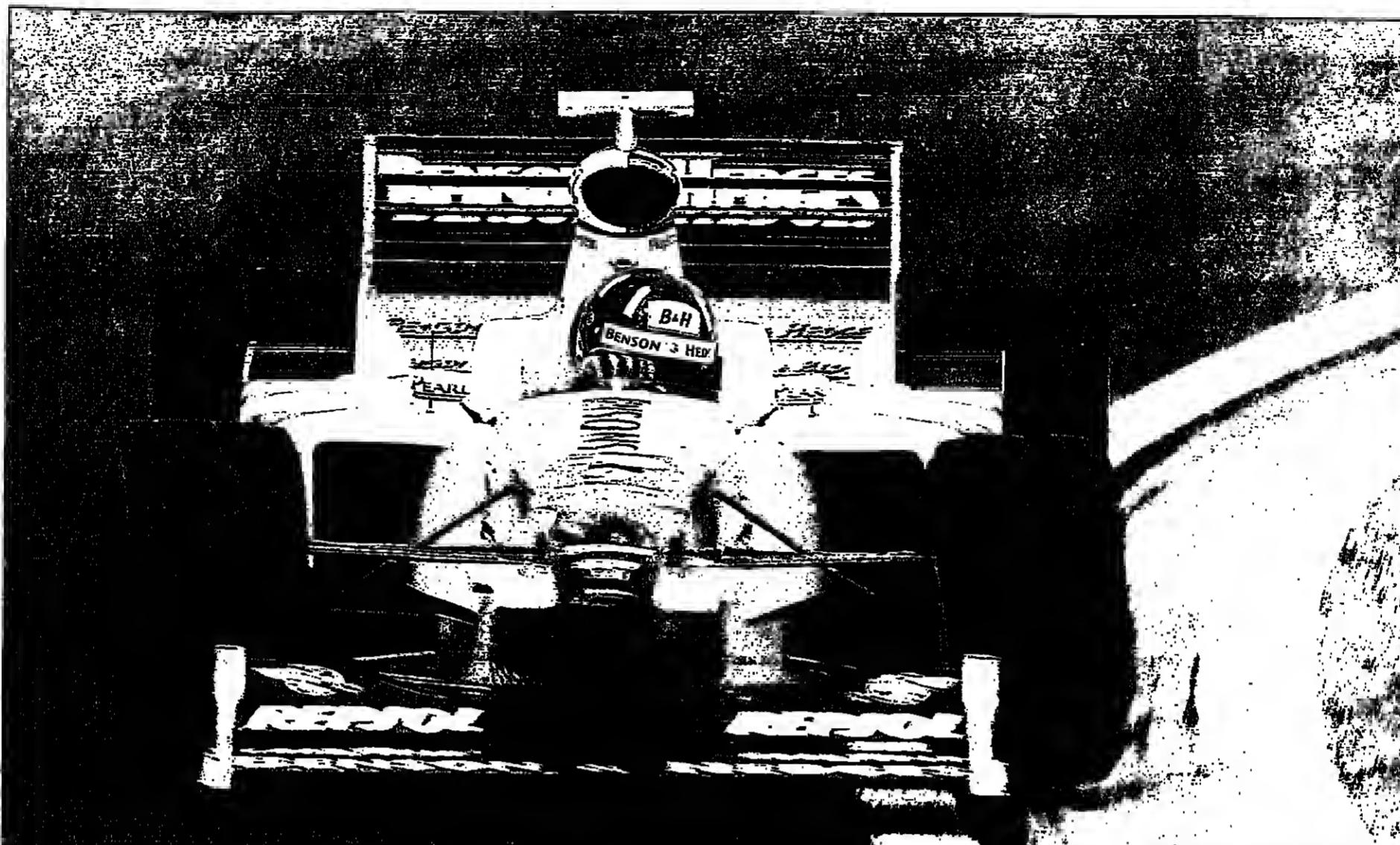
Jordan want to pay Hill less than this year so they can afford to give Schumacher the extra money he is seeking.

Coulthard's propensity to find his rhythm on the first day of practice only to cede advantage through the course of the weekend has become a feature of grands prix recently, and the trend has put paid to any realistic prospect the Scot had of winning the championship.

Hakkinen heads Ferrari's Michael Schumacher by 16 points, with Coulthard a further 18 points adrift. Acknowledging this scenario with just five races remaining, Coulthard, already signed by McLaren for next year, is prepared to help Hakkinen, who was second yesterday. Schumacher was third, suggesting the anguish of Stockheim is behind him and he will again represent the sternest competition for the McLarens.

"I don't think it would be strange if the team asked me, or unfair to ask me, given the position in the championship, to support Mika," Coulthard said. "Looking at it from the team's point of view, it makes sense. They want a one-two, and they would prefer the one to be Mika."

"I want to win races. That's why I'm in Formula One. I'm not here to finish second. But



Damon Hill coaxes top speed out of his Jordan on his way to recording the sixth-fastest time in practice for the Hungarian Grand Prix yesterday John Marsh/Empics

unless something unforeseeable happens I'm not going to win the championship this year. You have to be realistic."

"Michael and Ferrari had a bad race in Germany, but he qualified well here last year and I would expect him to provide us with the strongest opposition in this race. I still think, though, we will have the edge."

"I think I go well on Fridays because I get dialled into the circuit straight away. Unfortunately I've not been able to keep it up over the weekend. Perhaps I can change that here."

Hill's fourth place in Germany, ahead of the Schumach-

er brothers, buoyed his confidence and he is optimistic of following up with another place in the points here. That would no doubt give him a little more muscle in his negotiations with Michael.

Eddie Jordan is juggling his resources, but contends he cannot change the laws of mathematics: "Two wins will go into four but four two won't."

The convenient solution would be for Hill to accept something less than the £5m he is receiving this year and free it to be added to the £1m currently being paid to his team-

mate. Schumacher's manager, Willi Weber, who also handles the affairs of elder brother Michael, has also been involved in discussions with Williams and the new British American Racing team, and is endeavouring to double his younger client's income. Schumacher has strengthened his hand by finishing in the points at the last three races.

Hill continues to express his confidence that an agreement can be reached, maintaining he and Schumacher give the team the ideal combination to sustain their rate of progress. The former champion said: "We have

a good pairing here and I'd like us to stay together. Ralph is quick and getting better all the time. If he keeps pushing me that's no bad thing."

"If I can't hold my own against somebody who's 23 then it's time to stop, but there's no evidence of that yet."

Schumacher was a couple of places down on Hill yesterday, but has been the more consistently quick in qualifying and Eddie Jordan is eager to keep him on board. A pounds-for-points arrangement could provide the payment compromise which Hill could accept as a solution to his problem, and

ultimately the team's sponsors may have the decisive say – and input. Jordan anticipates making an announcement at next month's Italian Grand Prix.

"We always said I want to support the drivers and I want to continue, and that hasn't changed," Jordan said. "I want to keep the same partnership but maybe we'll have to wait until Monza."

People raise their eyebrows when we put Damon and Ralph together, given Damon's history with Michael. Damon might have been suspicious, but any doubts have been dispelled and they work well together."

Looking to business here, Hill said: "We are within touching distance of the quickest cars and looking good. Practice can be deceptive but I am fairly confident there is something to go for in this race. It is the acid test, because on a similar track at Monaco we performed badly. A good showing here would confirm we are on the right track."

Jacques Villeneuve indicated

that Williams' recovery can be consolidated with fourth place yesterday. Eddie Irvine, in the other Ferrari, was fifth and Johnny Herbert, in a Sauber, was 11th.

Finkel denied being worried that New Jersey would deny Tyson's application, saying there was a growing perception that Tyson should face the men who judged him earlier. "I felt very positive," Finkel said of the New Jersey hearing. He also said he was confident of success in Nevada, but added optimistically: "We can always go back to New Jersey if it's bad in Nevada."

Such hopes appear slight in the light of Tyson's eleventh-hour pull-out and his outburst during a July hearing in New Jersey when he swore while wondering why he had to keep apologising for the Holyfield incident.

Elias Ghanem, the Nevada commission's chairman, said Tyson had made an intelligent move by returning to Nevada. "Maybe he came back to his senses and decided the best way to go about this was to come back to the state that revoked his licence," he said.

Tyson has parted company with Don King, his former promoter, and is suing him. There were reports Tyson feared King's influence in Nevada boxing circles would lead to an unfair hearing. But Ghanem said: "We have a very fair commission and we don't delay our decisions."

Mills Lane, the referee who disqualified Tyson during the infamous bout with Holyfield, praised Tyson's decision.

Speaking on a New York television station, Lane said: "He should have gone to Nevada and faced the music there. You cannot dance around it. Going to Nevada is what he should have done in the first place."

In the New Jersey hearing

Tyson was questioned for about 40 minutes about his 1992 rape conviction and the reasons behind his biting of Holyfield.

Critics claimed he knew he would lose to Holyfield a second time and feared the end of his career.

"I was in a rage. I just snapped," Tyson said. "I'm sorry for what I did. It will haunt me for the rest of my life."

Wind drives Davies to the brink on the links

GOLF
BY TIM GLOVER
at Royal Lytham
and St Annes

LAURA DAVIES shot one over par in the pro-am on Wednesday and was promptly installed as favourite for the Weetabix Women's British Open. She might even have been tempted to enter the William Hill tent on site here, to invest in her favourite haunts, to invest in herself.

In difficult conditions on a links course that is studded with any number of brutal holes, Laura shot 79 in the first round when the weather was at its worst and had another 79 yesterday when it was somewhat easier. That put her at 14 over par for the championship.

This is Laura on Wednesday: "This is probably the nicest course I have ever

played in my life. The conditions don't worry me. I am looking forward to this. This is the biggest one as far as I'm concerned and it's so nice to be playing well coming into this tournament. This is the one. It's our version of the greatest tournament in the world, the men's Open, especially on a golf course like this."

This is Laura after the first round on Thursday: "It was just impossible, what more can you say? In the combination of the wind and the rain, it's just impossible. We were absolutely done with the weather."

Yesterday Laura, after coming home in 42 for a two-round aggregate of 158, had nothing to say whatsoever. She threw her visor into the crowd, jumped into her BMW and accelerated out of the clubhouse car park. She was obviously under the impression that she had missed

the half-way cut although, as the casualties began to mount, she was by no means certain of having the weekend off.

After the first round only two players out of 138 broke par, the Americans Brandie Burton and Betsy King who somehow came in with 71s.

Yesterday nobody was below par although Burton remained at the top of the leaderboard at one over at the half-way stage following a 74 that contained a solitary birdie.

King slumped to a 77 after beginning the second round bogey, bogey, bogey, bogey. "I didn't hit the ball as well as yesterday and I missed a few putts," King, who celebrated her 43rd birthday after her first round, said. "Although the weather was so much better the first few holes were not as short with a change in the wind direction and it was difficult to judge distance."

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the right range to land the ball. I practised bump and run shots at Turnberry and that has helped a lot."

Moodie would have been even better placed on the leaderboard but for taking a double-bogey six at the 18th where she three putted. "Spectators were walking across the fairway as I was about to putt and I missed from 10 feet. The put I off on my second putt I had to wait as they walked straight passed me."

Ri Pak, of South Korea, the pre-tournament favourite was seven off the pace after a round of 74.

Not everybody found Lytham unplayable. Leslie Spalding, from Montana, shot 70 and, following a 76 in the first round, she was breathing down Burton's neck at two over par for the championship.

Spalding was a reserve for the tournament, only gaining

a place two weeks ago when Alicia Dibos withdrew. "This is my first time here and I'm really thrilled," said the 29-year-old, who turned professional in 1992. "I like the tough conditions and I like the wind. I feel my game is on the way up."

There were other outstanding scores from Wendy Ward with a 71 and Janice Moodie with a 72. Ward visited Britain for the first time last week and played at Turnberry with her finance Nathan Hair, who is fading for her at Lytham. "It's so refreshing to do something different for a week," said Ward. "Nathan and I just try to

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Learning the secrets of the Parachute Black Gnat

BEFORE THE days of PlayStation and the Internet, young boys and girls would be taught fishing by their fathers or grandfathers (sorry to be sexist but that's usually the way it was). They would teach their little spin-offs how to cast, often passing on the odd bad habit as they did so; they would lovingly tell stories of where the fish lie and where they lost the biggest fish that county would have ever seen.

They would talk of flies and marabou and jungle cock and how to create magnificent attractors of fish from them and how to handle fish once hooked. This happens less and less now, because there are so many other fun things to do apart from fishing.

So going to fishing school is the place to learn these things. Some people find it odd that you

ANNALISA
BARBIERI

ON FISHING

would go and learn to fish but I think it's pretty important. Sometimes I see men on the riverbank (and it is usually men) who may have been fishing for years and years, but they still can't cast. They thrash the line down so hard any decent fish for a mile around has taken refuge. Then they say "there's no fish in there today" and I think "well there were..."

A few casting lessons, at the very least, will make your fish-

ing so much more enjoyable. There are several places where you can learn to fish, the Arun Dell Arms in Devon runs some excellent and comprehensive courses that are residential and last four days for beginners although refresher courses and specialist courses (salmon, fly tying) are also available. Orvis also run courses and it was one of these – their two-day intermediate course – that I attended. Because there were

a couple of beginners, we spent the first morning casting. Even now, after a couple of years of casting, I still find expert guidance helpful. Oliver Edwards, famous for his upstream nymphing tuition, took the course. I have to credit Edwards with putting the final shine on my casting.

In the course of my professional duties I've attended a lot of casting classes/clinics. At each one the basic advice is the same but there are always personal nuances and his way just clicked with me. The first morning was spent casting and in the classroom learning all about tippets, leaders and fly line and entomology which was both fascinating and useful. Then, to really make the insect study come alive, Edwards dredged the river bed. The course takes place on

perhaps the most famous chalkstream in the world, the Test. Insect life is so rich there that the fish grow big and fat, and lazy. We saw that the river bed was alive with food, so much so that it is any wonder that these fish ever even bother to take a dry fly. Edwards picked out tiny freshwater shrimps, emerging caddis, sedge nymphs and midge pupae. Besides them he placed the artificial pattern. I could see the beginner's eyes glowing as it all suddenly started to make sense: those flies they had in their pocket weren't just pretty, they were scientific.

Then lunch arrived, a glorious lunch provided by a proper butcher who came and laid a table with white linen and fed us chicken and fat sausages and potato salad followed by straw-

berries. You should never slurp whilst fishing.

The afternoon of the first day was spent fishing, interspersed with a few more trips to the classroom in the oversized fishing hut. Although I love the Test and its clear water which makes dry fly fishing so exciting. I don't agree with the fact that it is stocked. Most of this is done so that fat, red-faced businessmen can come down and fish on a corporate day out and almost be guaranteed to catch a fish. They'll go home happy yet with little clue as to what fishing is all about.

But most of the beginners on this course caught a fish, and that is a pleasure I would not have denied them. Their faces shone with pleasure and achievement and their arms ached with playing fish in, as the day's learning came together. Success. The Klinthammer proved an almost no-fail fly and we used it again, some weeks later when we were back on the Test. It did not disappoint. Most of those on the course found that the Royal Wulff, although a rather uncouth looking thing, was irresistible to the trout.

One piece of advice if you attend a fishing school – you will be knackered so make sure your hotel has: a) a bath and not a shower; and b) is quiet. Mine failed on both these points and after the first day I would have paid £100 for a nice hot bath. Orvis will be running beginner's intermediate, dry fly and upstream nymphing courses again next year. From April through to September these take place on the Test and will cost about £250. I remember that a day's fishing on the Test, with no tuition, costs not much less than this anyway. There will also be running courses in Yorkshire, Wales and Devon that start at £25. Even if you don't take up fishing, you'll have a nice day out and you may just catch your supper for the first time ever.

For further information, telephone 01264 349515

Matautia missing for Saints

RUGBY LEAGUE

By DAVE HADFIELD

ST HELENS could hardly have found a more pivotal game with which to begin life after Robbie Goulding and tomorrow night's meeting with Bradford.

The two most successful clubs in the first two seasons of Super League have both had mixed campaigns so far and the loser this weekend will feel far from secure in the top five.

Saints can only benefit from shedding the distraction that Goulding had become. His free transfer to Huddersfield in mid-week stops a messy disciplinary case against him in mid-stride and allows the club to concentrate on the job in hand.

The post-Goulding half-back pairing of Tommy Martyn and Sean Long has looked full of potential and those two players can now get on with it, knowing that the roles are theirs.

Saints will be without Vila Matautia, recently returned from a broken arm and now suspended for one match for punching.

Bradford will be closer to full strength than for a long time, with only their long-term injury victims - Paul Anderson, Danny Peacock and Warren Jowitt - definitely ruled out. Nathan McAvoy has an ankle problem, but Brian McDermott is set to return after a knee injury.

The degree of the pressure on the losers depends on Sheffield Eagles' fortunes at Wigan. John Kear, the Sheffield coach, has slight doubts over Willie Morgan and Dale Laughton, but Wigan's pack is below full strength in the absence of Denis Betts and Neil Cowie.

Betts could be out for a month with a knee tendon injury, while Cowie has a recurrence of his hamstring trouble.



Andrew Flintoff, the Lancashire and England all-rounder, looks on in alarm as the Yorkshire bowler Matthew Hoggard narrowly fails to take a caught-and-bowled chance in the Roses match at Headingley yesterday PA

Squelch makes all right noises for Davidson

EQUESTRIANISM

By GENEVIEVE MURPHY in Gatcombe Park

BRUCE DAVIDSON of the United States rode an excellent dressage test on Squelch in the first advanced section of the Doublepint British Horse Trials Championships yesterday, when he took the lead half-

way through the dressage phase, finishing on 23 penalties

to move one point ahead of Kristina Gifford on State Diplomat. Lucy Thompson, winner of the 1995 European championship, was two points further back on Welton Romance.

Davidson's mount, 13-year-old Squelch, won the three-day event at Blenheim in 1994. Gifford's State Diplomat also

had a three-day event victory behind him, having won at Le Lion d'Angers in France in 1996 before he was knocked a tendon and had last year off.

"He's an attractive horse and he moves very well," Gifford said of State Diplomat, who plodded round in deep mud at Blenheim this year to finish 21st. "We went towards the end of the day when the

mud was at its worst, so there was no need for heroics."

Thompson, lying one point ahead of the 1997 Bramham winners, Australia's Andrew Hoy and Swizzle In, had her usual good test on Welton Romance, apart from a ragged rein-back. She expects to ride Romance at Burghley next month, retaining the mare's half-brother, Welton Molecule, who - like

for the World Equestrian Games in Italy in October.

At 48, Davidson shows no signs of taking things easy. He rode four horses in the dressage yesterday and will take all of them in the show jumping and cross-country today. Gifford is riding two dressages as well as show jumping and cross-country phases with four horses.

Owen Moore, who - like

Gifford - is on the British shortlist for the World Games, took an early lead for the Intermediate Championship on the seven-year-old Lord Killingtonhurst.

DOUBBLEPINT BRITISH HORSE TRIALS CHAMPIONSHIPS (Gatcombe Park): Saturday, when from half of dressage Advanced Section 1: 1. Squelch (B Davidson) 23 penalties; 2. State Diplomat (K Gifford) 24; 3. Kristina Gifford (K Thompson) 25; 4. British Intermediate Championship (Lord Killington) 10. Moore (GB) 26; 5. Voyou du Roc (M Fuso, Japan) 28; 6. Zambo Sprint (E Watson, GB) 29.

Crawley flies in face of tradition

CRICKET

By MIKE CAREY at Headingley

Yorkshire v Lancashire

OF ALL the games in all the world the Roses match, and this is the 23rd of them, has never been like this. Years of grunting attrition and mean bowling were cast aside here yesterday when Lancashire, led by John Crawley's fourth three-figure score in five innings, took a savage toll of Yorkshire's inexperienced attack and established a firm grip on the game.

Far from there being "no fours before lunch" as tradition has it, Lancashire hit no fewer than 25 of them, with a couple of sixes thrown in, as they amassed 190 from 34 overs in the helter-skelter morning session when Yorkshire struggled to put two successive deliveries a firm grip on the game.

It was a salutary experience for all concerned, not least for Matthew Hoggard, 21, a highly promising fast-medium bowler who, maybe because it was his Roses debut, was perhaps a shade nervous, maybe trying a touch too hard or simply like many fast bowlers before him, just found it difficult to come in down the slope from the Kirkstall Lane end.

His first four overs disappeared for 48 runs. They in

cluded a generous supply of no-balls, one of which Crawley carved for six over third man, between the carnage, though there was enough to suggest that Lancashire can watch out for Mr Hoggard in the future.

Yorkshire's problems did not end there. Paul Hutchison found it hard to locate the right line and Gavin Hamilton had one of those mornings when he was either too short or too full.

For all that, it all added up to riotous entertainment, a pitch that had already been used for the South African's one-day game on Wednesday. This persuaded both sides to field a balanced attack - which, of course, is three seamers and two spinners and not, you might think after recent events, three seamers and two umpires - and the slow bowlers got the ball to grip before the end.

By then Lancashire's only cause for concern was their batsmen getting themselves out by attempting too much too soon; among them was Andrew Flintoff, who was caught off the splice after making 16 from 13 balls fairly effortlessly.

Crawley made no such error. He elegantly confirmed his admirable appetite for making big scores but even he could have gone at 55 when David Byas could not hold an awkward slip chance off Hoggard, who was then finding life slightly less frustrating at the other end.

His first four overs disappeared for 48 runs. They in

Adams enjoys grass of Hove

By DAVID LLEWELLYN at Hove

Sussex v Middlesex

SUSSEX MEMBERS and players were so browned off at the stultifying draw against Somerset in the last home match that the county ensured plenty of grass was left on the strip for yesterday's meeting with Middlesex. It might have been seen as a brave decision, given how few times the brittle Sussex line-up has failed to glean maximum batting points.

And when the captain, Chris Adams, having won the toss, elected to bat on the green, green grass of Hove there were raised eyebrows. But Adams clearly knew something everyone else did not. Not even the loss of two early wickets, and the premature retirement of opener Wasim Khan for treatment to a knee injury seemed to bother the man known as Grizzly.

After watching Toby Peirce and Mark Newell make very little impression on the Middlesex attack Adams was quickly into his stride. He dealt severely with left-arm paceman Chris Batt, driving him through the covers for his first four.

Perhaps that was what led to

an apparent minor confrontation between the two when Adams was well past three figures for the fourth time this summer. He attempted a hook shot, Batt, the bowler, howled his appeal for a catch behind and finished up standing almost alongside the wicketkeeper Keith Brown, by which time umpire John Hampshire had deemed that Adams was not out. At the end of the over as Batt moved off Adams strode up the pitch pointing his bat towards the bowler's end. It was not clear if anything was said, but the Sussex captain's actions were eloquent enough. He was mightily displeased.

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Sri Lanka win by pinch and punch

BY DEREK PRINGLE
at Trent Bridge

DAY-GLO CRICKET came to England yesterday and the winners were in the royal blue and gold of Sri Lanka. It's difficult to believe that the Emirates triangular tournament is the first occasion that coloured clothing and white balls have been used for international cricket in England, the spectacle did not look out of place, and the 9,000 spectators present appeared to enjoy their first day of cricket in the last century.

Put that bat, after South Africa had won the toss, the World Cup holders won by 57 runs. To add insult to injury Sri Lanka did not use 13 of their allotted balls, after being bowled out for 289, a total that owed as much to their flying start as South Africa's sloppy bowling.

Having played their part in wearing Hansie Cronje's men down, England had better beware at Lord's on Sunday, Sri Lanka look spirited and very dangerous.

Pundits have long claimed that pinch hitting was ill-suited to English conditions and only for the foolhardy. Well Sri Lanka have disproved that theory. On a green Trent Bridge pitch their two exponents of the "trade" art is perhaps too refined Sanath Jayasuriya and Romesh Kaluwitharana thrashed 79 runs in 10 overs.

Obviously a modicum of luck is required and Jayasuriya was dropped off the first ball of the match, Symcox spelling a difficult chance at mid-off. Undeterred by his near miss, the left-hander continued unabated, his strokes wristy and as smooth as a Rolex movement speeded up.

His secret is not to slog indiscriminately, but to get enough bat on the ball to clear

the infield though feeding him width, as South Africa did, is as close an invitation to pinching runs as bowling Ian Salisbury.

No shrinking violet either, Kaluwitharana struck his first ball for four, an audacious shot straight back over Steve Elworthy's head. It was not the only shot of its type and it would have come as no surprise if Elworthy had sustained a bad neck as he craned it to watch two more disappear in his next over.

As usual South Africa waited to use Allan Donald as first change. Unusually the breakthrough came at the other end where Kallis saw Kaluwitharana slice his first-ball looper higher into the covers where Crook took a comfortable catch.

Donald, his sore heel now loose, could not be denied for long. Coming round the wicket he had Jayasuriya dropped by Pollock, a miss the fast bowler rectified with his very next ball as the opener, playing a rare defensive push, edged behind.

With the fast bowler striking again in his next over, this time with the prize wicket of Aravinda de Silva, caught by Kirsten at cover, South Africa had got themselves back into the game. But if they stemmed the flow of runs of the bat, they leaked wides and by the time the innings closed they'd conceded 39 extras.

After the pyrotechnics of the first 15 overs the middle portion was fairly tame and there was a period of steady accumulation expertly marshalled by Arjuna Ranatunga, the recently slimmed-down Sri Lankan captain.

A roly poly figure - he once told journalists he came from a fat family - Ranatunga has lost 22lb by keeping away from fried foods. With that being the case, there was some irony in

the advertising logo on his bat depicting not the name of a bat company, but something called "Sam's Chicken and Ribs."

Rules on personal sponsorship are fairly strict and unless Sam has a laiby the deep fryer to make his own bats Ranatunga, normally sponsored by a Sri Lankan shipping company, is in breach of International Cricket Council regulations.

Apart from being summoned to the match referee's office, what rounded the whole thing off was that the new slimline Ranatunga, having made a polished 58 off 91 balls, was run out going for two. As he had run the first run short, no runs were added to the total. Alas, he had hit the knee while batting, he later spent the South Africa innings having treatment on a sore knee.

His presece was not missed and De Silva ran a disciplined ship in his absence. In contrast to their opponents, Sri Lanka's bowlers tend to pack the off-side field and then bowl outside off-stump, particularly in the 15 overs when all but two fielders have to be within 10ft of the bat.

South Africa's attempts to make hay founders and after Kirsten had dragged the first ball of the innings on to his stumps, they found themselves 66-5 and struggling. Pramodha Wickramasinghe having taken 2-20 in his first seven overs.

That they even got close owed much to Jonty Rhodes, who in partnership with Symcox, promoted up the order, added a 100 runs in 96 balls. However, with both Rhodes and Symcox perishing in the deep to Kumar Dharmasena's off-spin to leave them 175 for 7 in the 39th over, the game was all but over.

A fact duly concluded when Donald was bowled by Dharmanseya for 12.

A fact duly concluded when Donald was bowled by Dharmanseya for 12.

PRINCE CHARLES has been at pains to point out in his piece this week in the *Spectator* that he is "modern" but not modernist. The England and Wales Cricket Board, we had been led to believe, was going the whole hog and rushing recklessly into coloured clothes and the rest of the razzmatazz for these one-day internationals.

Coloured clothes for one-day cricket were introduced in 1977 by Kerry Packer for the one-day internationals played by breakaway World Series Cricket in Australia. The English authorities did not let themselves be rushed into this and have been chewing it over with some purpose for 20 years or so.

I approached Trent Bridge with a spring in my step but it was devastating to find a total absence of dancing girls and

HENRY BLOFELD
AT TRENT BRIDGE

I approached Trent Bridge with a spring in my step but it was devastating to find a total absence of dancing girls and

cheerleaders. It was compensation of a sort to see the Emirates logo - they are the sponsors - had been emblazoned on the grass at both ends of the ground in rich red and glowing white. This was a

confusion worse. Kallis was 6, Cullinan 3, Rindel 2, Elworthy 4, and Symcox 13. The South Africans also had their names on their backs, but cleverly the print had been too small to read.

The South African pyjamas were predictably green and gold with numbers on their back and on the top of their left thighs - this latter is a novel touch and perhaps it makes them look "sexy". The most interesting aspect of all this was the numbers themselves. Kallis was 3, Cullinan 4, Rindel 15, Elworthy 19 and Symcox 22.

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But all was not lost, the names were written large across their shoulders in rather bigger print than the South African names.

I thought I had won until I discovered that the name on their backs was not the name on the scorecard but their given or first names. Surely the ECB had not suddenly acquired an over-developed sense of humour?

Maybe it has just gone mad or, just possibly, I suppose, it might be me.

I also hugely enjoyed the befitting opening stand of 85 between Sanath (Jayasuriya) and Romesh (Kaluwitharana) particularly when they were facing the bowling of 15 and 19.

Sri Lanka's Suresh Perera celebrates plucking out Daryl Cullinan's middle stump at Trent Bridge yesterday

David Ashdown

Baffled by the numbers game

Walsh makes Kent wobble

BY DEREK HODGSON
at Bristol

Gloucestershire v

Kent

EIGHT CYLINDRICAL flood-light pylons now ring the Nevil Road ground. Gloucestershire say they are not permanent but their foundations look considerably more solid than the county's batting, dismissed for 142 in 47 overs.

But if some remarks can be made about the batsmen of the third-placed team in the Championship, what is to be said about those of Kent, in fifth? They were 53 for 6 at tea and looking no more comfortable.

The umpires (George Sharp and John Steele) have to report the pitch, after the fall of 15 wickets in the day, but were adamant it was not responsible. They agreed it had pace and bounce but thought that the surface did not seam or swing unduly.

One previous player before the start, believed it would play slowly and easily, so the first surprise was that Steve Marsh should prefer to field under grey skies that soon cleared. He was proved wise almost immediately by a fast and hostile opening spell from Martin McCague.

Gloucestershire tried to compensate against Julian

Thompson and were rapidly confounded by two superb low-slip catches by Carl Hooper that removed Tim Hancock and Steve Atkinson at the wickets of Symcox and P. A. de Silva in quick succession.

A Ranatunga run out

and a Jayasuriya bouncer

recycled his next ball

and a Jayasuriya bouncer



THE SWEeper

BY CLIVE WHITE AND NICK HARRIS

Big Brother is watching Palace

WHEN IT comes to playing for England coaches, past as well as present, it seems that players have to be careful what they do from now on: Big Brother is watching. Indeed, the degree of surveillance in George Orwell's satirical novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has nothing on that of Crystal Palace in 1988.

Terry Venables' close examination of players is well known. While at Lancaster Gate he built up an extensive video library of players around the world, but even he will never have scrutinised them as closely as he will this season – thanks to the technological bent of Palace chairman Mark Goldberg.

Crystal Palace, it seems, are leaving nothing to chance with regards to their prompt return to the Premiership. Every pass, shot, move and tackle – or in the case of the Palace defence, missed tackle – will be monitored by observers, cameras and eventually transmitting devices installed in a player's kit so that Venables will know exactly where his players are at any given point in a match.

No longer will there be any excuses for failing to pick up an opponent at set-pieces, for neglecting to shadow a player or being pulled out of position. As the great Joe Louis might have said, "They can run but they cannot hide". Every second of action at Selhurst Park will be recorded on film or noted on a computer and then later analysed in detail by Venables and his squad in a specially built lecture theatre at the club's new training ground at Godstone.

"It's really our own software that we've devised," said Goldberg. "The whole idea is to provide Terry with better support than he's probably ever had before. And I think it's that element of monitoring and redirection by Terry that will give us an edge, and there's no question that you do need that edge."

The club are being fairly secretive about exactly how it functions and so far it has only been used with the youth team. "It's absolutely amazing," said Peter Nicholas, the youth team coach, "but we don't want to talk too

much about it or they'll all want it."

Apparently, Brazil used a similar technology in the World Cup. Not that it seemed to help their defenders much when it came to picking out France's Zinedine Zidane at set-pieces.

A BALL has yet to be kicked in anger and Southampton find themselves facing a welter of suspensions in the season's opening weeks. Missing the start of the campaign tomorrow, against Liverpool at The Dell, is Francis Benali. The impetuous defender will also be missing the next three games following the 11th sending-off of his career, in the final home game of last season against Derby. And he

SONG-SHEET

From the Plymouth Argyle terraces

"I can't read and I can't write but it doesn't matter.
I come from the West Country and I can drive a tractor."

fore he has even had the chance to rejoin Southampton may also find themselves shorn of Carlton Palmer and John Beresford, whose dismissals for violent conduct in a "friendly" in Lierse last week have been reported to the Belgian FA. So much for the Saints.

FOOTBALL CLUBS bitterly complain about inaccuracies in newspapers, but sometimes it's unavoidable, as a couple of them have discovered first hand in the last week. For this week's friendly between Newcastle and Juventus at St James' Park the club took out a half page advertisement in the local

press in order to promote the game. The advert depicted a pitch with the Juve players Zidane, Deschamps and Davids on one side and David Batty on the other, with the words "David is going to need all the support he can get. Nice idea, except Batty was out injured with an operation, so last week they changed the Newcastle player in the advert to Stéphane Guivarch, who duly went down injured. Whereupon in Monday's edition of the Newcastle Journal, the name of Dietmar Hamann was substituted, although in the event he appears to need nobody's support. And as for the Italian trio, well, none of them ended up playing.

At least they were a bit more accurate than Portsmouth FC, who in their £3 programme for last weekend's four-team tournament, involving Sochaux, Genoa and Wimbledon, failed to get a single name in the Italian team right – not even the manager's. To be fair, even the Italian journalists present didn't recognise half of them. Tough game, this accuracy business.

IT SEEKS some players will do anything to wriggle out of contracts these days, but at least Kevin Walton's reason for resigning from Berwick Rangers is down to earth. Walton, 23, has just gained three A-grade science A-level passes and wants to be a vet. A clause in his contract entitles him to a free transfer if he lands a permanent job with a practice outside Scotland or North-east England, which seems to rule him out of a transfer to Sunderland, where the late James Herriot was a vice-president. "I would hope to be able to continue playing football at as high a level as possible," said Walton, who scored 14 goals in the Scottish League Third Division last season. "Vets are on call at night and are also expected to work Saturdays, which may make things difficult." James Herriot never attempted both jobs though he did borrow his name from a Birmingham goalkeeper of the Sixties.

ON THE BOARD

Name: Sam Chisholm.
Position: Non-executive director of Tottenham Hotspur plc.

Form: Chief executive and managing director of BSkyB for seven years (until last year); previously head of Australia's Nine Network for 15 years; currently deputy chairman of the New Millennium Experience, aka The Millennium Dome. Big Ideas: When Chisholm was appointed to the board last Tuesday, Spurs' chairman, Alan Suttor, said: "Sam's knowledge of international broadcasting and future trends in the industry will be a major asset to Tottenham Hotspur plc." Chisholm, a New Zealander who was one of Rupert Murdoch's most powerful executives, said: "Football is on the cusp of an exciting era and I am delighted to be given the opportunity to contribute to it."

In other words, he'll be paving the way for pay-per-view, and is in an excellent position to advise Spurs when the Premier League opens next year with bidders wanting to screen live football. Will also be a shrewd advisor with inside knowledge should the Office of Fair Trading rule current TV deals – with BSkyB and the BBC – are restrictive and clubs become able to negotiate their own TV deals rather than collectively inside the Premier League.

Nicknamed "the rottweiler" for his tenacity in negotiations, Chisholm suffers from asthma, a condition which led to him stepping down from the chief executive's job at BSkyB last year. Presumably thinks the Spurs' job won't be too much of a good wheeze.



MY TEAM



DANNY KELLY

TOTTENHAM

Self-confessed media whore and editor of the online newspaper, football365.

"Out of luck – terrible luck some might say – I was born and brought up in Islington, and therefore an automatic candidate to be an Arsenal fan. A family friend, Andy Nolan, took me to see them against West Brom in the early Sixties, and then the next week he took me to Tottenham. For some reason, as a six-year-old I liked the white shirts. Even then I knew the team wearing red were the Foreign Office team – embodiment of the dour British establishment – and the team in white were rock and roll." www.football365.co.uk

SEEN BUT NOT BOUGHT

THE VERY attractive "Lombardo Wig" from the Crystal Palace gift shop. This item is a must for all fans who want to do something which resembles a light, rubber shower cap, but has none of the shower cap's style. A bargain at just £2.99, the wig will help you to fool your friends into thinking you're the Italian maestro, especially if you speak pidgin English and maintain a chirpy demeanour in the face of spending another season at Selhurst Park.

WHO ATE ALL THE PIES?

HUDDERSFIELD TOWN'S Alfred McAlpine is arguably the best ground in England for picking out the pork. Not only can supporters feast on spit-roasted hot pork sandwiches (£2.60), they can buy bulging bacon sarnies (£2.00) and fill filling Frankfurters (£2.00). The Holland's Pies, in several varieties (£1.50), are the best-seller, with pastry as tasty – but more delicate – than the football.

THEY'RE NOT ALL DENNIS BERGKAMP

Unsung foreign legionnaires No 1 STEPHANE POUNEWATCHY: The French 30-year old defensive supremo of the Carlisle United side relegated from the Second to the Third Division in May. Currently on a one-month contract with Dundee in the Scottish Premier League. Previously played with the French sides: Guingamp – whom he helped to attain relegation from the First to Second Division in 1995/6 – and before that Martigues, another club who have been up and down in recent years. Valued at up to £500,000, he moved to Carlisle for nothing on a Bosman, and for nothing again to just-promoted Dundee, who can be sure he'll be valuable in their efforts to stay up (but perhaps not that valuable, as they have yet to decide if he'll get another month's contract).

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

As captain, my style has been to have an open dressing-room where players are able to believe in their own ability and not be fazed by the international environment. Alec Stewart, England's cricket captain, explains his recipe for success against South Africa in his first series.

It's simple arithmetic. The more appeals there are, the more there are likely to be mistakes. Barrie Duleston, cricket umpire, offers a partial explanation for the apparent decline in umpiring standards.

They are the people who hide in the corner with half a pint of bitter and who ruin rugby in this country. Dick Best, once coach of England and now directing London Irish's fortunes, on rugby union referee assessors.

I have always believed that, if rugby league won't work in Gateshead, it won't work anywhere. Kath Hetherington, a partner in Gateshead's bid for membership of the Super League, gets all theatrical.

He was never a gangster and he was never stabbed. Sung Yung Kil, the manager of the young woman golfing sensation, Se Ri Pak, dismisses a racy newspaper description of her father.



THE YOUNG Alex Ferguson (above) became a St Johnstone legend on 23 December 1983 when he scored a hat-trick against Rangers at Ibrox to produce one of the all-time shock results in Scottish football. Ferguson remains the only St Johnstone player ever to have scored a hat-trick against Rangers, whom he later joined. In 1974, he became the manager at East Stirling, and then – after a successful spell at St Mirren – at Aberdeen, where he won three Premier League titles, four Scottish FA Cups, a Scottish League Cup and the European Cup-Winners' Cup. In November 1986 he became the manager at Old Trafford, where he had to wait until 1990 to secure a major trophy, the FA Cup. The European Cup-Winners' Cup followed in 1991, and, amongst other triumphs, four Premiership titles. Losing is not something Ferguson likes, and although he seemed relaxed enough (right) at last Sunday's 3-0 Charity Shield defeat by Arsenal, he'll be planning not to repeat it.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT



BLACKBURN'S NIGHTLY £7.5m gamble on Kevin Davies faces its first major test today, but he should prosper against Derry and on him to score the first goal at Ewood Park (best price £12.25 with the Tote) seems a good investment. Ian Wright, also taking a Premiership bow for a new club, will score the first goal at Hills-

borough this afternoon in a 3-1 win for West Ham. Of that we're so certain that 25p has been wagered on the perm at 100/1 (Corals). Liverpool versus Southampton at The Dell to-

morrow is this weekend's

Desmond (match most likely to finish 2-2). The fixture ended 1-1 last season, and both sides have at least doubled their attacking potential since, so £1 at 14/1 (gen-

NICK HARRIS'S SELECTIONS

Total kitty starts: £100
Total wagered today: £5.25 + 47p tax = £5.72

erally available) is a must. Mark Hughes is preferred to Michael Owen to score the first goal and £1 on Sparky at 7-1 (generally) to do just that. Arsenal meet Nottingham Forest at Highbury on Monday, and as they trounced the newly promoted Bolton and Barnsley at home early last season, £1 on the Gunners to win 4-0 is money well speculated, especially at 16-1 (generally).

TODAY

FOOTBALL

FA CARLING PREMIERSHIP

20 Unites started

1. Bournemouth v Derby

2. Coventry v Aston Villa

3. Exeter v Liverpool

4. Manchester City v Leicester

5. Middlesbrough v Leeds

6. Nottingham Forest v Sunderland

7. Norwich v Portsmouth

8. Watford v Bradford City

9. West Bromwich Albion v

10. Crewe Alexandra v Port Vale

11. Ipswich Town v Bury

12. Oxford Utd v Wrexham

13. QPR v Bristol City

14. Sheffield Utd v Chester

15. Southampton v Middlesbrough

16. Sunderland v Nottingham

17. Wrexham v Colchester

18. York v Gillingham

SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE

FIRST DIVISION

40 Dundee v Dundee

41 Rangers v Motherwell

42 St Johnstone v Kilmarnock

43 Ayr v Greenock Morton

44 Clydebank v Falkirk

45 Hamilton v Airdrie

46 Hibernian v Stranraer

47 St Mirren v Raith

48 East Fife v Alloa

49 Forfar v Partick

50 Dundee United v Queen of the South

51 Livingston v Brechin

52 Queen's Park v Dumbarton

53 Stenhousemuir v Cowdenbeath

54 East Fife v Brechin

55 Queen's Park v Dumbarton

56 Queen's Park v Dumbarton

57 Stenhousemuir v Cowdenbeath

58 Queen's Park v Dumbarton

59 Queen's Park v Dumbarton

60 Queen's Park v Dumbarton

61 Queen's Park v Dumbarton

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Why barracking may be making of Beckham

DAVID BECKHAM is sure to come in for some serious stick this season whenever he plays away from Old Trafford. Calls from well-meaning football folk for opposition supporters to go easy on him are more likely to fan the flames than calm the waters. He has to bite his lip and accept the torrent headed his way.

When that incident occurred my immediate thought was, "Idiot". Then I quickly changed it to: "You petulant boy". Many people within the game had been saying for a long time that Manchester United was becoming a breeding ground for petulant behaviour. This seemed to originate from around the time when Eric Cantona became a Red's legend. Even during his finest times, his violent outbursts were too frequent to be ignored, even when his genius meant we wanted to excuse his darker side. So when Beckham's little kick connected with the



PAT NEVIN

Argentinian Diego Simeone I was as quick as any to adopt a position of righteous indignation. His peer group as well as those he was supposed to look up to had been allowed to get away with it for too long and now the whole country would be made to pay for this laxness towards Man Utd players.

Less than one month later I was in France on a pre-season tour with

Kilmarnock. After an hour of being pushed, pulled, blocked, tripped and even impaled in front of an inadequate referee, I lashed out in an embarrassingly similar way to young Beckham. My little flick hadn't even reached my tormentor before I regretted it, but I couldn't pull back in time. It was no more than a momentary lapse of reason and control, maybe only the second or third time I had done this in 17 years playing professional football.

The referee didn't do anything after all it was only a friendly, but I was furious with myself. Apart from the bad example I had set, I was embarrassed how harshly I had judged Beckham just weeks before. There couldn't even be the beginnings of a comparison to the pressure we were both under when we swapped. Hoddle had left the England mid-fielder out at the start of the World Cup and it took a sustained press and public

movement to get him reinstated. Incredible things were expected of the team and of him in particular. There was no escape from the pressure in his private life either. His wages, his Spice Girl fiance Victoria Adams and his dress sense each hogged the front and back pages day after day. He lost it for a second in amongst all this and he became Public Enemy Number

One. At the time I wouldn't have argued his case too strongly, in fact I wouldn't have backed him at all.

He has, it is hoped, learned a lesson in the most painful and public way, albeit one he should have been forced to learn long before. He will be a better player for it. The petulant streak detracted from his game, it distracted him from fully focusing on the real job. With the

eyes of the whole country fixed on his behaviour and attitude he now has no choice but to knuckle down and get on with his game. No complaints, no reactions, indeed just the way a certain Bobby Charlton would have behaved in his day.

The taunts he will have to deal with will be at a level rarely experienced by any other professional sportsman in this or any other country. But I believe he will cope perfectly well. To get as far in the game as he already has, there will have been plenty to endure already.

I recall one particularly loud, persistent and offensive barracking I used to get most abuse when I played in England. They are so close to you down there, it is possible to hear each individual cry of "big nose", "yiddo" and "gay boy". The last comment in particular wasn't greatly appreciated by my wife, but I actually took these slurs as back-handed compliments.

I figured that those fans considered me a good enough player to be a threat and so they would try anything to put me off. It was noticeable that the newcomer having a quiet game at left-back for us rarely got a mention. Far more off-pitch for me would have been to be ignored or unknown and the subject of that pleasant refrain "Who the *** in hell are you?"

David Beckham has to understand this and believe this. When he fully understands the reasons for the vicious comments and the lambasting, he can use them as encouragement. With a little wisdom supplied by Alex Ferguson, Brian Kidd or any other mentor he has, allied with the humility to listen, then that moment of madness on 30 June could become in the long run, the making of the man.

IN THE MAGAZINE



Lee the scaffolder constructed an effigy of Beckham and strung it up outside the pub. "It was my proudest World Cup moment. I laughed out loud when I saw it," said the landlord.

Mendonca relies on his own ability

The striker who took Charlton into the Premiership can repay a debt to his friends today. By Trevor Haylett

MARK BRIGHT had been sorting him out a new car so Clive Mendonca could not stay long for interview purposes. Now he is a Premiership hot-shot, his Charlton colleagues believe the 'K' registration Ford Escort has got to go while a newly improved three-year contract can easily take care of business.

Even though our top players are threatening to stretch to breaking point the bonds that historically tie them to supporters through an eagerness to claim an ever-bigger share of the cake, those loyalists from London's South-east corner would happily get together to buy their Wembley hero the motor of his dreams.

Not only did Mendonca steer a club, for whom miracles are not a once-a-lifetime experience, to the brink of the big time with a sustained display of goal-scoring throughout last season, he then topped it all with a sublime hat-trick in a play-off final that for drama and excitement surpassed anything the World Cup summer could throw up. For good measure Mendonca also struck home the first of the sudden-death penalties that gave Charlton their triumph and a £10m prize pot.

Sometime before the First Division programme reached its sensational climax Mendonca made it known in the Charlton dressing-room that they would be meeting Sunderland for the final Premiership place and, that being the case, he was a cert to score. In some ways it was a prediction he did not want to see come true: as a Sunderland supporter and with many friends on Wearside, victory would contain a bitter twist.

"There was the usual banter among my mates but people were as good as gold and seem to have forgiven me for the Wembley goals," he said. "They told me to make sure I put one over Newcastle and it's ironic that this should be our first game of the season."

Mendonca has performed at the highest level before - he played four games there for Sheffield United in 1991 - but this is the real deal and after last season's exploits all eyes

will be upon him to see if he can prevent Charlton going the way of most Premiership newcomers. As play-off winners, Alan Curbishley's well-organised side were automatically installed as favourites to go straight back down again.

It can only help the cause that the short, squat but deadly striker who reached 28 goals in his first season, is not in the least bit overawed by the challenge. There are World Cup-winning defenders such as Marcel Desailly standing in the way but Mendonca does not lack confidence in his own talents.

"It's going to be difficult but I know that if I get the chances I can put them away," he added. "It's not being arrogant, it's just a belief I have. If I worry about who's up against me, whether it be Desailly, Jaap Stam or whoever, then I'm not going to be as positive as I need to be and my game will suffer."

"My main asset is an instinct for being in the right place at the right time. When the ball is coming into the box I am always trying to get half a yard on the defender. I work on my finishing every day but it's not just about scoring goals and last season I was happy with my all-round game."

Those instincts served him well at Grimsby in a team heading for the Second Division and drew inevitable interest from those managers hoping to leave the division by

the opposite route. It's a well-known fact that 12 months ago Mendonca could have chosen to join Birmingham or Sunderland in preference to Charlton, who had succeeded against all odds in making The Valley their home again. But only now does he spell out the reasons behind his move to a

club that has been revived by Curbishley's astute management.

"Alan opened his arms to me and made me feel wanted whereas both Peter Reid and Trevor Francis hesitated about the deal. I knew I could do the business, I just wanted someone to show the same faith in

me and Charlton proved to be the right choice.

"If we are well-organised and make ourselves hard to beat we will give ourselves a good chance of staying up. We have talked to Neil Redfearn [Charlton's new £1.45m signing] about it and he said Barnsley got off to a bad start and

when they began to learn from their mistakes it was too late.

"We have games against Manchester United, Arsenal and Liverpool as well as Newcastle in our first six fixtures but that might be a good thing. We are thrown into the deep end straight away and have to learn to survive."

"There are never any easy games and it's wrong to talk as if there is," said Todd.

"The players at this club have the ability but we can't afford to take our foot off the accelerator and get dragged down to other teams' levels."

Grimsby's record signing Lee Ashcroft, who joined for £500,000 from Preston, is set to make his debut in their opening away fixture and could partner Jack Lester in attack.

The Parkhead squad are believed to be considering a boycott of promotional and commercial duties, as well as keeping up a blanket refusal to speak to all sections of the media. That could involve refusing to speak to the club's official newspaper, Celtic View, the fans' telephone hotline service, meeting supporters in the club's corporate lounges after games and attending press conferences.

The strike only covers First Division games, with Polish teams still playing in European matches. Kozminski said the clubs had dropped their demand that Dzurowicz quit, and were instead demanding he recognise the new league.

A bid to force Dzurowicz's resignation. He offered to compromise by agreeing not to stand for re-election in November - but this failed to satisfy the clubs, who will strike again this weekend.

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"The players at this club have the ability but we can't afford to take our foot off the accelerator and get dragged down to other teams' levels."

After refusing to speak to the press following Wednesday's 1-0 victory over Croatia Zagreb, it now seems the players are prepared to step up any action that they feel will harm the club commercially.

Celtic visit Aberdeen for tomorrow's televised Premier League fixture. The defender Alan Stubbs is struggling to be fit in time after incurring a knee and ankle against Zagreb.

Rangers, who entertain Motherwell today, will be without the experienced striker Gordon Durie. The ankle he damaged in Tuesday's UEFA Cup game against PAOK Salonika is not broken but he is still expected to be out for two months. Gabriel Amato could step up front, while Colin Hendry should make his debut in defence. Barry Ferguson's suspension may see Jorg Albertz recalled.

"I respect the players' decisions all of the time. I'm not going to force anybody to stay if they are unhappy. If I did, I would be a selfish manager. We might have other departures, it depends on the players."

The Chinese international defenders Fan Zhiyi and Sun Jihai became the first players from their country to sign for an English club when they joined Crystal Palace yesterday.

Fan Zhiyi was signed from Shanghai Shenhua on a four-year deal and Sun Jihai, from Dalian, has joined on a two-year deal. The combined fee for the pair is about £1m.

Arsenal's Dutch World Cup winger Marc Overmars has signed a two-year extension to his original four-year contract, while Aston Villa's midfielder Lee Hendrie has signed a new five-year contract.

The Newcastle winger Keith Gillespie has been forced to withdraw from the Northern Ireland squad for Wednesday's friendly against Malta in Belfast because of an ankle injury. A proposed £3.5m move to Middlesbrough broke down during the summer, when he failed a medical because of the problem with his ankle. His replacement in the squad will be named on Monday.

Quinn signs new four-year deal

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE
BY IAN RODGERS

THE SHEFFIELD United player-manager Steve Bruce, has been given a big boost as he takes his side to West Bromwich Albion today on the back of two successive victories on the contract front.

The left wing-back Wayne Quinn has put pen to paper on a new four-year deal at Bramall Lane to end speculation over his future. The 21-year-old followed the example of his captain, David Hollisworth, after he

also signed a four-year contract this week as Bruce tries to build a squad capable of reaching the Premier League.

"I'm obviously delighted that he has committed himself to me and the club," Bruce said.

Wayne is undoubtedly one of the brightest young prospects around, and it is great to have him - and David Hollisworth - committed to long-term deals."

United will keep the same side which beat both Swindon and Darlington in their last two games. The Italian midfielder Mario

Bortolazzi is set to be on the West Bromwich Albion bench after joining this week on a free transfer from Genoa.

The Swindon defender Gareth Hall is looking forward to renewing old acquaintances when former club Sunderland visit the County Ground.

"It will be strange to play against my old team-mates," Hall said. "But I have no regrets at leaving and I feel confident we can do something. We played well at Sheffield United in the second half and if we can then we have a chance."

Hall faces a late fitness test

on a leg injury while striker Chris Hay is struggling with a groin strain. For Sunderland, striker Danny Dichio will revert to the substitutes' bench now that Niall Quinn has recovered from a back problem. Darren Williams replaces injured Lee Clark in midfield.

Scott Sellars is struggling to make Bolton's game against Grimsby at the Reebok Stadium because the midfielder has a thigh strain.

Per Franssen and Andy Todd return after suspension as their manager, Colin Todd, urged caution among his ranks.

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Celtic revolt may take new turn

SCOTTISH FOOTBALL

BY ERYN PALMER

CELTIC PLAYERS are reportedly ready to continue the internal war that has raged through the club this week by refusing to take part in any activities outside of playing and training.

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Polish clubs announce new league

POLAND'S LEADING clubs have set up a breakaway league in a bid to win greater financial freedom from their football federation, the PZPN, a top club of officials said yesterday.

The Independent Polish League - which will still be under the auspices of the PZPN - is being created by 15 of the 16 clubs in the First Division in order to marginalise the PZPN president, Marian Dzurowicz, who is locked in dispute with the government.

Zbigniew Kozminski, the president of Wisla Krakow said: "The issue for us now is to create a league independent of the PZPN and to get as much power in our hands as possible. The lawyers from both sides are working on the details of the contract to set up this league." Kozminski has been appointed temporary vice-president of the new body. It was reported that the clubs are demanding the right to schedule fixtures, negotiate

sponsorship and television deals and keep most of the money earned from transfers. The PZPN currently keeps a large slice of transfer earnings. Many Polish clubs rely on selling players abroad to keep themselves from bankruptcy. The clubs also want to supervise the work of referees, after media charges that officials were accepting bribes to influence results.

Most First Division clubs refused to play last weekend in

Premiership kick-off: Arsenal in harmony as they prepare to defend their crown and challenge in Europe

Wenger aims for repeat of domestic bliss

IT WAS put to Arsène Wenger this week, as he relaxed in the Hertfordshire sunshine after taking training, that Arsenal had not progressed in seven years.

With his double-winners and World Cup heroes wandering past, the very idea seemed ludicrous, but the champions' failure to sign Patrick Kluivert because of a refusal to meet his personal terms has brought back memories of George Graham's failure to build on the championships of 1989 and '91. That was, says, because the board's insistence on maintaining a wage structure, and their refusal to buy the really big players, prevented him doing so. "Now you find yourself in the same situation," Wenger was told. "Nothing has changed. Arsenal have not progressed."

"Exactly," replied Wenger after a pause, but he did not seem perturbed. The difference is that this time the wage restraint is as much the manager's policy as the board's. Like Graham, who made a virtue out of a necessity, he knows there is no place for envy in a dressing-room, no place for egotism. While professionals accept that the star centre-forward will get more than the journeyman midfielder, they object when the disparity is so great that the relationship appears to be master and serf rather than colleagues.

"I don't want to break the wage structure," Wenger said. "I don't think you can win the Double and then bring in a player who gets more than the ones who did it for you. We must keep what is the strength of the club. Last time Arsenal won the Double, in 1971, they broke the wages structure. They did not win the League again for 18 years. If Kluivert comes it will be because he accepts our wages structure, the same for anyone else. These restrictions will hold the club back."

Arsenal's team spirit is one of their greatest assets. The Charity Shield underlined this as, though 3-0 up and roasting in the heat, they still flung bodies in the way to deny Manchester United a late consolation. Yet, as Arsenal prepare to open a demanding domestic and European campaign at home to Nottingham Forest on Monday, there are doubts over whether this will be enough, and how long it can be maintained.

Arsenal's squad is not big and though the first XI is impressive, the reserve strength is not. So far Wenger has signed just two players, the versatile Argentinian defender Nelson Vivas and David Grondin, a promising French teenager. Wenger accepts this is not enough, especially as Ian Wright, Scott Marshall and David Platt have left. Ronny Gaspovic, a Belgian goal-keeper, may be on the way but

BY GLENN MOORE

Wenger's priority is a mobile striker with Dennis Bergkamp's fear of flying compounding the lack of cover in Europe.

The Ivory Coast striker Ibrahim Bakayoko, of Montpellier, is under consideration but whoever is signed it must be by 20 August if they are to be eligible for the Champions' League. Time is running out because, said Wenger, "it has been difficult buying during a World Cup summer; every involvement takes weeks instead of days. And when they bear you are an English club the price goes up."

As a result, Arsenal have a first-team squad of 24. "It is only enough if you have a good youth policy," said Wenger, who is aware that it is still too early to benefit from Liam Brady and Don Howe's work in that area. "You really need between 25

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

HOW ARSENAL HAVE PREVIOUSLY FOLLOWED TITLE SUCCESS

Champions	Next Year
1930-1931	2nd
1932-1933	1st
1933-1934	1st
1934-1935	6th
1937-1938	5th
1947-1948	5th
1952-1953	12th
1970-1971	5th
1988-1989	4th
1990-1991	14th
1997-1998	??

and 30. Too small and there is no competition, too big and it is not manageable. Dortmund had 30 players with experience last year – it was too many."

The arrival of Vivas is the first step in reshaping a defence which is the collective keeper of the Arsenal flame. Wenger is understandably reluctant to break it up, especially if it means diluting still further the team's dwindling English presence, and believes there should be a season left in the foursome yet. He is probably right, especially if Emmanuel Petit and Patrick Vieira, who have embraced the Arsenal mentality with such enthusiasm, continue to protect them. But, with all in their 30s and the fullbacks now 34 there must be concern if they encounter real pace in Europe, though Sunday proved they still hold the line with aplomb.

In attack Arsenal have both pace and intelligence, in midfield there is silk and steel. They certainly have a chance in Europe, though Wenger is dismissive about their prospects and the suggestion that they might focus on the competition to the

exclusion of defending their titles. "You try and win every competition you enter but it is hard for English clubs because of the fixtures, especially playing domestic matches in the midweeks before European ones. The Champions' League is not our priority, the Premiership is more important to me."

"If you do not do well in the championship you will not have a happy season. Consistency is rewarded in the League, in Europe you need good performances on the day. So much more is about luck in Europe – whether you have a good group, whether important players are injured for key games. Who would have thought Real Madrid would win it last season? They did not have a good championship."

Arsenal could play 11 Champions' League games this year and Wenger who picked out Liverpool, Chelsea and Newcastle as the dangers to Arsenal and Manchester United, said his biggest problem would be maintaining consistency in the Premiership when they had played in Europe in midweek.

Long term, Wenger believes the Premiership will have to drop to 18 clubs. He also thinks a European super league is inevitable in one form or another but hopes that "the element of competition is retained and football is not divided".

The concern for Arsenal fans is whether Wenger will still be there. As long ago as April last year he told *The Independent*: "I want to do well with Arsenal, to respect the tradition of the club, and to leave something here so I can one day come back and have the satisfaction of seeing players who worked with me still doing well. I do not have a timespan. All I know is in this job you must work every day as if you could stay your whole life but know you could leave any day."

The impression remains that Wenger wants to build something of lasting value at Arsenal but will then enjoy it from afar. Though he intends to sign an extension to his contract, which has a year to run, it may only be for another 12 months. This would leave him free to take over in Japan in 2000 which, he admits, is the latest possible date for a coach to prepare Japan for the 2002 World Cup, which they are due to co-host with South Korea.

He remains in contact with the Japanese Football Association, is a great admirer of their society and their approach to football. "I am desperate for them to get the right man," he said before spelling out a required CV which reads much like his own: respected and experienced in Europe and Japan.

With both a European league and the need to expand or move from Highbury on the agenda, the next few years promise to be exciting for Arsenal. The club must hope that Wenger decides the challenges in prospect in north London are more enticing than those in Asia.



Arsène Wenger, the Arsenal manager, shares the glory with the captain, Tony Adams, after winning last season's Premiership PA

Lament for spirit of football

FOOTBALL IS not profit-driven men serenading each other with returns from sponsorship deals, share manipulation and extortionate pricing. Football is not owners carving up a future of European expansion.

Football is Ryan Giggs swerving past defenders, the promise held in Michael Owen's blinding speed and instinctive directness towards the opposition's goal.

Football is not clandestine meetings, broken contracts, lawyers and mediators.

Football is all our yesterdays, today and tomorrow. It is Pele, George Best, Franz Beckenbauer, Bobby Moore, Stanley Matthews, John Charles and Diego Maradona. It is a David Beckham free-kick, Ronaldo on the break, Alessandro Del Piero scoring.

Football is not men poring over balance sheets, boot contracts, the exploitation of supporters, television hyperbole and endless analysis.

Football is: "Why didn't he shoot?", or "He couldn't pass the time of day", or "We'll get nowhere with this mug in the team", or "Give the referee a white stick". Football is con-

troversy. Not the controversy of insider trading and dubious affiliation. A dispute in football is an offside decision, not industrial strife.

Football is not newly rich men exercising their arrogance. Football is embraced by society like an over-protected child. It is the beneficiary of millions in free advertising, and in exemptions from the basic laws of the land. As was once said about baseball in the United States, it is a temple into which the money-changers should not have been allowed to creep.

Football was meant to

provide relief from the real world where there are rarely any clear-cut winners, only degrees of losers.

Forty years ago this week, still feeling the injury that ended a modest spell in the game, I was given an opportunity to take up football writing as a career. Going back further than I find it comfortable to remember, Wolverhampton Wanderers held the FA Cup. Liverpool, yet to come under Bill Shankly's marvellous influence, languished in the Second Division where

England – deplored by the awful Manchester United air accident in Munich – had failed again against the World Cup. Despite the work done by the then-England manager, Walter Winterbottom, in his other role as the Football Association's director of coaching, little had been done to modernise methods of team coaching.

Attempts at updating a team's playing formation were

ridiculed in newspapers as the "numbers racket". When asked if the Football League would ever agree to matches going out "live" on television, its secretary, Alan Hardaker, growled: "Over my dead body." Colour television was a mirage of the future. Corporate hospitality was friendship with a football director. Dividends on shares were held beneath an eight per cent ceiling.

The majority of football supporters stood to watch matches and floodlights were still something of a novelty.

The Real Madrid of Alfredo di Stefano and Ferenc Puskas dominated the European Cup. It would be another six years before Tottenham Hotspur became the first British club to win a European trophy, the Cup-Winners' Cup.

More than 30 years would pass before a burgeoning middle-class found football fashionable. It was more of a game, less of a business and, to my mind, better for it. Press boxes rang with a healthy cynicism. The game had romance, heart and soul but it fell short of the obsession it has become today in all walks of society.

Football has to do with our youth. We're all 25 years

younger when we take our seats, and it's like the day when our fathers took us out to our first match. For many, the great escape: the uncommodified denominator.

The trouble is that too many of the prime movers today have no respect for tradition. Mammon clouds our perception. Loyalty is now looked on as a weakness, profit rules. Greed has become the game's gospel. A European super league rises up before us, its inevitability reminding the majority of supporters that there is now no limit to ambition.

Since 1978, three clubs, Liverpool (8), Manchester United (4) and Arsenal (3) have monopolised what has become a tiered championship. "Only the clubs with resources to assemble a big squad can hope to win it," the Leeds manager, George Graham, recently said. "After that is a group trying to make the top six and the rest trying to stay out of trouble."

But it is still football, for all that. A new Premiership season, fresh faces, high hopes, beckons. Over-exposed, over-hyped, and in danger of being over-intellectualised. And yet still Dream Street.

The Terminator who walks on dark side

THE BEST English left-back in the Premiership will not be running out today as a new season emerges blinking into the sunshine.

His club's most accomplished penalty-taker, the possessor of a thunderbolt shot and a dribbler who can pass players with an ease that bebes his bulldog build.

Chances are Julian Dicks will not be in West Ham's side at Hillsborough today as he has yet to fully recover from a debilitating knee injury. His comeback is imminent, but there is a feeling that Dicks' greatest days as a Hammer may be behind him. He has been out of the game now for 18 months and, as he admits, after eight major operations on his left knee one bad tackle could end his career. But then Dicksie was always a battler despite having a softie's name.

Julian, a breeder of bull terriers, the rough-house Bristolian who became the scourge of the red-tops when six of his studs connected with the skull of an opposing forward the swore on his daughter's life that he didn't do it on purpose, and, of course,

we believed him). The Terminator, a Harley-riding hero who, thanks to sublime skills allied to ferociously competitive spirit (seen off nine times), he became the footballing soul of Upton Park. At last the pretty, profit football of the Academy had a dark side not seen since Billy Bonds patrolled the park as Trevor Brooking's on-field

After all, we were crap then and it was, we reasoned, a way of finally getting into the England squad. And we loved him all the more for coming back.

That he never featured in Glenn Hoddle's plans was an enduring source of bafflement. Here was a gifted, buccaneering left-back whose England claims were being denied by his close-cropped hairstyle. John Gorman, Hoddle's sidekick, had hinted a more suitably hirsute Dicks would be granted entrance to the man of faith's inner sanctum. Dicks – in a remarkable act of prescience – declared that he had no interest in playing for England.

What just about summed up Dicks' headstrong, truculent, a possessor of principles many would consider perverse.

And yet Dicks now talks of swapping the Irons for irons of an alternative career. He is paying the man who coached Colin Montgomerie £75 an hour to help him in his quest to become a scratch player.

Beware the cosy clubhouses of Essex: The Terminator cometh, bearing a big Bertha.

FAN'S EYE VIEW

JULIAN DICKS
BY STEVE TANNER

mind Julian the rebel kicked the hell out of one manager (Lou Macari) in training and caused another (Bonds) to age before our eyes. Some of us reckon Harry Redknapp's twitch is the result of dealing with Dicksie. Two cans of cola before kick-off and a puff of a cigarette when the mood took him.

Even when Dicks left for Liverpool we forgave him.



KEN JONES

they would remain for three more seasons.

It was a time of pending upheaval, with many voices raised against the maximum wage of £50 per week and an iniquitous system of contracts that bound players to their clubs for life.

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Attempts at updating a team's playing formation were

ridiculed in newspapers as the "numbers racket". When asked if the Football League would ever agree to matches going out "live" on television, its secretary, Alan Hardaker, growled: "Over my dead body."

Colour television was a mirage of the future. Corporate hospitality was friendship with a football director. Dividends on shares were held beneath an eight per cent ceiling.

The Real Madrid of Alfredo di Stefano and Ferenc Puskas dominated the European Cup. It would be another six years before Tottenham Hotspur became the first British club to win a European trophy, the Cup-Winners' Cup.

More than 30 years would pass before a burgeoning middle-class found football fashionable. It was more of a game, less of a business and, to my mind, better for it. Press boxes rang with a healthy cynicism. The game had romance, heart and soul but it fell short of the obsession it has become today in all walks of society.

Football has to do with our youth. We're all 25 years

Joe Micallef

Weekend guide to the Premiership



Blackburn v Derby County

UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT

By NICK HARRIS

WHILE THIS summer's World Cup cast the spotlight on a wealth of international talent – not to mention the dynamic exploits of Liverpool's Michael Owen – the most expensive English player to change clubs in the last year was at home awaiting the new season.

Kevin Davies (left) may not be as well known as Owen, but his potential persuaded the Blackburn Rovers manager, Roy Hodgson, to pay Southampton £7.25m for his services. What Hodgson has got for his money is a confident but untested 21-year-old, with a steady touch, a willingness to learn, and, above all, a willful and at times dazzling persistence in attack.

Davies has admitted his decision to move

to Ewood was more than influenced by his desire to work with the man who took Switzerland to a World Cup Finals and who managed Internazionale of Italy's Serie A.

"The manager has impressed me by the way he takes time in training to put things right," said Davies, who will make his Blackburn debut against Derby today. "I have a lot of faith in him. If he sees something you haven't done right he comes over and has a word with you."

"He is great with all of us young players. He is showing us the right way to play. And it's not just the things he does on the pitch, it's also off the pitch. Things like eating the right food and the warm-downs – everything is set up to benefit us."

The Sheffield-born striker spent the sum-

mer on the treadmill in an effort to get fully fit, after missing the last third of last season due to a series of injuries, but is ready to start today alongside Chris Sutton in the front line.

The pressure on Davies to help Blackburn win a second Premiership title (after 1985's) is likely to be immense, but he does not seem daunted. "We want to win it and the manager wants to win it but we will have to see what happens," he said. "Last year I think there was a dip after Christmas and we are already talking about making sure we concentrate on the season through to the end of the season."

"The manager is making sure we get off to a good start and ensuring we are all fit, which we will be considering the amount of work we have put in."

Two other debutants for Blackburn will be

the centre-back Darren Peacock, and the French midfielder Sébastien Perez. With Tim Flowers suspended, the Australian John Filan will play in goal.

The Argentinian defender, Horacio Carbonari, Derby's record signing, will make his debut today in a cosmopolitan side that will also include the leggy Costa Rican striker, Paulo Wanchope (right). The Rams' other summer signing (apart from Carbonari) the ex-Hamburg defender, Stefan Schmid, is also likely to make his debut at Ewood Park. Stefan Eranio and Igor Stimac, who both have minor knee injuries, are Jim Smith's only injury worries and both face late fitness tests.

INJURED: Blackburn: Jimmy Corlett, Tim Flowers. Derby: None confirmed.

SUSPENDED: Blackburn: Tim Flowers (two matches). Derby: None.



Coventry City v Chelsea

Last Season: 3-2

GORDON STRACHAN, the Coventry manager, is looking forward to facing a "Rest of the World IX" when his team meet Chelsea at Highfield Road.

Strachan said: "We are playing a Rest of the World select – but that is not a criticism. I fully see why clubs buy foreign players. No Premiership club took a player from the Third Division last season and when you go to Peterborough to ask about a kid, Barry Fry wants £2m. You could buy an international striker for that."

Gianluca Vialli, the Chelsea manager, is likely to pair debutant Marcel Desailly, the France centre-back, with Franck Leboeuf, his World Cup final partner.

Pierluigi Casiraghi and Gianfranco Zola are the probable strike forces as Brian Laudrup is doubtful with a back injury. Ed de Goey is favourite to be number one goalkeeper after Dini Kharine looked shaky in pre-season tests.

Summer signings Paul Hall, Jean-Guy Wallerme and Ian Brightwell could start on the Coventry bench with Strachan likely to remain loyal to the players who helped the club to a mid-table finish last season. Dion Dublin and Darren Huckerby have recovered from injuries, but Philippe Clement, the Belgian World Cup star, is ruled out with a fractured cheekbone.

Chelsea also began at Coventry last season, when a Dion Dublin hat-trick sent them crashing to a 3-2 defeat.

INJURED: Coventry: Philippe Clement. Chelsea: None.

SUSPENDED: Coventry: Jamie Williams (two matches). Chelsea: None.

Everton v Aston Villa

Last Season: 1-4

SLAVEN BILIC is the only doubt for the new Everton manager, Walter Smith, as he goes into his first Premiership game. Bilic will have a late fitness test on a groin injury, while Smith faces a test of his own – turning around an Everton side that seriously underperformed last season and flirted with relegation until the end.

"I certainly don't want to go through with the Everton fans," what they had to go through last season," Smith said. "We are prepared for a very tough season and we hope that it will lead to a bit more success than Everton have had in the last few seasons." Smith's new signings, Steve Cleland, John Collins, Olivier Dacourt and Marco Materazzi, are all expected to make their debuts. The Scottish striker, John Spencer, is likely to partner Duncan Ferguson up front instead of Michael Madar.

Dwight Yorke, the subject of recent frenzied transfer speculation about a move to Manchester United, remains a Villain for today at least, spearheading the visitors' attack. He will be joined by Julian Joachim as the duo seek to extend the successful partnership they began at the end of last season. Villa's Stan Collymore is out with a thigh strain, while manager John Gregory reshuffles his three-man central defence. The suspended Ugo Ehiogu is replaced by Simon Grayson, while Gareth Barry and Riccardo Scimeca contest the third central defensive position.

INJURED: Villa: Stan Collymore.

SUSPENDED: Everton: Steve Cleland (four matches). Aston Villa: David Unsworth (one match), Ugo Ehiogu (one match).

Manchester Utd v Leicester

Last Season: 0-1

ALEX FERGUSON, the Manchester United manager, can call on all his big names apart from Jesper Blomqvist, who is out with a heel injury. Roy Keane leads the side in a Premiership game for the first time since 27 September, and central defender Jaap Stam, the club's £10.75m buy from PSV Eindhoven, makes his debut in Premiership football.

Frank Sinclair, Leicester's £2m record signing, is likely to start in defence alongside fellow new boy Gerry Taggart, signed on a free transfer from Bolton in the summer.

Martin O'Neill, the Leicester manager, has injury doubts over Tony Izquierdo (ankle) and Ian Marshall, who is struggling with a hamstring problem.

Leicester pulled off a memorable 1-0 defeat of United at Old Trafford last season. Tony Cottee grabbing the winner. The veteran striker said yesterday: "Sure, I've got happy memories of that game and I'll remember it for the rest of my life. But it's history now, there is no point in thinking about that win and then going there again and getting whopped 4-0."

Ryan Giggs is raring to go in this sell-out Old Trafford clash. The hero of Wednesday's 3-0 Champions' League victory over LKS Lodz, said: "I am looking forward to the Leicester game. Nobody enjoys pre-season matches – they just want the real business to start."

INJURED: United: Jesper Blomqvist. Leicester: None.

SUSPENDED: Manchester United: Ole Gunnar Solskjær (one match). Leicester: None.

Middlesbrough v Leeds

Last Season: No fixture

RYAN ROBSON expects Middlesbrough to make an impact in their first season back in the Premiership, even though he faces suspension and injury problems for the opening game against Leeds in front of a capacity 35,000 crowd.

"I feel we are better equipped than when we were last in the Premiership," Robson said. "We have more experience and a higher standard of young players. Some of the kids have a great chance to play at the highest level. I don't like to talk about survival. We were relegated the last time because we did not have strength in depth to cope with injuries and good cup runs. We are now looking to be as soon as possible and have a good cup run as well."

The Italian Marco Branca has a knee injury and Alan Armstrong will be out of action until the new year with a ruptured Achilles tendon. Paul Gascoigne is a doubt through injury, while Steve Vickers misses the opening two games, suspended.

Leeds will be without last season's 22-goal leading scorer Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink, due to suspension. The new £1.5m striker, Clyde Wijnhoud, is likely to start up front with Harry Kewell, and Lee Sharpe could start his first game in 15 months. David Hopkin may also be given a chance after being out of favour at the end of last season. The new £1.5m defender, Danny Granville, could have to make do with a bench place.

INJURED: Middlesbrough: Marco Branca, Alan Armstrong, Leeds: Gary Kewell, Alan Shearer.

SUSPENDED: Middlesbrough: Steve Vickers (two matches). Leeds: Mark Jackson (one match). Gary Hall (one match). Jimmy Hasselbaink (one match).

Why Manchester United are still the team to beat

Arsenal were the league champions in May, but Manchester United remain streets ahead in overall performance in the six years of the Premiership's existence. United's 146 victories in 240 matches give them a win rate of 60.8 per cent, and, most importantly, an average of 2.08 points per game.

Arsenal's 105 wins in 240 matches give them a 43.8 per cent win rate and 1.61 points per game, a tally that puts them in fifth place in the overall performance table. The Gunners' three top-five finishes in the past three years are balanced by their 10th and 12th placings in 1993 and 1995 respectively.

No team apart from United has won anywhere near two points per game, with the second overall side being Newcastle, on 1.71 points.

Although Newcastle have been in the Premiership for only five of the six seasons, they have excelled in four of them, finishing 3rd, 6th, and then 2nd twice before last season's 13th place spoilt things somewhat.

Blackburn, in third place (1.69 points per game), Liverpool, in fourth (1.65) and Arsenal, fill out the top five. Chelsea (1.39) are in 8th place, behind Aston Villa (1.5) and Leeds (1.43). Of the teams no longer in the Premiership, Norwich fare best in 9th place, with 1.33 points per top flight game (thanks mainly to five wins in 1992-3), while Swindon fare by far the worst, their 1.01

points per game.

Premiership performance table 1992-93

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Ps	Win %	March
1. Man United	240	146	53	39	300	229	48.3	60.8	1993
2. Newcastle	198	97	48	53	290	239	47.5	59.3	1995
3. Blackburn	240	83	50	67	280	240	34.2	34.2	1995
4. Liverpool	240	111	64	65	386	260	39.7	46.2	1.65
5. Arsenal	240	105	72	63	324	212	38.7	43.8	1.61
6. Aston Villa	240	99	63	78	302	263	36.0	41.2	1.50
7. Leeds	240	90	72	78	305	280	34.2	37.5	1.43
8. Chelsea	240	88	69	83	325	304	33.3	36.7	1.39
9. Norwich	126	43	39	48	163	180	168	34.1	1.33
10. Derby	75	27	20	29	107	107	101	35.5	1.33
11. Tottenham	240	83	68	89	318	228	317	34.6	1.32
12. QPR	164	59	39	66	224	232	216	35.9	1.32
13. Wimbledon	240	82	70	88	328	335	316	34.1	1.31
14. Sheff Wed	240	80	75	85	330	341	315	33.3	1.31
15. Nottm Forest	160	53	50	57	194	169	203	35.1	1.31
16. West Ham	198	66	53	79	229	263	251	33.3	1.27
17. Everton	240	74	68	98	288	226	290	30.0	1.21
18. Coventry	240	68	85	87	265	322	289	28.3	1.20
19. Man City	164	45	54	65	147	164	185	27.4	1.15
20. Southampton	240	70	64	106	298	373	274	29.2	1.14
21. Sher United	84	22	28	34	96	113	94	26.2	1.12
22. Leicester	118	31	36	51	142	175	129	26.3	1.09
23. Middlesbrough	118	32	33	53	140	185	126	27.1	1.07
24. Oldham	84	22	23	39	105	142	89	26.2	1.06
25. Sunderland	38	10	10	18	35	53	40	26.3	1.05
26. C Palace	122	30	37	55	119	181	127	24.6	1.04
27. Ipswich	126	28	38	60	121	206	122	22.2	0.97
28. Barnsley	38	10	5	23	37	82	35	26.3	0.92
29. Bolton	76	17	18	41	80	132	69	22.4	0.91
30. Swindon	42	5	15	22	47	100	30	11.9	0.71

Charlton, the 31st team to play in the Premiership, debut today

Form teams

WEEKEND REVIEW

COMMENT • ARTS & BOOKS • COUNTRY & GARDEN • TRAVEL

Norman Stone:
Two fat Germans
- Bismarck
and Kohl

Simone de
Beauvoir,
the feminist
in love

The strange
underworld
of the Welsh
coastline

Track in the USSR:
from Moscow
to Vladivostok
by train



Robins with apologies to Jeff Fisher

A NEW SHORT STORY by LOUIS de BERNIERES

"I'm digging the potatoes," I said to my mother, sighing as I cradled the mobile on my shoulder, and continued to turn over the heavy ochre clay. "What do you want now? Can't wait 'till lunchtime?"

"I wanted to talk to you urgently," she replied, "whilst I remembered."

"Well, what is it?"

There was a long pause, and then she said: "Bless me, I've forgotten what it was."

"Tell me at lunch time, then, when you've remembered. What's for lunch?"

"Steak and kidney pie with mashed neeps with a fried egg on top. It'll be half an hour. I'll be ringing you when it's ready."

She rang off and I looked at the Daima mobiles, "I said to myself. It had been a curse ever since my mother had given it to me for Christmas, because it meant that she could get to me wherever I was. Nowadays she did not even see fit to come the 50 yards to the vegetable patch, and I could clearly see her through the kitchen window, putting the phone back on its cradle and wiping the steam from her spectacles. If I left the mobile in the house then she would roundly accuse me of ingratitude, and of not having respect

for her poor old legs. Sometimes I just switched it off and pretended the batteries must have run out.

"What was it then?" I asked her, as I pierced the yolk of my egg and watched the thick yellow goo trickle down the sides of the pyramid I'd made with the mashed turnip.

She put down her knife and fork and looked into her notebook. It was a small black one, with ruled lines and a red spine, and in it she kept remarks and reminders that were to be addressed specifically to me. I used to call it Mother's Book of Complaints.

"Yes," she said. "I've decided it's about time you got married."

I was aghast. I was so stricken by aghastness, or aghastitude, or whatever the word is, that my mind went quite blank, as though it were a balloon that had suddenly popped on a briar. I paused with a forkful of mash in mid-delivery, my mouth agape. "What on earth for?" I demanded eventually. "I'm only 42."

"Even so," she said.

"Oh, come off it. What would I want with being married?"

"It's not you I'm thinking of," she

replied. "It's me. I need some company about the place. You're always out and about. And I can't imagine you looking after me in my old age, so you'll have to get a wife."

"You're only 75," I said. "It'll be donkeys' years before you'll be going gaga."

Naturally, I didn't take my mother seriously. In fact, when my dear father was dying in his bed, he had called me in to give him his final blessing and, as I knelt beside him with the palm of his hand on the crown of my head, he had said, "Now son, you've got to promise me one thing."

"Father, of course I will," I had said, my eyes brimming with tears, and he had closed his eyes, as if to *marrow* his final strength, and he had said, "Son, promise me faithfully that you'll never take your mother seriously. I never have."

"I swear it," I spluttered (for the tears were making speech difficult) and with that his breathing stopped. There was a horrible rattling from his throat, and my mother, who had been standing there all the while, said fondly, "The poor old sod."

As the years have succeeded one another, I have increasingly appreciated my father's wisdom, because the fact is,

Mother gets curious fancies that fly into her brain one day and fly out of it the next, such as the time when she started to make cabbage wine because she had conceived the notion that it was good for the pancreas. Of course, it was undrinkable, so she gave it away at Christmas as presents for folk in the village that she didn't think highly of.

But this idea that I should get married ranked in my mind like a burr at the rim of a woolly sock. I began to think that perhaps it really would be a fine idea to have someone to share a bed with. I hadn't had a decent pillow fight for over 20 years at least. And apart from that, a man needs a female other than his mother to rub along with.

The problem was, of course, that I had to find some women to meet to get some sort of idea of what was available.

I gave this a lot of thought. I ruled out the idea of an advertisement in a lonely hearts column; I hated to tell lies, and an honest description of myself would have put off all but the desperate. I wasn't so desperate that I would have taken someone else who was.

I thought about how people got to meet in my village, and suddenly realised that

yes, of course, it was by way of the dog.

Almost everyone had one, and most took their animals out every day to stretch their legs and take a gander at what Mother Nature was doing to the woods. There was a regular ritual about all this, for if one met another dog, it was obligatory to pat it on the head, ruffle its ears, unclamp it from one's leg, and discuss it with its owner while the latter performed the same ritual with one's own dog. One would enquire as to the dog's breed, which was usually a matter of some dubiety, and one would hear anecdotes intended to illustrate its irresistible appealingness, its great intelligence, and its extraordinary powers of initiation. Then one would be informed of its health problems, and be told that garlic pearls in its food had been working miracles. Naturally, one could while away many hours in doggy conversations in the process of taking a long walk, and one could come back at dusk and say, "I'm sorry I took so long, I got caught by Mrs Tibble, and she just wouldn't stop going on about that bloody mutt of hers. I'll dig the new potatoes and bring in the coal tomorrow," and my mother would tut, and say something like, "It was that Mrs Tibble's dog that put Mr Scraper's dog in the family way."

Anyway, I think I might have told you about our dog. He was a great big fool of a hound, and we had bought him thinking that he was another kind of dog entirely. We called him Archibald Scott-Moncrieff, which soon got shortened to Archie, and he was a black retriever who took his vocation seriously. In fact he was such a determined retriever that he would retrieve things that had never been thrown, and find things that hadn't been lost, so that all the time the house was being filled up with objects that had nothing in common except that they all had nasty, slimy streaks of dog-drool all over them.

At one time Archie got delusions of grandeur and came back from walks with 15-ft branches of oak in his maw. Then he would get stuck at the gate.

All this retrieving gave me a notion, and so it was that one day at lunch I said to my mother, "Mother, do you think it would be a fine idea to train Archie to retrieve eligible spinsters?"

My mother looked up from slurping her soup, and eyed me. "Well," she said, "I have my doubts."

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TRAVEL

SILK CUT ULTRA IS LOW IS SILK CUT ULTRA

SMOKING WHEN PREGNANT HARMS YOUR BABY

Chief Medical Officers' Warning

1 mg Tar 0.1 mg Nicotine

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Stop talking about the weather – do something about it

LIKE A Napoleonic general, the American Vice-President Al Gore had a slice of luck earlier this week. He rushed, with our own John Prescott close behind him, to announce scientific evidence that July had been the hottest month the world had experienced since records began, telling a hastily called press conference: "You don't have to be a scientist to know that it has been dangerously hot this summer."

Happily, Washington did not suffer a downpour minutes after Mr Gore began speaking, for that sort of coincidence is exactly the sort that the (many) Americans sceptical of global warming would deem sufficient to torpedo his argument.

Had he spoken just two weeks ago, Britons would have gazed up at the dismal skies and sneered, "Dangerously hot? Chance would be a fine thing." Even the roasting sunshine that much of Britain experienced last weekend is now giving way again to the usual old grey and damp.

That is the problem with trying to understand global warming. As a species, we are much better at understanding local changes. We do not really move around that much. We can imagine that if migratory birds could talk, they would tell us a lot about the changing conditions they see.

Instead, we see only a tiny sliver of what is happening and can only glimpse what life might be like when the accelerating effects of global warming really take hold. The scenarios include malaria in the Surrey stockbroker belt, while low-lying islands in the Pacific are submerged; or Britain, deprived of the warming Gulf Stream, shivering year-round with freezing temperatures like Newfoundland's, while in other countries farmland turns to desert.

We occasionally spot differences here and there: hasn't it been rainy this summer, aren't the flowers out early this spring? It takes a more subtle understanding of what is going on to realise that if Britain has a wet summer, then that probably does mean that sea temperatures are higher than usual.

As Sir John Houghton, chair of the International Panel on Climate Change, explained last week, most of our weather comes from the Atlantic and, the warmer that is, the more water evaporates from it before falling on us as rain. "Rain is stored energy," he said.

So, American sceptics will ask, why isn't it raining in the Midwest? We do not know – the planet is not so simple that we can put all its vagaries into an equation.

Pulling together the wider picture into a global Gestalt takes a gargantuan scientific effort, and even that is not infallible. On Thursday, two American scientists announced that the satellites used to make some atmospheric measurements were slowly, slowly falling towards the Earth. That, they said, explained why those satellites were suggesting that parts of the troposphere were cooling, instead of – as the computer models suggested – getting warmer.

Yet, America in particular continues to resist calls to limit its production of greenhouse gases and push energy efficiency. The Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott, deserves credit for constantly pressuring the Americans to take action, though it is noticeable how much easier it is to criticise others' inaction than to take



action at home. What price cheap public transport? When will company car subsidies be ended?

Even so, it is the biggest players who can have the biggest effect on this situation. It is odd that while the US preens for its global influence in the sphere of human interaction, it has so many people ready to deny that their gas-guzzling cars and the enormous distances that they transport inessential goods could possibly alter the planet's weather. Mr Gore said in his

speech, "It is really hard to ignore the fact that something is going on – and that something is global warming." But the real danger is that the immediate issues of American political life – attacks on embassies abroad, inquisitions into presidential fumbles with interns – will keep providing that excuse to ignore reality.

Glued to the television coverage of this trial, or that rescue mission, nobody will notice the weather outside until it is too late.

Give Myra Hindley a fair hearing

THE CRIMES that Myra Hindley and Ian Brady committed more than 30 years ago still appal. Their inhumanity stands even after we have lived through so many other seeming acts of evil, even after Mary Bell, even after the murder of Jamie Bulger. There are many aspects of the story that still have the power to affect us. We might have been forgiven for believing that, with all the curiosity, all the investigations and all the media coverage over these past decades, we would know all the significant facts about this case.

But the new claims by Hindley, that she was herself systematically brutalised by Brady, lend weight to the suspicion which, until now, has remained just that; that Brady did indeed have some sort of "hold" over Hindley. If the evidence that Hindley is offering is genuine, then, however distasteful, it is right that we should consider whether her continued detention is justified.

This does not, of course, mean that we should automatically accept Hindley's word or her evidence as representing the whole of the story. The exact extent of the amount of free will she was able to exercise all those years ago, and in such unimaginable circumstances, is difficult, if not impossible, to judge.

It is reasonable to subject Hindley's claims and the evidence she offers to the closest possible scrutiny. It is curious, for example, that it has taken her so long to offer this evidence.

Above all, it is important that any consideration of the merits or otherwise of Hindley's release remains objective, and as free as it can be of understandable emotional reaction. We do not feel any less sympathy for the relatives of those who were so cruelly murdered, when we recognise a case for justice through the normal and due processes of the law. Political considerations, so often driven by a hysterical press determined to bound the woman to her grave, should not affect the decision. This is not necessarily to advocate her release; it is, though, right to raise questions about equity, justice and, indeed, human rights.

Hindley committed terrible crimes. She deserved to be punished for those crimes, and society has a right to be protected from those who pose a threat. But she deserves – no more and no less than anyone else – a claim to humane and equitable consideration of her case.

A big pot of money

POOH WOULD have been amused, Christopher Robin confused and AA Milne would have been appalled. He, poor author, wanted simply to leave something to the Garrick Club which he loved. The members of a club now dominated by the law and media felt they needed to do something under the full glare of media attention with a bequest which had suddenly become valuable. That something has turned out to be given much of it to charity, which is certainly worthier than sharing it out among the members, as one former Chancellor of the Exchequer had suggested, and is certainly more satisfying to the committee charged with doling out the lolly.

But is it what Milne would have wanted? The fact that the whole debate could take place without ever considering that point is a sad comment on the way that we have lost our sense of what bequests to an institution actually mean, and that they apply as much to the future as to the present. If there had been some women present, they might have understood the distinction. But they can't be members.

Old, frail and sick – but still the leader of a vile regime

ON MONDAY, an 82-year-old man will shuffle into a courthouse in the South African seaside town of George. There, he will listen to a day of legal arguments and prepare to hear the judgment of the court. The accused is Pieter Willem Botha, retired politician with an address at "Die Auker" (The Anchor), Wilderness, Republic of South Africa.

The charge is that he refused to obey a subpoena to give evidence before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission which is investigating the abuse of human rights during the apartheid era. As the man who was President of South Africa during that period, it is fair to imagine Botha might have been able to shed light into some murky areas. But the man who once waved his finger at the world has chosen to remain silent.

PW Botha was the most powerful of South Africa's Afrikaner leaders. He wasn't a racist visionary in the mould of DF Malan or Hendrik Verwoerd, but no other National Party leader amassed the total power of Botha in his heyday. A bully who terrified many of his own cabinet ministers, Botha was a proponent of rough house politics from the earliest days.

As an aspiring politician in the Western Cape, he specialised in breaking up meetings of his opponents. As the years progressed, he graduated from fists to guns and bombs. I never encountered the man personally but I did visit and work in the South Africa he terrorised and repressed. One of my most vivid memories of the 1980s is of arriving in South Africa on the morning Botha declared a state of emergency – Soweto Day 16 June 1986. The townships had been in a state of open revolt since late 1984 and white

rule seemed – for the first time in a generation – to be threatened. Rather than opt for negotiation, Botha cracked down with an iron fist.

Driving into Johannesburg that morning, I passed row upon row of police and army trucks rumbling towards the townships. In the city centre, large groups of police marched through the streets wielding whips. Troops had set up sandbagged emplacements at key intersections. That afternoon, I went to Khotso House, headquarters of the South African Council of Churches (later bombed allegedly on Botha's orders) to meet some anti-apartheid activists, only to discover they'd all been arrested that morning.

While I sat waiting, several teenagers arrived carrying a youngster who'd been wounded by police at a demonstration on the East Rand. Mothers kept arriving, enquiring after missing children. All over the country, people were being handed in to custody by the police. Roadblocks were thrown up around the major townships. An Irish priest managed to smuggle me into a township in the Eastern Cape disguised as a fellow priest. We spent a day playing cat and mouse with military patrols who wanted to throw us out of the area.

That, of course, was the public war. But out of the public eye, with the press heavily censored and reporters like Mike Buerk of BBC and Peter Sharpe of ITN being hounded and threatened, the dirtiest of wars was being waged. The security police and covert military forces were given carte blanche to kill and torture as part of a "Total Strategy" devised by Botha and his successors. Botha and his Defence Minister, Magnus Malan, were determined to counter what

Africa has produced leaders who were more brutal and murderous than Mr Botha. Nor was he financially corrupt in the manner of so many of his neighbours further north the actually came to power after the Vorster regime collapsed because of a financial scandal. What marked Botha out was his monstrous arrogance and his wilful indifference to justice. Who can forget that wagging finger, the big tongue slobbering, as he turned his back on reasoned opinion and nearly destroyed his country in the process?

It wasn't that Botha didn't know what he should do. He was, after all, the man who told white South Africa that it should "adapt or die". Oh, he knew alright. But he was too much of an old racist, to deeply convinced of black inferiority to do what needed to be done.

Don't get me wrong. I am not suggesting that his successor, FW De Klerk, was a liberal or a non-racist or a defender of human rights. De Klerk was part of the state security system, too. But there were two crucial differences: De Klerk had the courage to act and release Mandela – the single most important move by a white leader since the introduction of apartheid in 1948; secondly, he was capable of listening and of saying sorry. De Klerk's apartheid confessions and apologies were by no means fulsome but they were at least a nod in the right direction. You can question FW De Klerk's motives until the cows come home, but without his leap of faith in 1990, South Africa would have slid into a prolonged and vicious race war.

But what have we heard from PW Botha, who was most culpable of all the apartheid leaders? Only the same belligerent tripe that he bellowed

who he was in power. This is a man who believes he answers only to his own God. He is a very scary man, even in his old age.

There is a school of thought which says that because he is an old and frail man (he has suffered a stroke and undergone hip replacement surgery), he should be left alone. Why blame him for the accumulated sins of nearly four centuries of white rule? The political pragmatists in South Africa argue that pursuing Botha will turn him into a martyr and a rallying point for white extremism. I rather doubt that. The far right are still an irritation but they haven't the remotest chance of becoming a significant military threat. In any case, many of them believe, rather perversely, that Botha was too liberal in his dealings with black rebellion.

I never believed in demonising white South Africa. Living in the country and listening to people tends to dilute the instant rush to denounce all that is white and praise all that is black. To demonise is to fall into a trap of intellectual laziness, denying South Africa's complexity and the genuine fears of the minority. I think it is to Mr Mandela's credit that he has refused to indulge in what the holocaust writer Primo Levi once described as the "baffling vice of hatred".

But confronted with the unrepentant Mr Botha, I am loath to feel compassion. To do the damage he did, whatever "patriotic" motivation he claims, and walk away with a single "sorry" requires an extraordinary degree of callousness. The court may take a different view. It may regard him as simply too old and silly to pursue. But I hope history will judge him for what he was: a coward and a bullyboy.

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MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

US embassy bombings • Falling markets • Pornography and censorship • Anthea Turner • Released Mink • 'Critical Condition'

FALLING MARKETS

Opinions on the likely consequences following the worldwide fall in capital markets

HERALD TRIBUNE
France

THIS CRISIS is not an Asian crisis - it's a global emerging market crisis. The distinction is important, economists say, because, if there is nothing inherently "Asian" about the causes of the crisis, Latin America and Eastern Europe could easily be the next victims of economic turmoil. Economists say that the currents that contributed to the crisis are still at work because they are fundamentally structural flaws in the global financial system. Too many countries are producing similar products following the massive doses of foreign investment into emerging markets in the past decade. Asian countries that have broken their peg against the dollar are now more competitive, but only at the expense of countries such as China and other developing countries around the world. (Thomas Fuller)

LA REPUBBLICA
Italy

THE ASIAN crisis has been here for almost a year but, until it began to show symptoms of being ungrounded, it hadn't impeded on the West's market. It seems impossible that the entire world would let itself be put in a tight corner because one country has let confusion and corruption take over internally. If this was a game, Japan vs the rest of the world, it seems natural that the rest of the world would win. Instead, it is not clear how it will end, or if the United States and Europe know what to do with it.

HINDUSTAN TIMES
India

IN MAJOR markets across the globe stock prices have been crashing on account of the sudden collapse of the yen against the dollar. The yen reaching an all-time low against the dollar has revived the fears of a prolonged Japanese recession, which can adversely affect the Asian region's growth prospects. The pessimism at world bourses is also affecting the Indian stock market.

A weaker yen will force China to devalue the renminbi and regain its export competitiveness, but this will make recovery slower for all the crisis-affected South East Asian countries.

THE ECONOMIST
UK

THIS WEEK the growing conviction that Obuchi's government may not last all that long sent tremors through stock markets everywhere. At present the yen is being pulled down by the difference in fundamental between Japan's depressed economy and America's more exuberant one. Until Japan can show real progress in clearing up its banking mess, and until a slowdown in the American economy becomes apparent, the yen will weaken further. So long as that happens, Asia's financial markets will continue to be on edge.

BUSINESS TIMES
Singapore

HAVE WE at last come to the end of the greatest equity show on earth? In just 17 days - Tuesday's contribution excluded - US share prices have fallen by a shade under 10 per cent. Alarm bells are ringing in financial capitals around the world. If the run of seven fat years begun on Wall Street in 1991 is about to end, are seven lean years to follow? American investors now seem persuaded that, for all the Federal Reserve's concerns about inflation, it is the deflationary spiral they should fear. Deflation could be the thing that ultimately unravels the US stock market.

US NEWS & WORLD REPORT

WHEN THE Dow Jones industrial average plunged 396 points in two days, analysts were quick to cite fears over the growing Asia crisis as a major factor. While most attention was concentrated on Tokyo, recent developments in China may soon prove even more important to Americans' portfolios.

PORNOGRAPHY AND CENSORSHIP

Reactions to the film censor James Ferman's recommendation that controls on non-violent pornography should be liberalised

THE DAILY MAIL

IF THERE is an argument for legalising explicit pornography, James Ferman, the out-going director of the British Board of Film Classification, hasn't come up with it. Indeed, his tortured logic will be seen as further proof of the common sense view that such material must remain banned. His complacent view misses the fact that the appetite for pornography that worries him will always exist. Indeed, such filth is created to tickle palates jaded by pornography of the more "conventional" kind. If Ferman's ideas are indicative of the way he has fulfilled his role over the past 23 years, it is a pity he did not go sooner.

THE TIMES

IT IS not necessary to be a puritan to find fault with Mr Ferman's record in office. It is enough simply to ask if an

individual who enforces rules should also, in effect, make them, and construct them in such a way as to nudge society in one direction. The use of pornography can, in some cases, develop into an addiction. But given the growing availability of pornographic material by mail order and through the Internet, it must be better to attempt to police this market in a more sophisticated way rather than taking refuge in old rules. In the end, however, that is a matter for legislators, not regulators, a point which should be borne in mind by both the Home Secretary and Mr Ferman's successor.

EVENING STANDARD

THESE IS NO evidence whatsoever that Mr Ferman's policies reflect those of society: Keeping pornographers in a state of insecurity over the legal safety of their business



THE TIMES

RONSON'S modus operandi is to pick a large, aggressive subject and then fling himself in front of it, in the belief that the sight of a Goliath mashing David makes good television, and he'll win on the sympathy vote and liberal points. It's chronically pathetic and it's lousy journalism, pretending to be a feeble wimp when you're backed up by a film crew and the referee of the final edit. (AA GID)

THE EVENING STANDARD

and his readers is an awkward one, full of angry squalls and tearful reconciliations. This relationship becomes even more awkward when a critic has to review something that's been written or performed by a friend. Do you tell the truth and risk causing terrible offence? Ronson has a peculiarly refined talent for stirring things up. (John Preston)

THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

CRITICAL CONDITION proved especially welcome - a four-part series looking at how various newspaper critics go about their vife business. The relationship between a crit-

A vicious message of hatred



THE BOMBING OF US EMBASSIES IN KENYA AND TANZANIA

Reactions to the attack on two American embassies in East Africa, which left 249 dead

TIME
US

FEW KENYANS will ever exorcise the hideous images of charred bodies draped from a bus, of mutilated corpses stacked in the bed of a pickup truck, of the dazed walking wounded stained with the bright red of fresh arterial blood. No arrest, trial or conviction will make sense of the losses. That is precisely the nightmare message the terrorists intended to stamp upon the minds of Americans. However hard you come looking for us, we will always be out there, planning and plotting to hit you again, sometime, some place.

TAGES-ANZEIGER
Switzerland

THE BOMBS in Nairobi and Dar-Es-Salaam (which, in a bitter irony, means "place of peace" in Arabic) show a disregard for human life, but not for logic. Terrorists, as their perpetrators intend, always have propaganda intentions. The message of these bombs is: Look, the Americans are vulnerable! As long as conditions in the Arab nations and US policy in the region remain unchanged, there will be attacks. Even if all embassies become fortresses.

NEW YORK POST
US

WILL THIS country awaken to the challenge before it? The war the terrorists are engaged in has a fancy Pentagon name - it's called "low-intensity conflict". Its purpose is to depress and demoralise the US, with the result that America retreats into its shell. It's time the US went to war right back. Post-Soviet terrorism is not a police problem. It is a military problem, and it requires military solutions.

THE NATION
Kenya

OUT OF the debris and ashes that remain, a new nation has a chance to emerge. Out of this disaster, a new hope can be found for rebuilding the lost glory of Kenya. Let us not wait for another disaster to pull us together. Let us not slip back into the mire

of hopelessness. Above all, let us not lose the opportunity to take what was meant for evil to turn it into good.

JERUSALEM POST
Israel

THE BOMB'S American victims were just as innocent as the Kenyans, but they knew representing their nation abroad carried some risk. For the families of the Kenyan and Tanzanian dead and injured, there is not even this slim consolation or explanation of the tragedy that has befallen them. This calamity is compounded by the poverty of both countries, which makes both medical and economic recovery more difficult.

LOS ANGELES TIMES
US

UNLIKE IN many parts of the world, Americans are not disliked in Kenya, a for-

mer British colony best known in the United States for its tea, coffee and spectacular wildlife. If anything, their tourist dollars are a welcome antidote for the country's ailing economy, which limps along on the strength of overseas visitors and commerce. But with Friday's attack and its fallout for Kenya's international standing, people are learning that friendship with the United States can come at a high price.

CLARIN
Argentina

TERRORISM HAS returned to show a more ugly face. The attacks show the impunity and randomness of this kind of violence. The fact that the terrorists had chosen American embassies in countries outside of actual zones of international conflict is part of a tendency to spread out the location of these attacks. This obligates us to multiply the prevent-

tive work needed against this kind of aggression. Terrorism to achieve political ends is reprehensible under any circumstance.

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER
US

THE ONLY sure way to end terror is to go to the source and root out the state sponsors, whether in Khartoum, Tehran, Baghdad, Damascus or Tripoli. But since Americans are not prepared for that kind of war, and our allies - Western or Arab - are not prepared to support us in any such venture, it is time to consider whether the United States might be better off leaving the Middle East to the Middle Easterners. Of what vital interest, after all, is it to us whose flag flies over what patch of desert? In 1968, populist George Wallace said of Vietnam: 'Win it - or get out!' Sound advice, too, on the Middle East. (Patrick J. Buchanan)

RELEASED MINK

Reflections on the consequences of the freeing of thousands of mink from their cages to roam the Hampshire countryside

DAILY TELEGRAPH

WHAT COULD inspire self-proclaimed animal lovers to bring such misery to the mink themselves and to other animals in the vicinity? This goes beyond naivety or misguided idealism. It is an example of the mentality that has led hunt saboteurs to attack horses. These are not people with principles or compassion, but anarchists, revelling in destruction and the publicity that it has brought them.

THE DAILY MAIL

ENDING THE worst horrors of mink farming is an issue that ought to be taken seriously by anyone professing to respect animals. But simply letting the poor creatures loose can be more cruel than confining them in cages. Cruel to the mink and to their victims.

THE EXPRESS

THESE NASTY little brutes richly deserve to be shot, run over, and clubbed to death with spades as quickly as possible. (David Sexton)

THE DAILY MAIL

thanks to the vanity of those who made their fur desirable, found themselves airlifted into a country with sitting ducks for prey. As for this lot that have just been freed, there won't be a few hundred left by the end of the month. They won't have a clue what to do in the wild. When you've been kept from birth in a one-foot cage, the mink which gets the better of a tawny owl is going to be the exception.

THE BIRMINGHAM POST

THE RICHLY varied wildlife which is a feature of the English countryside is not there because nature has been left to its ways, but precisely because it has been so carefully managed for many generations, by those who understand its ways rather than those who have only seen the TV documentaries. It is about to be demonstrated how easily that delicate balance can be destroyed. (Dennis Ellam)

ANTHEA TURNER

Comments on the photographs of the TV presenter wearing nothing but a python

THE EXPRESS

APART FROM her bum looking like papaya-tinted cellulite, I take my hat off to Anthea Turner. Not even if my married lover had gone back to his wife and kids, and I was currently without what showbusiness calls a vehicle, would I embrace a python. (Anna Radburn)

THE EVENING STANDARD

THE PHOTO possesses all the sizzle of a cold sausage. No number of raunchy love affairs or spouse-swapping confabulations will make the wholesome Miss Turner anything but "nice" - that is her selling point and her arguable allure. The snake, now that's a different story. (Mimi Spencer)

THE MIRROR

SOME CRITICS sneer at the latest photos of Anthea Turner



But she remains a genuine symbol of the girl next door - the image which has made her so popular. For every girl next door has dreams of being seductive and sexy at times. Anthea is no different. Even wearing only a snake, she still looks sensational.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"As I get older, reactionary thoughts cross my mind, such as the Church of England never having been the same since garters ceased to be worn." Sir Roy Strong, former director of the V&A

"We were completely taken by surprise by this feature but so far we haven't actually received any complaints." Somy spokesperson on their camcorder's ability to render clothes see-through

"If England win at anything, from the World Cup to Tiddlywinks, the people are happy." Alec Stewart, England cricket captain

"Now even the middle classes aren't going." John Godber, playwright, on his disenchantment with the theatre

"My bad boy days are over." Tony Curtis, 73, on his marriage to a 23-year-old

"It was like a scene from *Jaws*." Adrian Sanders, MP, on the injuries to bathers at beaches in Devon from the shells of razor clams

MISCELLANEOUS

Stories from around the world

GULF TIMES
United Arab Emirates

HALF THE motorists in Dubai who were fined for traffic violations were speeding. This miserably high proportion means that drivers have still not learnt to slow down while on the road. It is a sad indictment of how people are still driving too fast, and have not paid enough attention to continuing efforts from the various police forces of the UAE to encourage slower driving. Speeding is dangerous. It is simple to say it, but drivers have failed to take this on board.

CHRISTCHURCH PRESS
New Zealand

WHO CAN count themselves as Maori? Almost anyone who

what extent can this country's Maori population properly be measured at all?

KUWAIT TIMES

THE FORTUNES of disc jockeys in Kuwait, once a little-remembered professional group, are on the rise thanks to a new phenomenon that has found its way in society, specially among the fair sex. Demand for disc jockeys has sharply gone up in Kuwait as they are increasingly called on to play in private parties held at homes. But the rising stars of disc jockeys have been at the expense of another group of performers, mostly folk singers, the traditional players at wedding receptions or birthday parties.

RESEARCH BY
SALLY CHATTERTON



JP/1101/98

An activity that makes politicians go blind

THERE WAS something rather moving about the last public pronouncement of James Ferman, the man who, for the past 23 years, has been watching fifth on our behalf as director of the British Board of Film Classification. Beleaguered on all sides by Hollywood, Mrs Whitehouse, the "adult entertainment" industry, JG Ballard and Tory backbenchers, Ferman has spoken up, in his final report, for sex's great silent majority. "The fact is that we have more... people living alone," he wrote. "Many of these people have a sex life which is vicarious. It is the safest sex there is - solitary sex."

Setting aside the question of whether this vicarious activity really is restricted to the beds of Singletown (statistics in this area are thought to be generally unreliable), it is surely a key moment in our social history when a respected public figure speaks up proudly on behalf of that previously neglected figure, the humble tosser.

For some reason, home secretaries have tended to be reluctant to accept publicly the right of individuals to vicarious sex. "They have to take questions over the dispatch box and even those asking the questions get embarrassed," Ferman revealed - and who could be surprised?

It would take courage for anyone to speak up on behalf of tossers; for such image-conscious smoothies as Kenneth Baker or Michael Howard, it would be sheer agony. Even Willie Whitelaw and Douglas Hurd, who attended Eton where solitary activity is virtually part of the

standard curriculum, have avoided any public statement.

Is it too optimistic to think that



TERENCE
BLACKER

It is a key moment in our social history when a public figure speaks up for the humble tosser

the 1998 Ferman Pronouncement, as historians will call it, may launch a new liberation movement? That, from households all over the country - the stately home, the suburban maisonette, the council flat - activists will rise and march on London, gathering in Hyde Park beneath Tossers' Pride banners? That a new symbol of erotic freedom, perhaps the black power fist tilted 90 degrees, will appear on hoardings and walls? That, as significant as any campaign on behalf of ramblers, the Queen's Speech will embrace the right to toss?

There is a problem. Solo enthusiasts are, by their nature, unlikely to want to join a mass movement. Indeed, it is no coincidence that in recent years those most ardently committed to the pursuit have

been practitioners of that other solitary pursuit, novel-writing.

Such has been the obsession with this subject, ever since Philip Roth made such a splash with *Portnoy's Complaint* in 1969, that it seems almost certain that in some English faculty a young scholar is already working on a PhD entitled *The Tisser in Late Twentieth Century Fiction*.

It was Anthony Burgess who, post-Roth and our own British response, *A Hand-Raised Boy*, revealed to *Playboy* magazine in 1977 that the working novelist invariably became sexually excited and would need to "go into the bathroom". Subsequently Burgess would startle Radio 4 interviewers by revealing that most writers were "at it like monkeys".

But, as is so often the case, it was

Martin Amis who brought the subject to prominence, first making it an underlying theme of his novel *London Fields* and then becoming involved in an unseemly literary feud with the American author Nicolson Baker as to which of them had first coined the descriptive phrase "thrumming".

Baker won by sheer persistence. He wrote two novels devoted to the practice, and, in *U & I*, his homage to John Updike, boasted of frequent and successful thrumming to scenes in Iris Murdoch novels. Not even Amis could compete.

Where fiction leads, academia follows. Geoff Dyer's recent study of DH Lawrence is said to contain a confessional solo scene on a beach. In Naim Attallah's latest collection of interviews, Sir Kenneth Dover, the Greek scholar and

Chancellor of St Andrew's University, breezily admitted that he was once so overwhelmed by the beauty of a hill in Italy that he was obliged to celebrate in the most appropriate and intimate fashion.

But enough scholarship. The fact is that, on all sides, novelists, academics and film censors are calling for government action. By supreme good fortune, the whole area of tosser rights falls within the remit of Jack Straw, one of the heroes of the Government's front bench. Where Baker, Howard, Hurd and Whitelaw sat on their hands, Straw can grab the baton from Amis, Dover and Ferman.

Will he have the courage to stand at the dispatch box and bring thrumming out of the bathroom at long last? History will judge him by this moment.

THE SATURDAY PROFILE

KENNETH STARR, INDEPENDENT COUNSEL

Mr Right goes to Washington

WHEN AMERICA chose Bill Clinton as President, it represented a political and personal defeat for Kenneth Starr. Early in his career, this middle-aged Republican lawyer had set his sights on the Supreme Court, but Clinton's election meant that the chances of another hard-line conservative sitting on the court's individually crafted leather chairs were slim, not to say non-existent. Years of careful work in the corridors of courthouses and the White House had been, it seemed, all for nothing.

The ascent of Clinton to the White House turned out to be far more complicated for Mr Starr. For it was he who was chosen as Independent Prosecutor to investigate the President's misdemeanours, first in the Whitewater affair and now in the Monica Lewinsky case. This weekend, as President Clinton prepares to give his video-link testimony to the grand jury in Washington, the tables are, in theory, turned. It is Starr who now stands as the President's nemesis. Yet he, too, has seen a previously unflawed record tarnished.

He may appear now as an outsider, a man seeking to dealt the walls of privilege. But his record shows that Kenneth Starr is a quintessential insider, one of those Washingtonians by adoption who will for ever inhabit the swiftly revolving office doors of Pennsylvania Avenue and K Street. Over the last 20 years his experience in the White House under Reagan and Bush, and as a judge, has put him at the centre of conservative political and legal power. It was this that made Republicans see him as the ideal candidate to head the assault on the White House. Yet, in some ways, it is precisely this experience that has hampered him - and may still see all his endeavours come to naught.

The trajectory of Kenneth Starr's career traced a fine upward curve until the Clinton election. After graduation, he joined Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, the oldest and most devoutly Republican law firm in the West. He spent a year as a clerk at the Supreme Court with Chief Justice William Burger, and was paid the compliment of being asked to return. He was about to be made a partner at Gibson in 1980 when his mentor, William French Smith, was appointed Attorney General to Ronald Reagan. Starr followed him to Washington. He was swiftly appointed to the District of Columbia Circuit Court of Appeals, the second most powerful court in America and the waiting-room for Supreme Court justices. George Bush plucked him out again, making him Solicitor General - the man who pleads cases for the Administration in the Supreme Court.

Throughout these years in Washington, Starr seemed set for yet greater things. When a Supreme Court opening appeared in 1990, after Justice William Brennan retired, Starr saw his chance. But instead the post went to David Souter, a little-known but less controversial judge from New Hampshire. Starr was bitter, but another chance came with the retirement of Thur-

good Marshall. Again he was disappointed. The place of the liberal judge - the first black man ever to serve as a justice - was taken by Clarence Thomas, a black conservative lawyer who became embroiled in his own saga of sexual harassment over Anita Hill. "Clarence Thomas has Starr's job," said one lawyer.

LIFE STORY

Origins: A southerner, born 21 July 1946, in Vernon, Texas

Vital Statistics: Aged 52. Married to Alice Mendell, in 1970. One son, two daughters

Influences: His father was a bible-bashing barber who served as substitute minister of the local Church of Christ. His mother Vannie, now 90, brought him up strictly ("He thrived on spankings because we spoiled him")

Weaknesses: Earl Grey tea. He has never smoked nor drunk, nor has he been known to swear

Career: A rapid rise as a favoured

Republican lawyer. Youngest ever judge on the US Court of Appeal (1983)

By his mother:

"I sure don't think he's ever cheated on his wife. That's adultery, and he doesn't believe in that

By his enemies: "I don't think Ken Starr is out to get the truth. I think he's out to get the President." James Carville, former Clinton consultant

By himself: "I have a great faith in facts. I have a great and enduring faith in the law. Facts and law, that's what we deal in."

When Bush was booted out by the voters in 1992, Starr, then 48, could still have expected great things. He was relatively young, and had friends throughout the conservative legal establishment and a matchless record. He returned to private practice, this time at Kirkland & Ellis, with an office that looked out over 15th Street towards the White House and the man whose election had blocked his advance. It cannot have been too painful a retreat; he was, after all, being paid \$1m a year. He was "the most valuable property to come on to the Washington legal market in well over a decade," gushed *American Lawyer* magazine at the time, "poised to become the Washington legal colossus of his generation." But the path to the Supreme Court was, for years at least, blocked by the robust figure of Bill Clinton.

Ironically, the two, who face each other across the video-link between court and Oval Office on Monday, have much in

common. Kenneth Winston (after the British prime minister) Starr was born on 21 July 1946; William Jefferson (after the American president) Clinton on 19 August. Both came from small southern towns - Clinton from Hope in Arkansas, Starr from Vernon, just 300 miles up the Red river in Texas. Neither served in the military during Vietnam; Clinton because he managed to wrangle his way out, Starr because psoriasis classified him unfit for service. Both chose the law and politics as their method of ascent from working-class backgrounds, their career paths tracing familiar trajectories. Both are possessed by driving ambition; both made friends in high places quickly and used them to good advantage. They even graduated in Washington in the same year, 1968: Clinton from Georgetown, Starr from George Washington University, just a few miles the other side of Rock Creek Park.

Yet it is unlikely that they met in the rowdy college bars of M Street, in that year of revolution and rampage. Despite their ages, there is a very visible generation gap. Starr in many respects seems to have grown up in the Fifties rather than the Sixties. While Clinton was failing to inhale, travelling to Oxford and working with the civil rights movement, Starr was on a much more conservative course politically, socially and personally. "He was a good boy, not one of those who ran around at night," his mother told *Dallas Morning News* earlier this year. "By the time he got to junior high, his hobby was polishing shoes," she told *Time Magazine*. "He polished his shoes every night, and his daddy's shoes too, just sitting down on the floor in front of the TV."

Starr, like Clinton, met President John Kennedy - the day before he was assassinated. Unlike Clinton, he never shook his hand. "I really identified with Nixon because of his rather humble roots and the way he worked his way up," he said. "I admired that really. I thought that was very much an American dream." What separates Clinton and Starr is not just a few hundred yards of Connecticut Avenue, or the wall between the judge and the politician, or even 300 miles of the Red river. Bill Clinton and Kenneth Starr are divided by two visions of America, and of life itself. Both are highly religious, but in very different ways. Clinton is a Baptist, and his religion seems to be about forgiveness, tolerance of faults, and inclusiveness. Starr's faith is that of the fundamentalist Church of Christ of which his father was a minister. It is a religion that sees no leadership in men, only in God and scripture. Starr, legal colleagues say, takes a similar view of the law.

It was precisely that strict approach which brought the call to arms in 1994. The Whitewater investigation into the President's financial affairs seemed becalmed under the direction of Robert Fiske and the Congressional right wanted to kick-start it. Judge David Sentelle, another paragon

of the conservative bench, chaired the three-man panel that chose special prosecutors, and he settled on Mr Starr. His ideological credentials were firm, but not so rigid that he would appear to be just an attack dog. Even his enemies could find few harsh words when he was appointed.

They admitted that he had always been courteous, and played by the rules. His record was not uniformly conservative. He had, for instance, backed the Washington Post in a high-profile libel case. And he had legal experience in government that was unmatched on the political right.

Yet Starr lacks many of the key skills to negotiate the dangerous waters of an investigation. He quickly attracted criticism for what some regarded as errors of judgement and others called tactical mistakes. His office has been repeatedly attacked for leaking information, and may even have to answer questions about this in court. He has sometimes seemed to overstep the judicial mark, repeatedly extending the bounds of the investigation from the original Whitewater financial scandal - all the way to the present questions of Presidential infidelity. His methods - the wiring of Linda Tripp, for instance - have sometimes been questionable. Legal experts point out that for all his experience, he has no pro-

secutorial background. His record is as a litigator, a counsel and a judge.

Although his supporters say that he has always been legally correct, they concede that he has weaknesses. He has, say one Washington lawyer, "a tin ear for politics" - a significant failing in the high-pressure atmosphere of Washington. He continued in private practice after accepting the job, taking leave of absence only earlier this month, and took on high-profile cases that set him against the administration: the tobacco industry, for instance. In January 1997, he almost resigned after accepting a position at Pepperdine University in California. Not only did it appear that he lacked conviction, but Pepperdine receives financial support from Richard Mellon Scaife, the millionaire arch-foe of the Clintons.

The political skills that Starr has ameliorated are those of the legal pad, the late-night telephone call and the conference call. He is a "genuinely sweet and ingratiating personality that radiates credibility, integrity, judiciousness and gentility," said *American Lawyer* when he moved back into private practice. "He can work a room with rare aplomb," it added, describing him as the ideal "boardroom counsellor". By contrast, his opponent in the White House has spent 20 years cam-

paigning, and knows about people. Perhaps this should not matter. After all, Mr Starr is a legal officer, not a politician. Yet the reality is that he is now in politics.

The probe into Clinton has long since left behind Whitewater. Indeed, it now seems that the only topic upon which Mr Starr will report is the Monica Lewinsky affair. If he is to succeed, he must persuade not just the grand jury of Bill Clinton's guilt but also the Congress - and, by extension, the American people. And that he has so far failed to do, for all the leaks and counter-leaks. Most remain unconvinced that the President has done anything wrong. Nearly half of citizens polled have "very little faith" that Starr's report to Congress will be fair and impartial. Few believe that infidelity alone would justify legal action against the President.

Starr will return to legal practice perhaps as soon as next month. He will not be short of offers and is likely to become a semi-permanent figure on the Washington legal scene. He will be rich and powerful, firmly within that small coterie of Washington lawyers whose every word is money. But he won't get his Supreme Court seat. Not now.

ANDREW MARSHALL

point is, they wouldn't have made it up about Laurence Olivier.

Another essential difference between Mitchum and Sir Laurence Olivier was the former's little-known addiction to calypso music. While filming in the West Indies in 1956 Mitchum, when not relaxing in the more publicised ways detailed above, liked to pick up his guitar and mimic the local music. A year later he met a Capitol record executive in the Beverly Hills Hotel and played him a calypso he had written. The result was a bizarre album called *Calypso Is Like So...*

Mitchum himself would clearly never have thought any of his behaviour particularly heroic, but for the slacker generation, and hippies and beatniks before them, a man

whose cultural baggage could include both Charles Laughton and Dick Dale, and who seemed to be able to turn up for work with a hip flask in his pocket, a spliff behind his ear, and a starlet on either arm and still make films like *Out of the Past* (47) or *Angel Face* (52), has to be something of a hero.

What made Mitchum particularly admirable is that, dedicated though he was to fun, fun, fun ("I started out to be a sex fiend," he said, "but couldn't pass the physical"), he never missed a gig. A hundred and thirteen films, some of them irrevocably awful, but Mitchum always defied the critics. As David Lean said, "Mitchum can, simply by being there, make almost any other actor look like a hole in the screen."



ACCIDENTAL HEROES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

1: ROBERT MITCHUM, FILM ACTOR

was sincere. This is a man who went to California as a writer but switched to acting when he found you could earn more money for less effort.

Not that he wasn't prepared to work hard when it was needed. Director John Huston described him as "rarely among actors, hard-working, non-complaining, amazingly perceptive, one of the most underrated stars in the business."

While this much-admired work

was being done, Mitchum was a regular subject of "hooze, broads and brawls" stories in the Hollywood gossip sheets. His scrapes included two months in prison for "smoking a marijuana cigarette", quite shocking in 1948, and allegations in *Confidential* magazine that he had dined with a call girl he had written. The result was a bizarre album called *Calypso Is Like So...*

THE WEEKLY MUSE

BY MARTIN NEWELL

Two grouse - or should that be two grice?

Awaiting final orders

Both noted that the Twelfth had passed

As dawn came to the Borders

A cancelled shoo, poor breeding stocks,

The Birds in buoyant mood

With months of freedom looming

And Viagra in their food

They idly scanned the papers

While lounging in a thicket

When one jumped up, saying "Bloody hell!"

We've only won the cricket."

Continuing to brouse, he read.

"These chicken farmers say

That playing your birds some music

Means you get a better lay."

"Oh really?" Said the other grouse

"I've never been a fan."

D' you want a shot of whiskey?

I've got some 'Famous Man'.

Meanwhile, in Wordsworth country

With Kendall Mint in bag

I went in search of daffodils

And almost scored some skag

It hasn't changed a hit, I thought

The police don't seem too keen

But Coleridge and De Quincey

Would have dug this crazy scene

Abroad the Russian markets

Are heading for a fall

And "Zippergate" in U.S.A.

Continues to enthrall

Since lawyers for The President

Are gambling on success

It's looking like a toss-up now

On Ms. Lewinsky's dress

And this just in: "More Trains Run Late."

Wrong type of firms behind them

"Three million women drink too much."

I wish that I could find them.

Declare your outside interests?

The Lords are keeping quiet.

The planet's hot. The summer's not.

And minks are running riot

The news from L.Q. City

Oxford Dictionary-wise

Is tough on old grammarians

Who won't acclimatise

To boldly go and split infinitives

Strangely is now okay

But it also crooks my metre and cadences

So I promise not do it after today.

DAYS LIKE THESE

15 AUGUST 1918

RENE GIMPEL, o
Parisian art dealer,
writing in his diary:

"When I returned to Paris, I was so glad to have made Renoir's acquaintance and so grateful for it to Georges Bernheim that I gave him at cost the canvases I had bought from the artist.

Seeing them again in his gallery, without the tenebrist of the Midi light, I was astonished to find them as beautiful as on the Riviera, and especially the portrait of the woman in the straw hat with the three red roses at the side.

The canvases done this year are perhaps more beautiful than those of the last three years: they haven't that rather disagreeable brick-red colour, but have grown pearl again.

Georges Bernheim told me that he went to see Renoir earlier this summer, and he congratulated me on doing the same: "Like Vollard!" (another art dealer!) There's someone who knows how to manage him.

One day he brought him a parcel of fish from the market, threw them on a table, and told him, "Paint me that." Amused, Renoir did it, and Vollard carried off the canvas.

Another time, Vollard appeared before the painter in toreador dress, and Renoir, ravished by the colour, did his portrait.

"On the other hand, Vollard holds his spittoon, brings him his chamberpot, and helps him to pee."

18 AUGUST 1917

CYNTHIA ASQUITH
writing in her diary:

"Frances told us a good Queen Mary story at breakfast. Going round a hospital, she was struck by a fair-headed mother with a very dark baby.

She commented on this and returned to the woman's bedside again after completing her round, saying: 'His father must have been very dark - wasn't he? To which the woman breezily replied to her: 'Sure, Ma'am, I don't know - he never took his hat off.'

A H, THE British seaside summer! As I stand here at the paddling end of Porthcurno beach, nose flayed and sunburnt with sunburn, jeans turned up to a circulation-constricting denim ruff just above the knee, stomach churning from a surfeit of Helston scrumpy and chin ablaze with more piebald stubble than a Hampshire meadow in September, it is hard to remember the impulse behind this uniquely traumatising experience is one of relaxation.

Maybe occasionally, as one furtively examines behind a pair of Roy Orbison sunglasses, the caramel loveliness of the young lady who languidly sprawls before me in the surf with a body-board handcuffed to her wrist and sometimes splashily mounted, in a sudden flurry of thoroughbred limbs, by her Amazonian frame (Oh fortunate beach accessory), it's possible to derive some pleasure from the whole ghastly enterprise. But it's soon back to normal as your spirits are assailed by the pitiless sun, venal car park attendants and vertiginous beachward climbs with umbrella/portable fridge/stroppy Weaslet/Bong-Ball impediments clenched in your straining arms, knowing that soon you'll have to plunge yourself into freezing Cornish waves for a token three minutes or risk having your offspring grow up all warped and peculiar because their father is a hydrophobic wuss.

Don't get me wrong, I've enjoyed a lot of the Cornwall Experience. I loved the Minack Theatre, that spectacular cliffside stage where a coastal helicopter made a welcome, if anachronistic, addition to the climactic chase in the Winchester College production of Great Expectations ("Give up, Magwitch - there's a police marksman in the Westland..."). I liked all 47 cream teas I somehow digested in the last two weeks, from Looe to the Lizard, without ever fretting about paying £1.50 for two scones, some cream and a helping

of strawberry jam. I've enjoyed the local hyperbole - the way the Aquarium at Fowey is described as "one of the finest deep-sea aquaria in the British Isles", although frankly, you could see more interesting creatures from the deep on the slab of the wetfish shop in Nunhead, south London. I've noted the impossibility of explaining the work of Ben Nicholson and John Wells and Alfred Wallis and the other jewels of the St Ives Tate Gallery to a bored six-year-old, and marvelled at

rushed aquatic bombazine (or whatever it is that matrons wear on the beach), who sat becalmed on the sand, oblivious to the larks and whoops and buckets-and-spades shenanigans around her, as she drank Thermos-flask tea out of a china cup and - calmly turned the pages of Robin Hood's *Bombay* epic, *A Fine Balance*.

◆

THE COURTSIDE of young Brits are always worth watching. This summer,

Birds! Hitchcock." They look like shoe-horns or switchblades, rather than living creatures, but they're related to cockles and mussels, and therefore count as crustacea. Newspaper reports refer to "razor fish" and "razor shells", or even "razor shell debris", as if uncertain whether the things have any host organisms inside them.

My favourite explanation turned up in the *Western Morning News*, a paper that prides itself on knowing about the West Country. It dealt with the razor fish as though describing some delinquent youths down Paignton way, who'd been under surveillance for years: "The creatures live just under the sand and are normally out of harm's way, but the sensitive molluscs' feet were shaken free by surf whipped up by the wind and they rose up, where their razor shells ripped into bathers' feet..."

Well, whaddya know? Molluscs have feet. Those illustrations to "The Walrus and the Carpenter" you saw in *Through the Looking-Glass*, showing oysters walking about in shoes and socks, were, in fact, the documentary truth. As for that pesky surf-plus-East-Wind combination, well, I'm surprised the grizzled old seadogs of Torbay weren't warning us all about it a week ago, reciting bits of ancient wisdom like that old saying in these parts: "When surf be wild, and east wind blows, then razor fish will gash thy toes." Sorry, the *Western Morning News*.

Never mind. There's plenty of wisdom around after the event. The spectacularly well-named (under the circumstances) Kelvin Boot, a spokesman for the National Marine Aquarium in Plymouth, warned that jellyfish and spiny sea-urchins might also pose a threat to bathers, but "by shuffling your feet, wearing shoes and keeping your eyes open, the beach is still the best place to be on a hot summer's day". Plus an overcoat, an aqua lung and a pair of oven gloves, should you want to enjoy the English beach experience to the full.



SPIRIT OF THE AGE: THE SCIENTOLOGISTS

Signing up for scientology

PAUL
VALÉRY

thought I would be better just starting with the £5.99 version. I thought so too.

I rang William Shaw, the author of *Spying in Guernsey*, an admirably unsensational account of what goes on in Britain's cults, and told him about my results. I had ranked above normal only on Active and Aggressive. "You did very well," he said sardonically. "I laid it on so thick that they thought I really was too awful to be worth having." I had not laid anything on at all, I said rather stiffly. I had answered all the questions truthfully. Oh dear, he said.

It was an odd place. The elegant 18th-century building once belonged to the Maharajah of Jaipur before L. Ron Hubbard bought it as his family home in 1959. In the grounds, he designed a castle to accommodate his followers.

Everything is lavishly appointed. There is a lot of money around.

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Mr Wilson explained the basis of Dianetics - a non-directive form of counselling called auditing which uses a meter, like a lie detector, to monitor electrical changes in the skin while subjects discussed intimate details of their past. The process is designed to detect and remove "engrams" - the

founder, L. Ron Hubbard, a "pathological liar". The German government has placed it under security service surveillance, saying it is not a religion, but a cover for "economic crime and psychological terror". And the internet is full of ex-members conducting vitriolic campaigns against their erstwhile colleagues.

So what, in the face of all that, could possibly be the attraction of the Church of Scientology? What could be the beliefs which produced such tenacious enthusiasm among its devotees? I went down to its British headquarters, Saint Hill Manor, near East Grinstead in West Sussex, to find out.

It is an odd place. The elegant 18th-century building once belonged to the Maharajah of Jaipur before L. Ron Hubbard bought it as his family home in 1959. In the grounds, he designed a castle to accommodate his followers.

Everything is lavishly appointed. There is a lot of money around.

The 300 staff moved around the grounds, dressed in dark-blue uniforms with epaulettes, in honour of Mr Hubbard's wartime career in the American navy. They have ranks, too.

It's a tool for life; a programme you can work through," he said.

But a lengthy quizzing on the theology of this new religion produced only a collection of vague paradoxes.

"There is no dogma about the Supreme Being. Something is only true if it's true for you." Yet there is no relativism about Dianetics which has to be applied without individual variation: "If it's been found to work, why change it?"

On aspects of traditional religion - such as sexual ethics and social justice - Scientology seems equally inexact. On the meaning of suffering, he offered no co-

herent response; evil be seemed to be merely the consequence of an unfortunate series of accidents.

So I asked to meet some ordinary Scientologists to see if things became clearer. Georgina Roberts, 26, an actress, was beaming with sincerity.

At the end of a long conversation she spoke of how, aged 14, she had become promiscuous. "It made me deeply unhappy," she said and turned to the handbook to show me the section which had "saved her". Like much of Hubbard's writing, it seemed merely common sense mixed with platitudes, dressed up in esoteric jargon.

Yet it seemed to have worked for the older folk. Murie Cheshire, a 76-year-old Scotswoman, spoke of how Scientology changed her life 26 years ago after divorce, a bad car accident and a crisis in her career had left her shattered. And Ken Eckersley, a 70-year-old, spoke of how auditing had cured his brother's asthma and his wife's polychromatic infertility. It also allowed him to visit his past lives. It sounded wacky, I said. "I'm not wacky. I'm happy," he replied. And he looked it.

They say Ginger Spice will have to cough up \$100,000 (262,000) for the full Scientology package. "Impossible," Mr Eckersley said. So how much had it cost him? "Just about £2 a day," he said. Over his 47 years in the fold, that makes £85,450.

The young lady in the Tottemham Court Road shop had said: "You'll either decide it is not for you, or else you'll be back in a week." I hope she's not holding her breath.



Scientology handbook for Geri

subconscious residues of traumatic experiences, accumulated during reincarnations, which hinder the spirit from expressing its unadulterated goodness. "It's a tool for life; a programme you can work through," he said.

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gushes us from the other planets. Of course, major changes in the earth's climate and the environment have taken place in earlier centuries when the world's population was a fraction of its present size. The causes are to be found in nature itself. What we are doing now to the world, by degrading the land surfaces, polluting the waters, and adding greenhouse gases to the air at an unprecedented rate, is new.

We are seeing a vast increase in the amount of carbon dioxide reaching the atmosphere. The annual increase is three billion tonnes. We're seeing the destruction on a vast scale of tropical forests that are uniquely able to remove carbon dioxide from the air. The consequences of this become clearer when one remembers that tropical forests fix more than 10 times as much carbon as do forests in the temperate zones.

As we travel through space, as we pass one dead planet after another, we look back on our earth, a speck of life in an infinite void. It is life itself, incomparably precious, that distinguishes us from the other planets.

What if Charles Darwin had been able not just to climb a foothill, but to soar through the heavens in one of the orbiting space shuttles? What would he have learned as he surveyed our planet from that altitude?

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THE SATURDAY ESSAY

Germany's two fat men, and a lesson from history



NORMAN STONE

Bismarck had great charisma and, a rarity in Germany, a gift for one-liners, something he shared with Hitler

A HUNDRED years ago this summer, the greatest German statesman of all time, Otto von Bismarck, died. When he took over in 1862, Germany consisted of several states, and when he went, in 1890, she was already a united empire and a world power. The later 19th century and the early 20th were dominated by Germany. Gladstone, as British Prime Minister, reviewed learned works of biblical scholarship in German. It was routine for cabinet ministers to have spent considerable time at one or other of the great German universities (usually Hanoverian Göttingen), and some of our greatest writers, Carlyle and George Eliot most obviously, took German philosophy very seriously indeed. British Wagnerians were early on the scene, too. "Inspirons-nous de l'Allemagne", had said that astute Swiss-Protestant lady, Madame de Staél, as the long, post-Napoleonic, German century began. Bismarck was the symbol of German greatness, and when he died, there were statues to him all over the place.

His centenary, however, has been an embarrassment. In view of what happened to his Germany, with the First World War and then Hitler, today's Germans, if they defend Bismarck, do so defensively. There is a dabbler, more deserving figure to hand, if they need to thank anyone for German unification. It is Chancellor Kohl, who, in 1989-90, carried through today's unification without a shot fired or a life lost.

Oddly enough, it may be that Kohl will also have an anniversary soon. In September there will be elections, and it is quite possible that Kohl will lose them. For today's Germans are not really grateful for unification - it has been very expensive - and are not at all happy with their own culture. When the Wall came down in 1989, many Germans were rather embarrassed. The Lutheran churches did not ring their bells, and prominent writers muttered that a Fourth Reich would soon emerge. This was all nonsense, of course. When Bismarck took over Saxony, it was an industrial heartland. When Kohl took it over, it had been the heartland of the East German state, but it was a stricken, post-Communist ruin, a magnified version of the northern English cities as they were in the early Eighties.

Helmut Kohl has only two things in common with Bismarck. He united Germany, and he is also very fat. It is a fatness carried with gravitas, the sort that enables you to dominate a boring committee, and Kohl probably uses it as a prop in political science (in which he graduated). From time to time he goes on a diet, but it is the new-fangled, modern sort where you put pounds back on quite quickly. Bismarck dieted, too, but his doctor (who also treated Cosima Wagner, noted lover of animals and hater of Jews) complained that Bismarck might as well devise his own, it consisted of champagne, herring and cigars, but it did the trick, and Bismarck lived to an overripe old age, holding office until the age of 85, though with increasing cantankerousness. But Kohl, abroad, is a prosaic figure, not given to one-liners or small talk (it is said, that when he first came to Downing Street, as newly elected leader of the opposition Christian Democrats, in Margaret Thatcher's triumphant early Eighties, his conversation was so tedious that the interpreter, Alexander Liefen of



Otto von Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor who unified Germany first time round

the World Service, became rather bored, and started telling funny stories, forgetting to translate them for poor Kohl, who got lost; his relations with Margaret Thatcher never really recovered). Kohl is obviously a man of the people - the Rhineland people - jolly, given to overdoing the fatty food and beer, and, in politics, crafty rather than charismatic. Germany today is not a cultural model for anyone; Germans themselves often complain that the universities no longer count on the world level, and it has been years since their film or music or architecture held centre stage.

However, there is still a great deal that is admirable, especially from a British per-



could just move a few miles into another federal state, where the comprehensives had not been introduced.

There was a time, five years ago, when everyone talked of "the German disease" - too much regulation, excessive taxation, inflexible labour costs. The world's bankers groaned at the prospect of a visit to Frankfurt ("Yes, there is a night-life, but she goes back to see her amio every Tuesday"). However, Germans save, their export surplus is enormous, they are adapting Frankfurt to make it Europe's financial capital, and the high unemployment they have was partly caused by an enormous restructuring of the big firms, which prov-

he launched was full of poison. Prussia, when he took over, was the smallest of the main European powers, and so poor that the king used to mark the wine decanter after his dinner glass or two, so that no one would be tempted to steal a drink before the decanter reappeared the following evening. Germany, in 1980, was overtaking Great Britain economically. Success on this scale went to the heads of Bismarck's successors, and they ended up fighting the world. If you ask the question, what went wrong with Germany? it makes sense to start with Bismarck.

His foreign policy was a masterpiece.

He always knew that he must keep on good

Kohl is obviously a man of the people - the Rhineland people - jolly, given to overdoing the fatty food and beer, and, in politics, crafty rather than charismatic. Germany today is not a cultural model for anyone; Germans themselves often complain that the universities no longer count on the world level, and it has been years since their film or music or architecture held centre stage

spective. Will Hutton's famous *The State We Are In* is really a book about Germany, not England: properly controlled capitalism in which trade unions and bosses collaborate sensibly about levels of wages and employment; a bank that does not let inflation happen on the British scale, thus ruining any decent government project; schools that are not weapons in the class war; long-term investments as distinct from rip-off short-termism. You could not, in Germany, have a book like Melanie Phillips's *All Must Have Prizes*, because, although the Germans have indeed moved away from their educational system there are severe limits to the damage that can be done. In the Seventies, they did produce comprehensive schools, and did so with hours that might appeal to the working mother, whereas the traditional schools shut up shop at 1pm. But in Germany there is a real federal system. When the middle classes discovered that their children were doing badly in these new schools, they

identical management and unions had seen to be needed some years ago. There are problems with Kohl's Germany, but the chief one strikes me just as boredom. By contrast, Bismarck was a man of colossal charisma, and had a gift, rare in Germany but also shared with Hitler, for one-liners ("The Bavarian is a cross between the Austrian and the human being"). Everyone remembered a Bismarck speech, or a Bismarck meeting, and when, at the end, the Emperor dismissed him, hoping to make the pill more palatable by granting him a title, Prince Lauenstein, Bismarck answered that he was most grateful, and would use it when travelling incognito. His memoirs belong in German literature. He was also a genius in foreign policy, managing to unify Germany without causing that fatal combination of the Western powers and Russia to stop the process. Just the same, his legacy was an exceedingly dangerous one, and the myth

terms with Russia - no adventures in the Near East to provoke trouble. He also did not want trouble with Great Britain, and remarked that for Germany to have a fleet and colonies would be "Polish nobleman behaviour", buying a sable coat to cover rage. His successors threw away this caution, challenging both the Russians over the Near East and the British over the high seas. However, they got away with this because they were not really checked at home by a proper parliamentary system. And that was really Bismarck's fault. The German that he set up in 1871 was a managed autocracy, and she had to wait until 1949 to become parliamentary and democratic.

Bismarck's constitution had been a piece of crazy paving, designed to keep all

parties at odds with each other; in particular the Catholics and the socialists, but also the minorities, especially the Polish one in the eastern provinces. Where British governments tried manfully to

make up for the historic grievances of the Irish, German governments found ways to evict Poles from their own land (and it is curious that it took Poles in Germany four generations to integrate, a process that seems to be happening today with all too many of the Turks). There was universal suffrage for the central parliament, but it was not given much power; nor did central finances amount to much. Real money was held by the individual states, and they were not democratic. The kingdom of Saxony even managed to be the only European state in this century where a universal suffrage parliament abolished a universal suffrage the Catholic party, in 1904, did a deal whereby it lost some (peasant) votes in order that the socialists would lose even more (proletarian) ones, and, in effect, vanish from the parliament. Saxony, perhaps not surprisingly, also acquired, in 1923, the first properly elected but party Communist government in Europe. Bismarck shrank from proper centralisation, liberalisation and democracy; his Reich was run by irresponsible élites pursuing contradictory policies that, in the end, provoked into existence a world-wide coalition against Germany. The 19th-century German culture that had had the world in thrall has never recovered from the disaster of 1945, when the fantasy finally exploded as Germany's cities collapsed into rubble.

The oddity is that German unification eventually came about again, but this time with a government dominated by the people who had consistently been Bismarck's greatest enemies - the Catholics. Catholics had not been an equal part of Bismarck's empire. In his day - the background to Max Weber's *Protestantism and Capitalism* - the Catholics were poorer, more inclined to live in villages, less adept at education; they also faced discrimination when it came to appointments, particularly military ones (the only Catholic officer in the Prussian Guard was Franz von Papen, the man who witnessed Hitler into power and he had got his position mainly through a rich wife, the heiress of the firm Villeroy & Boch which, as it happens, is still the chief manufacturer of porcelain in Germany). Most of the time, the Catholic third of the country concentrated on local matters, sometimes forming unstable coalitions with Protestant liberals or conservatives who did not like or trust them. In the later Twenties, when West Germany was being established, the Catholics became the dominant element in politics, supplying Germany with her indisputably greatest figure, Konrad Adenauer, as well as Helmut Kohl. These Catholics gave Germany a sensible constitution, felt strongly that their proper allies were in western Europe, and feared any resurgence of the old, Bismarckian Germany. In 1990-91, they even convinced at a rather unworthy piece of legislation, to stop the old Prussian estate-owners from getting their estates back, even though the constitution guaranteed this to them. In political life, they have often been maddeningly tedious, and they have no vision at all about Germany that might go it alone, bringing civilisation to the east as in days of yore. Margaret Thatcher, at the time of unification, worried publicly and privately that we were going to see all those Germanic characteristics coming to the fore again - arrogance, cupidity, militarism and marching in step.

She was, of course, wrong about the nationalistic side of things; that sort of nationalism ended in 1945, and there is really no serious sign that it will ever recover. Just the same, maybe she was right in another way. There is that terrible German tendency to conform: to ignore the great masters of world politics (as over the Gulf War) and to drive "Europe" forward as a way of stopping Germans from being German. Helmut Kohl has been a very lucky man, and most ways a deservedly lucky man. It would be ingratiate on the part of the German electorate to get rid of him now. But why do they themselves not rebel against the euro, for which they will have to pay, and which supplants the deutschmark that has served them, these past 50 years, so well? It is necessary to fly from the Bismarckian example - but that is

BAROMETER

SEAN O'GRADY

Winner of the week

When Mr James Ferman right was appointed to be Britain's film censor in 1975, you wonder whether he could possibly have foreseen what lay - in all senses of the word - ahead. Now that he's 68, Mr Ferman has decided to give up watching mucky movies just at the time when many men of his age are beginning to take up the hobby. Anyhow at least he's still got his eyesight and the satisfaction of having fought off Mary Whitehouse and the reservoir columnists of the *Mail* and the *Telegraph*. He leaves us with a sensible plea to the Government to be as grown up as the rest of us are about non-violent sexual images. Obviously one of life's survivors, he deserves a long and smut-free retirement.

Loser of the week

Mr Ferman must have had to confront many scenes of explicit bestiality in his career, which brings us to this week's losers, the animal kingdom. The sexual exploitation of God's creatures in under-the-counter videos is one thing; *Antea Turner* is another. If, a few years ago, you'd offered *Tatler* explicit photographs of a near-naked young woman dressed only in a python, you'd probably have been referred to the vice squad (who'd have given you a pretty good price for them). The snake may well have been as distressed by its role in this pathetic bid to relaunch Ms Turner's career as the *Bovines* in a previous attempt - but no one cares about the snake. Other victims of senseless brutality were the mink, the grouse (above), and the imported Danish pigs raised in "sow stalls", the pig equivalent to a veal crate, measuring 8ft by 2ft; just about long enough for an adult pig to stand in but not to turn around.

Birthday of the Week

Humans have an unlimited capacity to be hypocritical. *Butch and Sundance*, the *Tamworth Two*, enjoyed a low-key birthday party on Monday, complete with pig birthday cake, crafted from pink marzipan. They didn't eat it.

Show of the Week

A documentary about the re-creation of the quagga. This was a half-horse, half-zebra creature, once plentiful in the savannahs of Southern Africa, but forced into extinction by man. The efforts to revive it show our DNA-fuelled arrogance at its worst. What man can destroy he can as surely re-create.

Image of the Week

A memorable shot of the President of the United States offering affection to one of his pet dogs. Now that's what I call an obscene act.



No regrets: Helen Wilkinson, out of love with New Labour

"HELLO... HELEN? Is that you?" A barely audible voice confirms that it is indeed her. A miracle.

"Jack here. How are you?"

"Fine," comes a sleepy reply from San Francisco. (It's the crack of dawn) I can barely contain my delight. Like many people, I've been trying to reach Helen Wilkinson. The emails seemed lost in cyberspace, the phone numbers out of date.

I had never expected trouble contacting this key figure in the Demos think-tank. A wheeler dealer in New Labour's ideas, she loved to spin the press on her numerous reports about the next generation, parenthood, women. Then she vanished. As New Labour docketed, she became the Q&A for America on a Harkness Fellowship. Silence.

Until last week. Typically, Helen, now 33, grabbed the headlines. But she had changed. The New Statesman article was headlined: "The day I fell out of love with Blair". An angry polemic presented New Labour as

elitist, riddled with New Labourism, workaholic, and an obsession with control. But Helen's language is also different. Once she filled arguments with arid facts and figures. Here was raw emotion, regardless of consequences. What has happened to Helen Wilkinson?

"Helen, did you realise that you were detonating a small bomb from California?"

"No," she says, her voice still betraying a startled reaction. "I didn't know it would be picked up like this. It's very strange. It's just a single article. It's not a life-defining work, like one of my books."

"Some people think it's really about Geoff Mulgan." (Her ex-lover, founder of Demos and one of Blair's key advisers. They agreed to split before the General Election.)

"It isn't," comes an exasperated reply. "The trouble with some journalists is that they're amateur psychologists, but they don't do their research. That relationship

COLD CALL

JACK O'SULLIVAN RINGS HELEN WILKINSON

ended nearly two years ago. And Geoff Mulgan is very atypical of the culture that it was criticising."

"The article did seem very personal," I venture.

"Yes, but not about my romantic past. It is an expression of my changing lifelong relationship with Labour, my fear that New Labour would betray their own ideas. The party promised to feminist politics, not simply by having more women in the Cabinet, but with open debate, inclusive of outsiders."

"Previously, I would have calculated the impact of what I said. Now I'm striving for personal au-

thenticity. I have examined my own working patterns. When I complain about control freaks and addictive personalities, I was one of them. It took me four months in America before I could do anything creative. I was so burned out."

"She sounds rejuvenated, and describes writing the article after a long walk on Ocean Beach."

"When you connect after a long time with your emotional voice, it's weird. I got to the end of the article and thought, 'Wow, so that's what I was thinking about it all. Gosh.'"

"I explain that I saw a therapist in the past, and felt that same burst of unexpected creativity. Has she been seeing one, too?" Yes. It is important, but it is just one of the things I have done to find my authentic voice."

"Helen - to use therapy language - perhaps you are transferring your own problems on to New Labour?"

"She stops to consider. "It could be seen as the pot calling the kettle black. I was part of that political

world: I suffered from many of the same patterns of behaviour. I have had the opportunity to reflect. But you can, like me, take responsibility for your own problems while still criticising the culture that perpetuates such ways of behaving. The *New Statesman* article was explicitly about New Labour because it is a political magazine. I will write about my own personal issues in a more appropriate forum."

"Any calls from Alastair Campbell?" (In the article she calls him an ex-alcoholic turned media addict.)

"No, nothing like that. People don't know how to contact me."

"And Geoff Mulgan?"

"I have, but our friendship is a private matter."

"Any regrets?"

"No. It's not easy to attack people that you like. This is probably the maddest, most honest thing I've ever done. If I have made myself a sacrificial lamb to the slaughter, so be it. But this needed to be said."

'I've got to set my baby sister free'

Was Ruth Ellis wrongfully killed?

By Emma Cook



Ruth with Desmond Cousen

THE LAST time Muriel Jakubait saw her baby sister Ruth Ellis was in Holloway prison, more than 40 years ago. Even by the standards of an era that favoured execution as a form of justice, there was something particularly callous about Ruth's treatment in those final hours: she wasn't allowed to talk to Muriel or see her young son André alone. Jailers stood either side of Ruth while she tried to exchange a few last meaningful words with her sister through a small grille in her cell door.

"I felt like killing myself afterwards," says Muriel, now 77 and living in Woking. "I last saw her a week before her death. I'd just had a baby and she would ask who it looked like. I kept asking, 'Are you all right?,' and she would say, 'Don't worry Muriel, I'm not worrying.' I was so desperate to do something."

Forty years later, Muriel is trying to clear her sister's name. She approached the Cardiff-based lawyers Bernard and Lynne de Maid several months ago to review Ruth's case. The de Mails are now preparing an application to the Criminal Cases Review Commission. Lynne de Maid says, "We are looking for Ruth's murderer conviction to be quashed and an alternative of manslaughter to be passed. We also hope for an apology for her execution."

Ruth's story, minus the conclusion, seems sadly modern and familiar. She had a predilection for brutal men, from her first husband, George Ellis, to her tragic love affair with the feckless David Blakely.

Muriel's memories of their family life give some insight into Ruth's troubled personal life. "We were never happy. My father was a professional musician, then lost his job when the talkies came. He would hit me, but I always used to shield Ruth by standing in front of her. I've always felt protective towards her, which is why I've always

felt so full of guilt about what happened."

Yet Muriel led a very different life to Ruth, settling down with her husband in south-east London and raising five children. She always tried to support her sister: "She used to phone me a lot when she met Blakely. She said she felt life wasn't as great as she thought it would be. She told me she loved David, but he was such a two-timer."

When Ruth was in Holloway, Muriel looked after André, who later committed suicide, aged 36. "He suffered the most. He and I went through it together."

She remembers André's respects: the evening Ruth shot Blakely outside a pub in Hampstead. André, Desmond Cousen, who was Ruth's new boyfriend, and Ruth's mother arrived on her doorstep.

"My mother just said, 'Ruth has shot Blakely - he's dead.' I shouted at Desmond, 'Who gave her the gun?' He never answered me. André told me later it was Desmond. 'He cleaned it and gave it to her and then I never saw my mummy again.'

In a month that has seen Derek Bentley's case overturned and Holocaust victims winning against the Swiss banks, justice, for once, appears to favour the underdog. The real shift lies within the judiciary, who are now more open, and willing to admit they can get it wrong.

This may be some 40 years too late for Ruth Ellis, but for Muriel it's better than nothing. "I can feel Ruth probing me. I can see her all the time, each time I look in the mirror, because we look so alike. Now I know I've got to fight for her, and set her free."

Down on the farm with a defender of rural life? Nothing, it seems, could be more unnatural

A ghastly rollicking march was thundering through my head as insistently as some ancient Lloyd Webber outrage, as I negotiated my way past Kennington gasworks. I was due to meet a member of the Countryside Alliance for a trip to a little patch of farmland in the middle of South London, and I was being hugged by a melody about as appealing as a football anthem produced in alliance with the National Front.

"Guardians of the Land", the single written by a ruddy-chopped rural insurance broker, released this week, drives its hooks into the memory, its lyrics summarising the concerns of the Countryside Alliance ("Oh what a pity, oh what a shame, someone is trying to ban Country Sports again", etc).

My date with a spokesman for blood sports fell by chance on the Glorious Twelfth. Mink were rampaging. Temperatures were soaring. Surely such a cove should be out bagging grouse?

A few dog roses blowing beside the gasworks did nothing to put me in a hulcic mood as I arrived at the headquarters, situated on a major south London artery. The word "Scum" is sprayed on the wall.

It was let in from the booming grit of the road to a hush of chill air and stag pictures, and met by an anachronistic and sprightly Scot who looked as though he had spent a pleasant morning conversing with the gamekeeper. Bruce Macpherson is a scrubbed tribute to the buffed leather shoe, the polished feather belt and the stripy shirt, a russet young officer type.

Bruce treated me to a private viewing of the pop video for "Guardians of the Land", which was



This little piggy went to town: Bruce Macpherson and Joanna Briscoe discuss country matters at a city farm

Rui Xavier

composed on the march from Scotland to the Countryside Alliance's Hyde Park rally. Should the song make it to Top of the Pops, Bruce will be playing the bagpipes.

The video features what appears to be the consequence of an unnatural congress between Earl Spencer and a prize side of beef, yomping through the countryside and belching until he comes upon a handy log stop which sits his backside, banjoing and chorusing like a group of demented Christians.

I stood there laughing helplessly. "That's not the right response," said Bruce.

It was time for our outing to a nearby city farm. After all, I wanted make Bruce feel at home in this choking mass of urban blight. Rather unwillingly, Bruce rang the farm for directions.

"We don't want the Countryside Alliance here," said a staff member

Wait - the Countryside Alliance and a city farm: surely a euphonious coupling of things pastoral? Curiously, the farm staff seemed to have the Countryside Alliance down as an implacable enemy to animal lovers. Was the farm management anxious that Bruce might get overexcited, and stick a pig or pull a ferret out of his pocket?

We strolled into the farm a few minutes later, disguised as ornamental pals on an outing.

An immense pig was wallowing in the mud. Skinny-shod Bruce gamely made appreciative noises, but his performance was not entirely convincing. Schoolchildren were being instructed in matters of the sheep, but were herded out.

Doing his best in the face of the butting and licking barnyard beasts frolicking in their urban oasis, Bruce nevertheless answered his mobile phone with more enthusiasm than

he patted woolly heads. Somehow, the Countryside Alliance and the city farm were as well matched as hounds and foxes, despite all the rustic spin-doctoring. As we wandered about the goat enclosure, I tried to get the low-down on all this countryside talk. What precisely does the Countryside Alliance stand for?

Bruce, whose qualifications include a boyhood stint at farm work, a degree in Arabic and work for David Steele MP, was vague on the matter of what exactly a lobby group with 80,000 members consisting largely of the former British Field Sports Society does, other than deal with blood sports rights.

To the sounds of cockers and screaming sirens, he declaimed: "The battle cries of the march and rally were, Listen to us. The countryside counts. The countryside is a minority. It's different. It's special."

Yes, Bruce.

"The mission statement which we have is to champion the countryside, country sports and the rural way of life," he added.

An angora goat, which looked like a common sheep to me, had begun to go for the ciabatta in my shopping-bag. A kid was chewing Bruce's old-huffer tie. As I leant down, a lamb licked my armpit. Bruce was being harassed by a cow, and pushed it away with a motion barely disguised as a caress.

"There are so many things that are related to hunting, and if you take away one thread of that tapestry, then all sorts of other things will start to unravel," explained Bruce. I looked involuntarily at the chomped remains of his tie.

"Country sports are core to what we do," Bruce admitted. Perhaps revealing signs of a higher ambition, he added: "I'm looking for a top 10 hit."

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CLOSE ENCOUNTER
JOANNA BRISCOE

Seeking Bruce in urbe



This little piggy went to town: Bruce Macpherson and Joanna Briscoe discuss country matters at a city farm

Rui Xavier

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Who'd be a nurse?

Carol Seabrooke started her first job three months ago and says that she's dog tired, but still loves it. "It was always what I wanted to do. It was always there in my mind."

Sylvia Denton also has kept faith with the job she began more than 30 years ago. "It's challenging, it's rewarding and I wouldn't do anything else for the world."

Whether their feelings are shared by their co-workers is in doubt. For Carol and Sylvia are nurses - Carol works in the cardio-thoracic unit at St George's Hospital in Tooting and Sylvia as a breast-care nurse at Barts - and the past two weeks has seen a crisis in nursing as two separate studies revealed that the profession is more unpopular than it has ever been.

"Nurses are still being treated like children by the NHS," said a spokeswoman for the Community Practitioners and Health Visitors' Association in response to the report. "They will tell you it is not that it is unattractive but that it is unbearable to be a nurse."

Something must have gone badly wrong with this most caring of professions for the United Kingdom Central Council of Nursing, Midwifery and Health Visiting to announce this week that the number of those entering nursing had fallen to its lowest level since records began. One in four new registrations now come from nurses recruited from overseas and, for the first time, more than half the nurses on the register are aged more than 40. A quarter will therefore be eligible for retirement by the year 2000.

Add to that figures released in the past fortnight showing that one in 10 health-care staff have been assaulted, and that male nurses are twice as likely as women to be serving in the highest nursing grades, and it seems fair to ask why should anyone want to become a nurse at all?

Carol and Sylvia are currently at different ends of the nursing spectrum. As a newly-qualified nurse in

the ITU, Carol's day starts at 7.30am when she goes on shift, relieving the night nurse. She checks the beds and then starts ensuring that all the drugs for the patients are given out. "It was scary suddenly finding yourself on a ward for the first time, knowing these people were dependent on you." As one of the youngest on the ward, her job consists mainly of observation. "It's far more pressurised than on a normal ward because the patients can often do little for themselves so you have to be watching them constantly and making sure they are all right. I also do a lot of work talking to the relatives, letting them know what goes on."

But working in a hospital can be extremely stressful. "The most frightening thing was when a patient collapsed and started kicking out, lashing out at all of us. There seemed to be no reason why and we couldn't get near him to stop him."

Sylvia, who after 30 years in nursing, is now a clinical nurse specialist, the highest grade a nurse can reach. She leads a team of three nurses in the breast-care unit and her days are divided between teaching, research and clinical work. "I'm lucky because I don't have to deal with the bureaucracy side of things. And I'm also lucky because a fair amount of my time is still taken up with clinical care. I still work down on the wards and see the patients. It's all about going there and being with the patients. They are so brave at what is a terribly worrying time."

Carol works a shorter week than Sylvia did when she qualified in 1963. She now works 37.5 hours compared to the 44 hours young nurses were expected to do in the Sixties. But nurses today say there are more patients who are sicker and they are constantly trying to overcome more work pressures.

But the current discontentment among nurses is due mainly to the poor pay. A staff-nurse's starting salary is £12,633. At the other end of the scale, the most senior nurses like Sylvia, with responsibilities ranging across a whole trust, can be up to £26,000. The Royal College of Nurs-

ing pointed to a recent edition of the *British Evening Telegraph* where an advert for a nurse had a lower salary than that of a dog warden.

"No one ever goes into nursing to get rich," Sylvia says. "I think the feeling is that nurses want to be valued. They want people to recognise the work they do."

"When I was in training, people kept on at me about how bad the pay was, but it didn't pay me off," Carol says. "But now I'm qualified, I've realised how difficult it is - paying the rent, food and everything. It's so expensive living in London."

Pay is not the only issue. There have been radical changes in the nursing profession over the past decade, as one school seeks to make nursing more academic and is virtually opposed by the other side.

"I'm not at all surprised by the recruitment crisis," a spokeswoman for the CPHVA says. "This move towards academic education means that good people have been excluded. You get nurses with diplomas who may have written 10,000 word

dissertations on the sociology of health care but can't make a bed."

Over the past 10 years, Project 2000 has been phased in, which places more emphasis on theory.

Carol trained this way at South Bank University. "In the first year I was mainly studying in college,

to the wards. "It wasn't quite 'Hello Nurse Denton, the sluice is over there,' she says, "but nearly. It was far more regimented. You knew your place and worked your way up gradually. We had longer working weeks then, and had to do night shifts for three months at a time. When I started there wasn't the same structure. You had to be driven to get up the ladder; otherwise it was very much work your time. When I went into breast-care nursing after being a health visitor there were fewer of us - hardly any at all."

"What we've got to remember when we look back to the good old days is that there was a lot of exploiting of young women," says Christine Hancock, general secretary of the Royal College of Nursing. "When I was training, only a third of nurses completed the course as there was a kind of First World War philosophy - throwing more and more young and inexperienced people into the trenches when others didn't survive. While it was seen as a thing for nice young girls to do

while waiting to get married, young women were put on wards without support or full training. The other thing is that nursing is the only profession in the health service now where you don't have to have a degree: therapists, physiotherapists, even the ward hairdresser is likely to be a graduate. We want nurses to be on the same level. I don't believe this British idea that if you're intelligent you can't be good with your hands. There's no evidence for that."

Making life safer for nurses also is a problem that has to be addressed. Both Carol and Sylvia admit it can be "scary" starting off working on the wards. Sylvia says she was assaulted many years ago and Carol says that she has witnessed assaults. But as Sylvia points out, the NHS cannot turn people away: "It is an issue for the NHS and one we have to address, but we have to remember that we are trying to provide healthcare for all and have to accept that people have problems but we still might be able to help them. We do need to ensure the safe

ty of nurses but we have to help people too." So would you recommend that anyone goes into nursing? Carol and Sylvia are determined they would. "Yes, don't go into nursing if you want to be a millionaire," Carol says. "But I've always wanted to care for other people and I really feel I'm making a difference."

"We need to sort out issues like pay," Christine says. "But despite all the problems most people say they wouldn't swap their job for the world. You get respect from the job and you know that you're doing something you believe in. Oh, and you'll never be bored."

"Working in breast care is rewarding," Sylvia says. "You're there with them right from diagnosis, helping both the patient and the relative, explaining to them what is going on. And you see such terrific courage from these women in what is a terrible time for them. I find it so humbling. The best thing is when I see them walk out of that ward and go back home. It is just brilliant."

Additional research by Peter Mann



You don't go into nursing if you want to be a millionaire," says Carol Seabrooke, a newly-qualified nurse at St George's Hospital in Tooting

Rui Xavier

No one ever goes into nursing to get rich. They want people to recognise the work they do'

doing things like anatomy and physiology and doing a few days on the ward. We did more work on the wards than the three years went on."

It's a far cry from Sylvia's experience - three months' training "learning basic anatomy and how to make beds", and then straight on

to the wards. "It wasn't quite 'Hello Nurse Denton, the sluice is over there,' she says, "but nearly. It was far more regimented. You knew your place and worked your way up gradually. We had longer working weeks then, and had to do night shifts for three months at a time. When I started there wasn't the same structure. You had to be driven to get up the ladder; otherwise it was very much work your time. When I went into breast-care nursing after being a health visitor there were fewer of us - hardly any at all."

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How to survive a Club 7-10 holiday

PARK LIFE



BRUCE MILLAR

the clear shallows. Darcy has now taken his inability to swim one stage further: "Watch me, I can swim really well," he boasts, with my flippers on."

As for the telescopic fishing rod he had invested in, Darcy

rod he had invested in, Darcy caught nothing but clumps of seaweed and I spent what seemed like hours untangling the line. None of the local fisherman - the only ones who ever caught anything - went in for rods, preferring simple plastic spools of line rigged up with bits of bread on a cork float, total cost about 50p; the most expert eschew even the plastic spool, improvising with an empty beer bottle to wind their line.

My resolution to keep fit

melted in the heat, although I

did manage a couple of runs,

reasoning - like Gazzza training

in a heavy jacket to make him

self sweat more - that five

miles on a Turkish mountain

road in the heat of the day was

worth twice that at home.

The villagers were mightily

amused and, had any known

Noel Coward, would no doubt

have greeted me with a chorus

of *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*.

Most of them spoke little or no

English, but they did know

enough to shout "Faster" as I

passed, most often a passing taxi in a cloud of cigarette and

ash.

There were no coats for

goals, no score-keeping, no

parody John Motson com-

mentary, just a silent and

measured pass-control-pass,

as if in a trance, in the mild English

afternoon sun. It certainly felt

like home.

HELEN KNEW two of the three Hull prostitutes - Natalie Clegg and Hayley Morgan - whose recent deaths raise fears of a serial killer. In her late twenties, she is separated from her husband, with whom she has three young children. Helen has been a prostitute since she was 17, stopping for several years during her marriage. She solicits along Myton Street, just as the three dead women did.

Saturday

We go to town to buy stuff for the kids' bedrooms. Their father smashed everything up when he left last year, so I've slowly been buying things. No holiday this summer, but we're hoping to go to Turkey next year. Afterwards, we sit outside the pub drinking a couple of Cokes while the kids play. Nobody is really talking about the killings. They don't know what I do. After the pub, I get the children fed, bathed and into their pyjamas and I dress for work.

A friend looks after the children - she always knows where I am. I

carry a phone. I usually go out about eight o'clock in long boots and a very short black dress. I always make myself up. You have to look attractive. There's a lot of competition out there. Sometimes there can be 20 or 30 girls on the street and when there are only five cars going around, it's pretty hard work.

But it's a good night for me - two

regulars, for 250 and 250. The 60-

pounder asks me to come to his

hotel. I've already taken him on

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night. I'm home for 11.40pm, so we

go out for a curry.

Sunday

A lazy day, watching TV with the

kids. The little one is mad about

Drop Dead Fred. I can relax - this is

my night off. When I'm working, I'm

fine. I've learned to switch my body off. But years ago I used to get

upset. I used to wonder why I do

this. I'm not a drug user and I didn't

have any children. I was spending

the money on clubbing, buying clothes. But now, with having the kids, I feel I'm doing it for them, to give them the extras in life.

I enjoy work. That sounds daft,

but before my dad left he used to

say I was fat and he used to put me

down. But when I go to work, clients

say nice things like, "You're too

pretty to be doing this," and, "You

have a beautiful chest." It gives you

confidence.

Monday

Have a really bad hangover, so I stay

in bed till one o'clock. A neighbour

takes the kids to the park. When I go

to work, the street is full of reporters,

the vice squad and television people.

If it wasn't for my regulars, I

wouldn't be able to make much.

And the girls on drugs are in

trouble - one of them says she has

been ill for two days because she

can't earn enough for a hit.

The police are asking about Na-

talie, Hayley and Samantha. I knew

Natalie. I don't think a client has

had her boyfriend with her. I'd be more

willing to believe there was a serial

killer if it was someone like me who

was killed, someone who goes out on

her own.

And I don't think Hayley

Eve Boswell

THE FAMOUS Bette Davis film *All About Eve* might have been named for Eve Boswell, the Fifties pop singer who had so many talents hidden under her pretty and petite physique that one could write a chapter on each. She sang both sweetly and sexily, encouraging her packed audiences not only to sing along but clap along, on and off the beat, but she could also play a classical piano piece to perfection, blow a hearty saxophone, toot a swing clarinet, clatter a natty tap dance, leg a charming ballet step, record a long-playing selection in nine different languages, and in her retirement years run a school for singers in South Africa. Try that, Spice Girls!

Eve Boswell was born Eva Keleti, in Budapest, in 1924, the only daughter of a professional pair who toured the world with their musical act. Educated in Lausanne, Switzerland, she studied classical piano at the famous Lausanne Academy before joining her parents as a teenager. The act changed its name to the Three Hugos and as such made its debut in a Paris night-club. Young Eva, supposed to play the piano and join in some harmony singing, was so scared she ran off the stage.

When the Second World War was declared in September 1939 the act was on tour in England. Unhappily the family was classified as alien, so, taking a job with the Boswell Circus, they promptly departed for a tour of South Africa. Here Trevor McIntosh, the son of the owner, taught Eve to speak English, and the two fell in love. In time they married.

It was Trevor who encouraged the girl to sing and to change her name to Eve Boswell, after the circus. Soon she could be heard over South African radio singing with Roy Martin and his dance band from the Concorde Grove in Johannesburg. Adrian Foley (Lord Foley), a pianist and composer working in South Africa after the war, liked her voice. Alan Dell, the disc-jockey who was a local radio producer at that time, made some private recordings of her and Foley took them to London to play to prospective publishers.

Gerald (Gerald Bright), then the top dance band leader, heard them, liked them and sent the girl a telegram offering her three months work. Eve, Trevor and their small son Michael promptly sold up their African homestead and sailed for England. She opened with Gerald at the Blackpool Winter Gardens on 1 June 1949. At the end of her first week Gerald cancelled her contract and gave her a new one for a whole year. In the end she stayed for more than two years.

In the end she was killed, not by name, but as "Vocal Refrain". She suffered this indignity through several recordings, including a romantic version of the comedian Reg Dixon's signature tune, "Confidentially", before getting her proper billing in April 1950 with "I Can Dream Can't I". (All her records

from 1949 to 1959 were on the Parlophone label.)

In July 1950, while Gerald and his band were playing for holiday-makers aboard the *Queen Mary*, Boswell returned to South Africa for a working holiday, and also supplied the singing voice for the Hollywood star Vera-Ellen in her British film *Happy Go Lucky* (1950). Vera-Ellen was a wonderful dancer but hopeless as a singer. This would turn out to be Boswell's only brush with the cinema, a tragedy considering her prettiness and her talent.

Boswell parted with Gerald in January 1952 and with her husband as her manager launched herself on a solo career. Her first big success was supporting the comedian Derek Roy in a variety tour of his radio series, *Happy Go Lucky*. Roy had also begun as a vocalist for Gerald, and the two recorded a well-sung duet called "Dance Me Loose". A cover version of an Arthur Godfrey disc, it failed to make the hit parade.

Many radio appearances during this time included *The Forces Show*, a 60-minute spectacular starring Richard Murdoch and Kenneth Horne - the *Much Binding in the*



Her first hit came in 1952, 'Sugar Bush', with its chorus 'Oh we're never not gonna go home, we won't go'. She was so thrilled with its success that she named her pet poodle Bush.

Marsh pair - as hosts; *Workers' Playtime*, the midday series for factory hands; *Henry Hall's Guest Night*, and finally in 1954 her own series, *Time To Dream*. This was composed by Alan Dell, who had by now come to England to further his own radio career. She also crossed the Channel via recordings to star in a radio Luxembourg series called *Family Album*. This featured Philip Green and his Orchestra and was sponsored by Marshall Ward, the catalogue company.

Her first true hit came in August 1952, "Sugar Bush", with its chorus of "Oh we're never not gonna go home, we won't go" and the extra gimmick of the closing chorus being sung in Afrikaans. She was so thrilled with its success that she named her pet poodle Bush, and added her first caption to her variety billing: "Eve Boswell the Bush Girl". More than a year later, still billed the same way, she appeared in the Royal Variety Performance at the London Coliseum.

She was back double-billed with Derek Roy and supported by the newcomer Tommy Cooper ("TV's Mad Magician"), in a Southport summer season show, *Happy and Glorious* (1954), but the continuous work proved too much. Just as an edition of *The Forces Show* was about to go on the air (Sunday 3 October) she collapsed and a doctor in the house diagnosed nervous exhaustion. Two weeks later she was back on tour and that Christmas made her pantomime debut in *Humpy Dumpy at Dudley*. Once again Derek Roy and Tomzzy Cooper were her co-stars.

More variety followed, both in South Africa and England, plus a number of shows for television. These included *Hit Parade*, *Commonwealth Cavalcade*, and *Off the Record*, in which the former band-leader Jack Payne tried to adapt his radio disc-jockey format for television. Her song hits continued with the Afrikaans "Skodaan" for which she invented a "New Sound", a

combination of low-blown clarinet and vibraphone; and in October 1955 her one and only major hit. This was "Pickin' a Chicken", a South African tune with new words composed by Paddy Roberts. Intended as the "B", to the long-forgotten "Blue Star", this lively number shot to No 9 on the British hit parade.

In June 1956 she visited America to promote her new release deal with Capitol Records, appearing on radio and television. Returning to open *The Big Show* at Blackpool Opera House, she co-starred with the American comedians George and Bert Bernard, who mimed to gramophone records dressed up as the Andrews Sisters. She made her entrance in a well-staged circus scene, bursting through a paper hoop and juggling, a hitherto unknown talent that surprised the audience. In fact they didn't know who she was until she started to sing.

Unhappily another breakdown followed, then the work continued non-stop; pantomimes, summer

shows, records, and her first LP on which she sang 10 songs in nine different languages. It was called *Sugar and Spice* (1956). One major touring show was Harold Fielding's *Music for the Millions* (1957); she appeared with the classical pianists Rawicz and Landauer, the television comic Arthur Haynes, and pop stars Micki and Griff. There were also Sunday night concerts including one at the Blackpool Opera House with Johnnie Ray the crying crooner. Nineteen-fifty-eight saw her based at Blackpool for a 22-week run of *You'll Be Lucky*, supporting the top radio comedian Al Read; the title was his catchphrase. An even longer season, 24 weeks, followed in 1959, this time in Glasgow. She sacked the Scots comic Jimmy Logan in *Five Past Eight*.

Always a globe-trotter, Boswell became the first "English" singer to have her own show on Hungarian television (1960), returning to Scotland for another long run with Jimmy Logan. Yet another new talent amazed her audiences; she and Logan played a duet on the bagpipes.

But with the rock 'n' roll revolution of the Sixties Boswell's multitalents lacked the simplistic basic beat which it seemed all the teenagers wanted, and gradually, sadly, she faded from public view.

One

of her last shows was a guest spot on *Granada's Wheel-toppers & Shunters Social Club* in the Seventies, where she soon had an overjoyed audience clapping along with a selection of her past hits. Of course, "Sugar Bush" made a clapping climax. Remarried and by sheerest chance, the *Granada Plus* channel re-ran this very programme only a week or so ago, an ideal if slightly premature tribute.

Denis Gifford

Eva Keleti (Eve Boswell), singer; born Budapest 11 May 1924; married three times, first to Trevor McIntosh (one son); died Durban, South Africa 13 August 1998

Dennis Silk

DENNIS SILK was one of the most memorable literary personalities of modern Jerusalem, a writer of poems and prose who also made his mark in the theatre.

He was born in London in 1928. At the age of 17 he went to work for the publisher John Lane the Bodley Head. As a "self-persuaded Zionist" from his early twenties, he was drawn to the Palestinian Jewish Pioneers by his reading of Chaim Weizmann's 1948 autobiography *Triad and Error*, though not insensible either of the attractions of T.E. Lawrence's Levant.

In any case, being a Jew in post-war Britain was not at all his cup of tea. After doing his National Service in the RAF followed by a year's agricultural training in Sussex, Silk, now 26, left England for Israel. His first year in the country was spent at a General Zionist kibbutz, but he left this to settle in Jerusalem, where he eventually made his living as a copy editor, working for many years at the old, liberal *Jerusalem Post*, and only leaving it - in, admittedly, failing health - when it began to move towards the political right.

He had been writing poems from the age of 16, but was not until he was over 30 that he began to produce work which he felt pleased with. The Sun Press published a small edition of poems, *Face of Stone*, in 1964. His first full-length collection, *The Pun-*

ished Lund, was brought out by Viking Penguin in 1980. This was probably due in part to the admiration for Silk's work expressed by the novelist Saul Bellow: "Dennis Silk is a delicious poet. Utterly natural, entirely himself, he works by a curious method. What he does . . . is to surround the inexpressible, which is charmed by his sieve and surrenders."

He has also had solid support from poets like Alfred Corn and the redoubtable Yehuda Amichai, who calls him "a subtle and powerful poet. Every poem is a small drama - very strong and powerful and unforgettable."

Silk's explanation of the title *The Punished Land* is severe, although mildly expressed:

These poems are about a land too beautiful for its inhabitants. So they punished it (or rather her) with a general ill-will - Jewish, Christian, Muslim. She survives, parcelled out, and in hiding. Sometimes she hits back. Perhaps she's also a punishing land.

She's called Palestine because it's her best name. It's not the Palestine of the Patah, or the Greater Israel of the irredentists.

"Dennis Silk uses language like a slingshot," says Alfred Corn. "His Goliath is military intransigence. What he defends is humanity and realism, in poems of acute observation and imaginative agility."

Two further collections of poems followed *The Punished Land*: *Hold*

Fast (1984) and *Catwalk and Overpass* (1990). In a section called "Guide to Jerusalem (Third Edition)", *Hold Fast* includes the following:

SACRIFICE OF ISAAC
(Do-it-yourself sonnets)

monotone.
army camp.
altar stone.
stomach cramp.
procurer.
target-dummy.
Sarah.
mummy.
rhetoric.
needless ram.
thicket.
am what I am.
Moriah.
paranoia.

The poems of Dennis Silk are, as Corn puts it, "not designed to yield all of their content on first reading"; but this one may suggest the extreme economy of his writing as well as its relationships with the traditions of English lyric and English satire.

His writings for the theatre were brought out in 1997 in a comprehensive collection entitled *William the Wonder Kid*. His impact on the Israeli theatre through his plays was considerable. In them, objects, toys and dolls have as much reality as human characters and there is a tendency against dramatic egotism

and in favour, as the critic Zvi Jagendorf puts it, of "the ascetic discipline of the thing or the dance".

Silk, together with his friend Harold Schumacher, edited the first successful selection of Israeli poetry in translation, *Fourteen Israeli Poets* (1976). A more personal gathering is *Retrievements - a Jerusalem anthology* (1988), a book designed, the preface states, "to surprise Jerusalem" by giving it a different view - a host of different views - of itself. It is a huge and curious assortment of pieces of writing by poets, dreamers, travellers, diarists, philanthropists, planners, archaeologists . . . Jerusalem is displayed as an infinitely complex, utterly individual character. So too, on reflection, is Dennis Silk himself.

"Temperamental and gentle to an extreme," wrote Peter Cole and Gabriel Levin in his old paper, the *Jerusalem Post*; "eccentric, stubborn and generous, he was a man of surpassing wit and impeccable charm. He lived simply and without compromise. He won no awards, endured many years of near obscurity, but leaves behind a legacy of poems and plays as fine as any to emerge from this region in the last half of the 20th century."

Oliver Bernard

Dennis Peter Silk, poet; born London 10 July 1928; died Jerusalem 3 July 1998.



Farid Shawki

THE EGYPTIAN actor Farid Shawki was known as the "King" and the "Beast" of the silver screen.

In a career that spanned almost 60 years, he worked with more than 90 directors of many nationalities, starring, producing, or writing the scenarios of some 400 films - more than the number produced collectively by all Arab countries outside Egypt.

During the first 10 years of his career he was locked in the villain's role. His name, like that of the late Mahmoud el-Mileegy - another Egyptian cinema icon who excelled in portraying the cunning villain - guaranteed box-office success.

In 1950 Shawki changed that image for good. He wrote the script for and starred in *Guloomi Mugriman* ("They Made a Criminal Out of Me"), tackling the problem of homeless children. Thus he exposed the failure of government policy and the corruption of state-run orphanages and young offenders' institutions. The film was rewarded with the "State Prize" - one of over 14 awards Shawki collected over 40 years.

Critics called him the "John Wayne of the East", but for the masses Shawki was "The Beast", who in his films championed the underdog and the dispossessed, using an effective mixture of cunning, physical strength, personal charm and unbending principles to overcome wicked aggressors.

His films realised the masses' dream of defeating "the untouchables", those above the law thanks to an unjust class system. During the totalitarian governments of the 1950s and 1960s, "The Beast" lived in people's psyche as a justice enforcer. The Egyptian cinema's influence on the whole of the Middle East ensured a similar status for him in other Arabic-speaking nations.

The veteran scriptwriter Abd-el-Hay Adeb recalls how he had to rewrite a scene in one film after it had been released. The character played by Shawki was slapped on the back of the neck - a sign of contempt in southern Mediterranean countries - leading the audience in the upper Egypt city of Asuit to smash up the cinema in protest. These illiterate filmgoers' tickets, although the cheapest, made up the bulk of the box office. Film producers called Shawki "Mak el-Terso" or "the King of the Third Class" (terso is an Egyptian slang word from the Italian word for cheap third-class cinema seats).

Shawki was born in 1920 in Cairo's popular quarter of Al-Sayyidah Zinab, whose residents were the *terso* filmgoers when Egyptian cinema started to turn into a big industry. He joined the civil service as the Second World War broke out. At the same time he was given small parts in the Raamis Theatre group. He then formed the National League of Acting whose members included the actress Zinab Abd-el-Hady whom Shawki married in 1941. The marriage broke four years later when Shawki met his second wife, the dancer Saneya, whom he divorced in 1950.

The NLA became the 20 Theatre in 1943 as the number of its members grew to 20; many of them turned into household names in Egyptian theatre and cinema. The 20 Theatre specialised in Chekhov; Shawki excelled in the leading roles - later on he loved playing classic parts in screenplays of novels by the Nobel prizewinner Naguib Mahfouz. Success in theatre and films encouraged Shawki to resign from the civil service in 1946. A few months later the 20 Theatre became the nucleus of the Higher Institute of Acting. Shawki made his mark in the same year in the film *Angels in Hell*. He and his third wife, the singer Huda Sultan, whom he married in 1951, made a famous partnership acting in more than 80 films together. The marriage lasted 18 years and produced two daughters, Maha and Nahed, a film-maker in her own right. Indeed Farid Shawki's final ailment interrupted his work on a script for a film about homeless young people to be produced by Nahed.

Adel Darwish

Farid Shawki, actor, scriptwriter and film producer; born Cairo 3 July 1920; married first 1941 Zinab Abd-el-Hady (one daughter; marriage dissolved), third 1951 Huda Sultan (two daughters; marriage dissolved), fourth 1970 Suhir Turk (two daughters); died Cairo 27 July 1998.

Professor Syed Ali Ashraf

THERE WERE two mistakes in the obituary of Professor Syed Ali Ashraf (by Akbar S. Ahmed, 13 August), writes M. Rahman. First, Ashraf was Vice-Chancellor of Darul Ihsan University in Dhaka, not the University of Dhaka, which post he held from 1993 until 1998. Second, Darul Ihsan University was established in Dhaka in 1993, not in 1997.

Farid Shawki

Professor George Kerferd

GEORGE KERFERD became, while still quite young, an elder statesman in the world of classical learning. His career may remind some of that of Gilbert Murray, starting out on a high level in Australia, marrying romantically, and becoming absorbed into British society.

Some of his early publications had considerable impact, but later, although he continued to publish, it was as much the critical exercise of scholarship and the many enterprises which he stood behind that were important, as well as his untiring activity on committees, and his standing as one who was consulted on high appointments. For although the number of students reading Classics at the highest level may have declined during his lifetime, classical activities at many levels have flourished exceedingly, and in many of them Kerferd was involved.

He enjoyed his life. At a conference when some of his colleagues were bemoaning their inadequate pay, he burst out that he himself would gladly pay for the privilege of a life spent in studying Classics; remuneration was a bonus. But he was no ascetic: he also once expressed his admiration for the wonderful dispensation of nature by which one could have the enjoyment of eating and then, only a few hours later, repeat the experience with equal enjoyment. This zest for living continued into retirement, so that he was known for visiting London several times a week for meetings and social intercourse, and almost to the end, when very crippled, he attended seminars in the north of England to study Greek texts.

He was a leader in the movement away from, or at least beyond, the established philosophical texts of Plato and Aristotle. His first works on the Sophists were published in what might have been the obscurity of the *Durham University Journal*, but soon achieved renown, and his continuing interest in the Sophists culminated in a book, *The Sophistic Movement* (1981). Later he shared in the revival of interest in post-Aristotelian philosophers, especially the Stoics, the Epicureans and the Sceptics.

In addition, he lent his immense influence to the international Project Theophrastus, which was concerned to bring together the scattered evidence to the verified activities of Theophrastus, the leading pupil of Aristotle, then known only by some, mainly scientists, as the Father of Botany, and by others, mainly students of literature, as the author of the works known as *The Characters*. Now there are two large volumes of text and translations, and several volumes of explanatory commentary are appearing. Attention has

also been turned to other members of Aristotle's circle.

By joining in seminars with Manchester and Liverpool colleagues Kerferd also helped in the revival of Neoplatonist studies, and thus in the project of translating the so-called Aristotelian Commentators, where again volumes are appearing in rapid succession. He served for some years as President of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies and was editor of the leading ancient philosophical journal *Phronesis*. He was both recipient and contributor to a volume called *The Criterion of Truth* (1989), the centre of which was a text and translation of the work of that name by Ptolemy on which he and the Manchester-Liverpool seminar had spent many productive terms. Friends contributed essays on related themes to produce an unusually coherent *Festschrift*.

Kerferd was born in 1915 into a distinguished Australian family in Melbourne, where he was educated at school and university, and took his first

When colleagues bemoaned their inadequate pay, he said he himself would gladly pay for the privilege of a life spent in studying Classics

degree. He proceeded to Oxford to study Greats, after which he became Lecturer in Greek at Durham University. His time there was interrupted by a spell back home at Sydney University, which he reached after an extended and exciting wartime voyage. It was while in Sydney that he married his Russian wife, Marick, who was to become a gracious hostess to students and colleagues in later years. But he was captivated by the British cultural scene, and returned permanently first to Durham, then to Manchester University as Senior Lecturer in Greek and Latin, then for a while to Swansea as Professor of Classics and then back to Manchester where he held first the Chair of Latin and then that of Greek.

On retiring he remained in Manchester in his spacious and book-lined house in Didsbury, though still travelling far and wide, until his own ill-health and that of his wife, followed by her death, limited his activities. Even then loyal friends helped him to keep going.

In spite of fitting so well into the British scene, he retained his Australian nationality and passport, and would surprise colleagues returning with him from an overseas conference by leaving them in the entry queue for British citizens and seeking his own way in.

His linguistic skills were not limited to Latin and Greek, and with D.E. Walford he translated a number of early works of Immanuel Kant into English. It gave Kerferd great pleasure and pride to see his son develop even more

remarkable linguistic powers, which he now uses in Brussels, and he was able to see the birth of two grandchildren by his daughter Charlotte.

Pamela Huby

George Briscoe Kerferd, classicist: born Melbourne, Australia 15 January 1915; Lecturer in Greek, Durham University 1939-41 and 1946-51; Lecturer in Greek, Sydney University 1942-46; Senior Lecturer in Greek and Latin, Manchester University 1951-56, Hulse Professor of Latin 1957-73, Hulse Professor of Greek 1973-82 (Emeritus); Professor of Classics, University College, Swansea 1956-67; married 1944 Marick Cloppers de Collongues (died 1997; one son, one daughter); died Manchester 9 August 1998.



HISTORICAL NOTES

KEITH LAIDLWER

Is the head of Christ buried in Scotland?



The Apprentice Pillar at Rosslyn

AT STE BAUME, in the South of France, lie the relics of St Mary Magdalene, Christ's companion, and at St Maximin the head of the eponymous saint. Given the existence of these and other relics of Christ's contemporaries, is it possible that the head of Jesus himself might also have survived?

The Knights Templar worshipped a long-haired, bearded head known as Baphomet, meaning "Father of Wisdom". However, unlike their medieval contemporaries, who openly worshipped the heads of every saint, the Templars adored their head in the deepest secrecy, with an almost paranoid attention to security. Why?

The answer lies in orthodox Christian dogma, which insists that Christ ascended into heaven in the physical body – so no trace of his remains could have remained on earth. To voice a different opinion during the Middle Ages, was to risk ruin and death. Might it be, then, that the Baphomet was a forbidden relic of Christ himself?

But why would anyone take the head of Jesus? There is, in fact, evidence of a cult of the head in Palestine, and of Jesus's connection to a head-cult, perhaps even of an unorthodox burial. Archaeological evidence has revealed a 5,000-year-old head cult in the Levant, with head caches found in Judaea. The heads of heroes and holy men were taken after their death and worshipped. Among the Jews, the head cult manifested itself in the Nazirites, who held both head and hair as holy.

Samson is the best-known member of the cult, but later members included John the Baptist, Jesus himself and James the Just, who took over as leader of the Jerusalem Church after Christ's death.

When we come to Christ's crucifixion, the evidence for unorthodox burial is tenuous. In John's Gospel, Nicodemus visits the tomb at night, carrying 100lb of aloes and myrrh (John xix.39). However, Dr Joseph Zias, an authority on ancient Jewish burials, is adamant that such spices were absent from orthodox Jewish ritual. How then do we explain this gospel report? A medieval text that draws heavily on the Gospel of Nicodemus seems to provide the answer. It states that, after the burial, this same Nicodemus had in his possession a carved head of Jesus which was unbelievably lifelike, "nor could it have been made by human hands". But

Nicodemus was an aristocrat, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrin; it is simply not feasible to imagine him a master-carpenter.

Nicodemus would also have had access to the Jerusalem Temple, which was destroyed by the Romans around 30 years after the crucifixion. Although destroyed, rumours circulated that treasure and relics lay hidden beneath the Temple, reports confirmed in the *Treasure Scroll*, discovered at Qumran. The Knights Templar are known to have excavated beneath the Temple and shortly thereafter certain Templars began burying their dead with their heads removed. They also had possession of the mysterious head, the Baphomet.

When the Templar Order was suppressed by the Pope and French King in 1307, no trace was found of the head or treasure. Shortly before this, a small group left Paris with three treasure carts and made its way to Scotland. The king, Robert the Bruce, had been excommunicated and the Pope's writ did not run his realm.

Just 150 years later, a Templar Grand Master built a "Chapel" at Rosslyn, a building filled with esoteric carvings and symbols. It is beneath the "Glory of Rosslyn", the so-called Apprentice Pillar, that I believe the head to be buried. The carvings on the pillar link it directly with Jesus, and contain reference to an embalmed Head of God buried beneath it, a head whose title, astonishingly, is identical to the Templar's Baphomet – Father of Wisdom.

Keith Laidler is author of *The Head of God: the lost treasure of the Templars* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £20).

BIRTHS,
MARRIAGES
& DEATHS

BIRTHS

STRAKER: On 26 July 1998, to Jacqui and Simon, a beautiful baby boy, Jack Oliver, eagerly anticipated brother for Holly.

DEATHS

DILKS: Robin, suddenly on 12 August, aged 48, of Highgate, London, formerly of Worsley, Manchester. Manchester Grammar School, Oxford University and a 1932 former correspondent. Deafly loved brother, uncle, nephew and partner, soon to become a father. His kindness, humour, energy and gregariousness will be sorely missed by all his family, friends and colleagues, and especially by the child he will never see. For funeral details, please contact William Nokes, Crouch End, 0181-340 2487, 09am-5pm. Family flowers only, donations if possible to Kite Cancer or Save the Children Fund.

SMITH: "Jane" (Elizabeth Catherine Bridget). Died on 11 August 1998. Funeral Service at Gulliford Crematorium at 1pm on 18 August 1998. The Physics Tuckwell Memorial Hospital, Wavertree Lane, Liverpool, would be grateful for donations.

WHITE: John Cosby, husband of Vivien John. Died in hospital peacefully after a long illness. Survived by his son, Julius and granddaughter, Tamara. Funeral at Gurney Cemetery at 12.30pm, Tuesday 18 August. No flowers, donations to Macmillan Cancer Relief, 0171-351 7811.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

TODAY: The King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; 1st Battalion Welsh Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am; band provided by the Grenadier Guards.

TOMORROW: The King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 10am.

GAZETTE

BIRTHDAYS

TODAY: The Princess Royal, 48; Sir Charles Carter, economist, 78; Mr Jim Dale, actor, 63; Mr Edmund Dell, former government minister, and chairman, Prison Reform Trust, 77; Mr James Fletcher, former Headmaster, Ardingly College, 59; Mr Lukas Foss, composer, 76; Miss Jenny Hanley, actress, 51; Dame Wendy Hiller, actress, 86; Miss Rita Hunter, soprano, 65; Lord Ingrow, former Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire, 81; Miss Joan Jefferson (Lady Appleyard), former Headmistress, St Swithun's School, Winchester, 52; Mr Jack Lynch, former prime minister of the Irish Republic, 81; Mr Edward McMillan-Scott, MEE, 49; Sir Patrick Nairne, former Master, St Catherine's College, Oxford, 77; Sir Kenneth Newman, former Commissioner, Metropolitan Police, 72; Maj-Gen Kenneth Perkins, 72; Mr Oscar Peterson, jazz pianist, 78; Sir Oliver Poplewell, High Court judge, 71; Professor Sir Leon Radzinowicz, criminologist, 92; Lady Jean Rankin, Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen Mother, 93; Mr Jack Russell, cricketer, 35; Sir Michael Rutten, child psychiatrist, 65; Air Vice-Marshal John de Milt Seerne, Extra Equerry to the Queen, 73; Lord Steyn, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, 66; Mr Robert Syme MP, 42; Sir Stephen Tumim, President elect, Unilever, 68; Sir Kenneth Warren, engineering consultant, 72; Air Vice-Marshal Sir William Wratten, 55.

TOMORROW: Mr David Beaumont, High Commissioner to Botswana, 56; Mr Bruce Beresford, film director, 58; Miss Ann Blyth, actress, 70; The Right Rev Ronald Bowly, former Bishop of Southwark, 72; The Most Rev Sean Brady, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, 55; Miss

Ann Chant, chief executive, Child Support Agency, 53; Sir Philip Dowson, architect, president, Royal Academy, 74; Mr George Galloway MP, 44; Lord Gilmore of Thamefield, former Head of the Diplomatic Service, 64; Miss Eydie Gorme, singer, 66; Miss Katharine Hammatt, fashion designer, 51; Mr Trevor McDonald, television news presenter, 59; Madonna (Louise Vernon Ciccone), rock singer, 40; Sir Donald Macfie, former diplomat, 76; Mr Thomas Maschler, publisher, Jonathan Cape Children's Books, 65; Mr Arthur Walsh, chairman, National Telecommunications, 72; Sir Jack Wellings, former chairman, the 600 Group, 81; Mr Franz Welser-Most, music director, the London Philharmonic, 38; Professor Brian Woledge, Emeritus Professor of French Language and Literature, London University, 94.

ON THIS DAY: nearly 500 French ships were destroyed by the Duke of Bedford at Harfleur, 1416; the Panama Canal was opened officially, 1914; India became independent, 1947; Pakistan, having separated from India, became independent, 1947; the republic of (South) Korea was proclaimed, 1948; the French Congo became independent, 1960; Bahrain became independent, 1971.

ON THIS DAY: nearly 500 French ships were destroyed by the Duke of Bedford at Harfleur, 1416; the Panama Canal was opened officially, 1914; India became independent, 1947; the republic of (South) Korea was proclaimed, 1948; the French Congo became independent, 1960; Bahrain became independent, 1971.

Today is the anniversary of

VJ Day, 1945, and the Feast

Day of the Assumption of the

Virgin Mary, St Arnulph of

Soissons and St Tarsius.

ANNIVERSARIES

TOMORROW: Births: Jean de La Bruyère, essayist and moralist, 1642; Jeremy Taylor, theologian, baptised 1613; Napoleon Bonaparte, French Emperor, 1769; Sir Walter Scott, novelist, 1771; Thomas De Quincey, essayist and critic, 1785; Sir Henry James Sumner Maine, lawyer and historian, 1822; Walter Crane, painter and illustrator, 1845; Walter Page Hines, editor and ambassador, 1855; James Keir Hardie, Labour Party veteran, 1856; Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, composer, 1875; Ethel Barrymore (Ethel Mae Blythe), actress, 1879; Sir Peter Henry Buck (Te Rangi Hiroa), Maori anthropologist and politician, 1880; Edna Ferber, novelist and playwright, 1887; Thomas Edward Lawrence, 1888; Bela Lugosi, 1904.

Deaths: Andrew Marvell, poet, 1678; Matthew Tindal, writer, 1733; Samakrishna (Gadadhar Chatterji), Hindu mystic, 1886; Robert Wilhelm Bunsen, chemist and inventor, 1899; George Herman "Babe" Ruth, baseball player, 1948; Margaret Mumford Mitchell, novelist, author of *Gone With the Wind*, 1949; Louis Jouvet, actor and director, 1951; Bela Lugosi, 1904.

(Bela Blasko), actor, 1956; Elvis Aaron Presley, singer, 1977; Stewart Granger, (James LaBlanche Stewart), actor, 1993.

On this day: Henry VIII and his army defeated the French at Guinegate in the Battle of the Spurs, 1513; during Napoleon's invasion of Russia, the Battle of Smolensk began, 1812; the Peterloo Massacre took place at St Peter's Field, Manchester, 1819; the trial of Queen Caroline, for adultery, began, 1820; the Republic of Bolivian was proclaimed, 1825; Wagner's opera *Siegfried* was first performed, Bayreuth, 1876; the Tate Gallery, London, was opened, 1909; following heavy thunderstorms, flooding brought devastation to Lynton, Devonshire, 1952; Cyprus became an independent republic, 1960; Britain applied for membership of the EEC, 1961; after taking control of most of Northern Cyprus, Turkish forces called a ceasefire, 1974.

Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Armel, St Arcasius and St Stephen of Hungary.

LECTURES

TODAY: National Gallery: Tom Parsons, "Carpets (ill): Lotto, *Portrait of Giovannina della Voce and his Family*", 12pm; Victoria and Albert Museum: Katharine Hugh, "Secular Imagery in Medieval Art", 2pm; Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Variations on Past Paintings", 1pm; British Museum: George Hart, "Egypt and the Levant from the Amarna Letters", 11.30am.

TOMORROW: Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Sculptors' Avoidance of Imitative Colour", 2.30pm.

OUR PUBLIC stories are mostly about death: the Princess of Wales, Louise Woodward, Frederick West; famine, AIDS, the Gulf War. Even where an issue has much wider social implications, we dramatise it by highlighting the deaths of individuals: drug addiction, BSE, road traffic, Third World debt. That is curious, because, unlike most of our ancestors, we talk very little about what death means. We have no settled, collective view on whether death is the end or the beginning; separation or reunion; oblivion, hell or heaven; terrifying destruction or a part of nature. More to the point, we become embarrassed and inarticulate if we ever discuss our fears and hopes.

Throughout history, we have told one another stories about the meaning of death. The Christian story of creation, incarnation and resurrection gives death its meaning by setting it in the context of life: Christ's resurrection affected not only Christ – it offers the hope of life to all humanity. And so Christians have concentrated over the centuries on those human stories that explain death in terms of life.

The death of Jesus's mother, Mary, has focused Christian reflection. The New Testament tells nothing of her end; and the vacuum left by Scripture was filled by speculation and storytelling. Early Christians were also puzzled by the disappearance of her body: for the bodily remains of other important saints had been located and were revered. Some Christians, like Ephiphanus, the fourth-century bishop of Salamis, were cautious: "Nobody knows anything about what happened to her in the end." Others told elaborate and imaginative tales: in one, Mary is carried bodily from her tomb into Paradise on a chariot surrounded by angels and accompanied by Moses, Enoch, Elijah and Christ. Mary is honoured because of the basic facts of her motherhood: through her Son of God took flesh and became a human being. She bore him, suckled him, brought him up and loved him as a mother. His flesh was her flesh. Consequently, two things are important: on the physical level, her body; on the personal level, the mutual affection of mother and son. These two themes are played in a thousand variations through Christian art and music, poetry and prose. It is unsurprising that, when Christians explored what had happened to Mary after her death, they insisted upon her physical presence, and her closeness to her son.

Mary was exceptional because she was the mother of Christ. But she was also a human being; and ideas about her reflect beliefs about human life as a whole. It makes sense to believe that Mary is present bodily with her son if we hope for something similar ourselves: to be physically present to one another in affection and friendship. We can only imagine what resurrected bodies, "spiritual bodies", as St Paul calls them, could be like. But we can say that, if God is to transform human beings after death, he will preserve their humanity; and that the essence of humanity is presence and friendship.

Such a doctrine will seem shockingly precise in our age of fluid and tangled uncertainties. It may serve at least to sharpen the question: what matters about death? Consequently, it may force us to ask what matters about life? For, if we recognise that the essence of humanity is physical presence and shared friendship, we may understand this life more clearly.

We will still shudder at the dramatic murders. But we will also work to avoid the everyday, collective abuses of human flesh and human friendship in which we all collude: abortion, homelessness, environmental destruction, hunger and war. We will still honour a princess with a gift for affection. But we will also acknowledge more openly a million unseen acts of warmth and generosity, loyalty and courage, in families, in schools, in hospitals, in local neighbourhoods.

If we clarify why death matters, we will clarify why life matters. Our beliefs about Mary, like our beliefs about Diana, can tell us a lot about ourselves.

A life lived without art is a half-life or no life at all

IT IS a most curious time for the arts, one of maximum exposure and blag - as you might expect from the hedonistic, pre-millennial mood - but simultaneously one of extreme uncertainty and neurosis - which I suppose you might expect from the fatalistic pre-millennial mood.

The sense is of a need to keep up the output, to keep firing on all systems, to maintain the momentum, without any strong notion of why. "We must maintain the arts," cry all civilised commentators. "We owe it to ourselves, to our self-respect."

But these cries have the forlorn quality of the Lambeth Conference's resolution to return to traditional morality: the empty

pews no doubt glow with self-righteousness, but the rest of the world goes merrily on its wicked way. So with the arts. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," the world says. "Now let's check out that new restaurant, do some E, go dancing, sit on the pavement and watch the pretty boys and girls."

In my lifetime as a performer and a member of the audience I have passed through several stages in the evolution of the image of the arts, from the kind of plump assurance of the late Fifties, to the explosion into relevance of the Sixties; the idealism which lay behind the creation of the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company and the civic theatre movement; the rise of the

SIMON CALLOW



militant fringe, revolutionary both in its politics and its aesthetics; the streamlining and glamorisation of the museums and galleries; the death or retirement of the generation of great musicians whose concerts were almost religious events and their replacement with non-threatening chaps with flawless techniques and wonderful cheekbones; the steady journey down-market of radio, the growth and then gradual abandonment of serious television arts coverage. It has, on the whole, been a gloomy journey.

Undoubtedly the glory days were the Sixties, when it appeared that art, along with education and European travel, was no longer going to be the preserve of the swells but would be opened out to the population at large, who would now, finally, fully come alive to the inspiring and bumbling reality of being human.

It is almost with disbelief that I think back to my time at drama school, a particularly visionary organisation called the Drama Centre, and to the sense we all

had that we were being trained to be an elite corps, the storm-troopers of culture, bringing the good news about the agony and the ecstasy of the human condition. We had no specific agenda, no political affiliation, but we conceived of art as being fundamentally radical, a shock to the system, provoking laughter or tears, but always provoking.

We emerged from our training to the sobering realities of the profession, but nonetheless we were able to pursue our vision in the repertoires, in theatre, in education, at the National and at the RSC, all of which had, in their different ways, similar agendas. We were even able to pursue these dreams on television, where national life

was being closely scrutinised in plays which threw up archetypes of modern life: Alf Garnett, *Cathy Come Home*, the desperately dysfunctional family of *Tulking to a Stranger*.

What we were doing seemed to matter. I am sure that it was as true of my contemporaries as it was of me that we had little ambition in the sense of wanting fame or money; what counted for us was that we were making a significant contribution.

It was not long after I joined the acting profession, exactly 25 years ago, that the brave new world began to crumble. The repertoires started to close down and television embarked on the ratings wars.

Why? How? The factors are

complex, and no doubt I shall frequently be returning to them on this page. The essential truth is that the arts are widely considered to be dispensable.

The best that any of us can say now is what David Hare said in his horribly telling lament, filled with such ironic despair: "I know that the theatre is a backwater, but it is the only place that I want to work and so I shall devote myself to it for the rest of my days."

There may be those of us who became artists at the equivalent of pavement buskers. I don't know any. The onus is on us to show that a life lived without art is a half-life or no life at all. Time is running out, faster than any of us know.

Eight out of ten British productions send John Godber of the Hull Truck Theatre Company to sleep, he says. But going to the theatre is still a special event, insists Paul Taylor

Is our theatre really boring?

John Godber has claimed that eight out of 10 theatre productions are tedious. Given the ubiquity of his own work he hit the No. 3 spot, trailing after only Shakespeare and Alan Ayckbourn, in the 1993 most performed playwrights league, one first thought was that this is a bit like Bill Gates arguing that eight out of 10 computer systems are dodgy. But it seems that Godber does not put himself above his own strictures and, in any case, was speaking in the context of the Edinburgh Fringe, where, to find two out of 10 out-dodgy productions would be a cause for celebration.

Being disappointed by theatre is as much a national habit as continuing to create theatre that is lively and challenging. That theatre can let you down particularly badly is the corollary of the fact that when it works and is uplifting, it is matchlessly so. "I want to go to the theatre and come out with the same feeling I had after England played Argentina in the World Cup," says Godber. Not a modest demand, and one more likely to be met, you'd have thought, by the communal quasi-religious experience of Greek tragedy than by any of the Hull Truck Company's own efforts. His remark is indicative of the higher, sometimes unreasonable, requirements people make of theatre than of lower-brow, non-live art forms.

I think Godber's diagnosis is unduly gloomy. Yes, you have to wade through a lot of dross. But theatre regularly gives heartening proof that it continues to be the genre



John Godber: being sent to sleep by British theatre

where writers can take the greatest risks, whether this be in the complexity and profundity of the ideas explored (plays like Michael Frayn's *Copenhagen* and Tom Stoppard's *Invention of Love* could not have originated on film or television) or in the uncompromising explicitness of the emotional undressing (as in Patrick Marber's *Closer* and Mark Ravenhill's *Shopping and Fucking*).

Theatre continues to be the genre where an audience has the strongest sense of itself as a community and of its moment-by-moment effect on the performance. Say what you like about the quality of an

average production at Shakespeare's Globe, but the architecture of the place gives the audience a starring role. You watch the play and watch yourself watching it. And theatre continues to be the genre that makes the most potent use of site-specific atmospheres. Moving away from conventional auditoria to the ruined splendour of the defunct St Pancras Hotel, or the ghostly shell of Wilton's Music Hall, productions by Deborah Warner have stirringlly tapped into the *genius loci*.

Of course, as a theatre critic with vested interest, I would say all of this, wouldn't I? Alan Bennett, in

his *Diaries*, takes Steven Berkoff to task for saying that critics are like worn-out old tarts. "If only they were," writes Bennett, "the theatre would be in a better state. In fact, critics are much more like dizzy girls out for the evening, happy to be taken in by any plausible rogue who will flatter their silly heads while knowing roughly the whereabouts of their private parts."

Well, critics as a critic whose private parts often remain unmetested, I still have to say that I believe Godber underestimates the ratio of theatrical successes to duds.

"The middle-classes," asserts

Godber, "are going to the video shop and getting their bottle of Oxford Landing and staying at home as much as the working classes are."

It's arguable that to rouse people from that kind of passivity, theatre has to make itself as adventurous as possible. Theatre should be a special event, but too many people understand this to mean a show with crudely lavish production values that let you see where all your ticket money has gone. A special event is not an infinitely clonable Andrew Lloyd Webber type musical. It's the antithesis of that.

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VIEWS FROM CENTRE STAGE

Sir Peter Hall

IT IS a nice little silly season joke that John Godber has made. I think he should go to the theatre more often - he says he hasn't been to the National for 10 years. But it is very flattering to the theatre that it has had so much coverage. For this so-called minority art, the number of column inches is wonderful.

As for eight out of 10 plays being dull, that's nonsense, and for every bad play there is bad film and a bad TV programme, and plenty of bad music too. You need a bit of bad for the good to stand out, though I think the record of the theatre in the last 50

years has been an absolute Golden Age. We've got well over 20 world-ranking playwrights, more than any other country, and no one can match up to us.

As far as the venues go, I'd much rather go to the National than to a Broadway theatre. Over there, you have to go out onto the pavement in the snow at interval and you can't get a drink. I believe we still have the best theatre and the best theatre ecology in the world, in spite of all that Margaret Thatcher did to wreck it. It is inevitable when you are good at something that nutters like John Godber will say you are not. But we need these nutters. It's very

good that we have all this discussion. I actually think he is rather good.

Philip Howard, artistic director of the Traverse Theatre Company

I THOUGHT it was very disappointing. He was very dismissive about Mark Ravenhill's play, which he admits to not having seen, only read. As a playwright, he should know better than to condemn it on a reading. It is a wonderful play and a very fine production. I am a great admirer of John Godber's work, and I think he does himself no favours bracketing himself in the populist vein, with everyone else left as

the snobs. It is a brave man who thinks they are so sure about what an audience wants. There is a danger that to be so sure of what they want and to equate it with what they can relate to can lead to patronising your audience, not that be personally is guilty of this. There is a whole world which writers create, which audiences get seduced into, and it may not be the one they recognise from the classroom or the cocktail bar or the ski slopes. Audiences in Britain are no less happy with playwrights imagined worlds. Staying in to watch a video says more about John Godber than about the theatre.

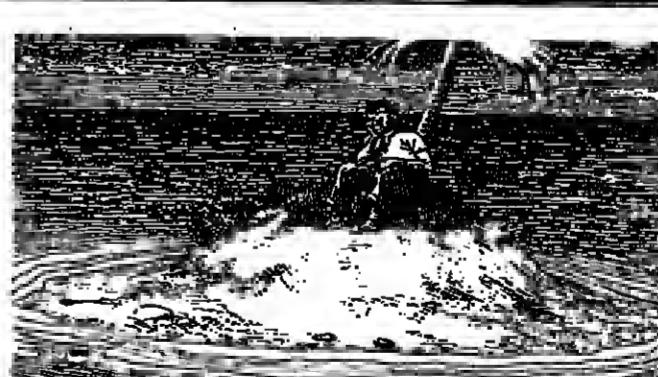
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CASTAWAY JOKES have been going since the time of Calypso, though it has taken years to agree on the ground rules. The convention that the island should fit more or less within the frame is a relatively recent one. Victorian islanders were as big as Borneo.

Stan Terry (*Punch*, 1933) had the measure of the island, but chose to depict every ripple and pebble within a 20-mile radius. Today, this clutter is taken for granted, giving the artist more space for the idea, which in the Holte (*Trevor Horder*) cartoon is madly brilliant. Terry used a sea of ink to emphasise his castaway's isolation, but he couldn't look as lonely as Ursula.

CLASSIC CARTOONS

MARTIN PLIMMER ON DESERT ISLANDS



Castaway (collapsing). "THE WORST OF THIS PLACE IS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO AT THE WEEK-END."



"Ursula Andress! What brings you to these shores?"

It's just the drugs talking

THE WEEK ON RADIO

REVIEWED BY ROBERT HANKS

of the policemen asked, by way of clarification. At this point, you could almost hear the crackle and pop of disused synapses snapping back into life. Eventually the victim came up with a suitably neutral formula: "Allegedly," he said, before stumbling off into the night.

Pickford's thesis, announced at the beginning of the series, is that studying how a society deals with crime can reveal deep truths about that society. The first programme was packed with examples, short on conclusions; last night's second programme, oo bow prison systems operate in different countries, started to draw some of the threads together. In Britain, we learned, punish-

ment is intimately involved with sexual puritanism - in South America, conjugal visits are positively encouraged as a way of maintaining the family. Family structures are taken less seriously here, as Pickford demonstrated in a troubling interview with a woman prisoner who had been separated from her baby nine hours after birth and had ended up shortly afterwards in a psychiatric ward.

Another, possibly related, quirk of the British system is the underwear: apparently, regulation-issue pants are absolutely enormous. The reason for this may have been unwittingly touched on by an inmate discussing why convicts are given serial numbers: "It's to make you feel very small, powerless."

Still, Crime and Punishment hasn't lived up to the title's Dostoevskian promise. As an assemblage of anecdotes and incidents, it is ambitious and intriguing - in Japan,

prisoners are forbidden to

make eye contact with guards;

in Peru, guards patrol prison

perimeters while inmates run

the cell blocks for profit. Pick-

ford's attempts at depth have

not been impressive, however.

"Every prison is the same and

every prison is different," he intoned solemnly at one point.

Later, he tried a variation:

"Every prison is different, every prison is the same."

It still sounded like a cliché.

You can learn much about a

country from the way people

gamble. Place Your Bets

(Radio 5 Live, Sunday) is a

series about the state of

gambling in Britain, full of eye-

popping statistics: when you

count in the wins that get

recycled as new bets, we are

now betting £40bn a year, more

than Ireland's total GNP; 90 per

cent of us have done the

National Lottery; 60 per cent do it

every week. So, we are greedy,

lazy and have no grasp of prob-

ability. We ought to be locked up

for our own safety.

The elements in *The Avengers* that succeed are few, but they are notable for their precise evocation of the original series' naive surrealism. It was a splendid idea to have the villain, August De Wynter (Sean Connery) address a committee of stooges who, in an effort to preserve their anonymity from each other, are all dressed in gaily coloured teddy-bear suits. It may be the only time in the picture that form, content and direction converge harmoniously - but the clash between the rotund teddies and the

sharp, vertical lines of the hi-tech office tower where they are assembled generates comic sparks that tickle the eye.

Jeremiah Chechik may have no idea about how to pace a film or direct actors, but he can conjure up a blissful image - the blazing red telephone box standing on the edge of a country garden: the giant rack of umbrellas where only the polished wooden handles are visible, crooked and gleaming like tusks and antlers.

And there is an odd excerpt of security camera footage shot in silent-era-style jerky monochrome, making Thurman resemble Louise Brooks in *Pandora's Box*.

What is hardest of all to penetrate is the arch self-consciousness of the whole enterprise, which curbs any chance of engagement at source. Nineties audiences are accustomed to imbibing a heavy side-order of irony with their cinematic fast food, but *The Avengers* can provide neither the cheap buzz of the modern action movie, nor an intelligent deconstruction of the same.

What you get from *The Avengers* is a crushing greyness. If Steed and Peel are not especially bothered by poisoned darts, evil doppelgangers or a swarm of mechanical armoured wasps, why should we?

James Bond came equipped with more puns than guns, but he usually waited until after he had disabled his opponent to dispense one, and at least he had the decency to break out in a sweat when the villain strapped him to Goldfinger's torture table.

On general release

THE DRUGS debates rages on

In Thursday's *Front Row* (Radio 4), Mark Lawson was

talking to Ken Kesey about

drugs and the Sixties. Kesey

was in favour of both, but

particularly the drugs. "Drugs

don't kill," he said. "Kids in cars

kill. Guns kill. Bombs kill... If

OJ had been smoking a joint

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL '98

Despite having written it I can't remember the cues

FESTIVAL DIARY



LIZ LOCHEAD

THE FIRST Thursday night of the Fringe, and it's the kind of night school weather I associate with the dog days of the Last Week – the time after the bank holiday when all the talent-spotters are away to London, and Edinburgh suddenly goes autumnal.

Slobhan Redmond and I, 13 August, at 9.30pm, on a dark and blustery night, are pacing the

railings of Queen Street Gardens, just opposite the BBC, running through the opening lines of *Perfect Days*, my new play for the Traverse, which we are just about to perform live before an audience for Radio Scotland's *Usual Suspects* cabaret. The two-and-a-half-minutes-plus duration of Barb Marshall's – Slobhan's – opening

trade is interrupted only by the lines "Men, eh? What a total wanker", and "Mental" by Alice her friend, but tonight we don't have Alice. Anne Kidd, the actress playing her, is having her first day off for three weeks and seven banal words are hardly worth a 100-mile round trip for. So I can do them. If I can remember where exactly I have

to spit out these lowly injections. Despite having written it I can't seem to remember the cues...

I have been spending as much time as possible of week one at home in Glasgow, putting the final polish to the next one, *Britannia Rules*, which we start rehearsing for post-Festival next Monday at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, two days after the

First Night proper of *Perfect Days* round the corner at the Traverse. *Perfect Days* seems – from my point of view if not from the actors' or the director's – to be up and running already though, after four previews and an audience response beyond my wildest hopes or dreams. Gay boys in their twenties, and Americans, and wee old ladies in

hats, have been coming up to us in the street and telling us they liked it. Not just 39-year-old Glaswegian women, with the ticking biological clocks.

All I really care about the reviewers is that they don't give the story away. New plays only have that one measly advantage over a Shakespeare or a Brecht. And will my sister like it?

David Baddiel and Rob Who?

Rob Newman has been out of the limelight since he broke up with his more famous stand-up partner. But now his profile is rising again. Interview by James Rampton

FAME IS a fair-weather friend. A couple of years out of the headlines, and it won't nod at you in the street anymore. It won't even return your phone calls.

Rob Newman has been finding that out the hard way, recently. At the height of his celebrity and the "comedy is the new rock'n'roll" hype in 1993, he and his then double-act partner, David Baddiel, were the Mick Jagger and Keith Richards of stand-up, the only comedians ever to fill the 12,000-seat Wembley Arena.

In a blizzard of publicity they split up the very next day. And while Baddiel went storming on to a hit TV show (*Fantasy Football*), novel (*Time for Bed*) and single ("Three Lions"), Newman did a pretty good impression of Lord Lucan.

But he is now able to joke about his invisible profile of the past few years. "The other day they wouldn't let me into my own gig at the Town and Country in Leeds because they didn't know who I was. Instead of saying something cool like: 'Well, let's see if the show happens, then, I punched the wall in a fit of pique and spent the next two hours in A & E. I'm a southern poofie, so it felt quite rock'n'roll.'

Recently I've also gone to picket-lines. It's meant to be a big confidence boost for them, but it isn't if they don't know who you are. On another occasion, I went along to present a petition about student grants, and I was introduced to Tony Benn. He turned his back on me as if to say, 'Where are the famous people? Where's Paul Weller?'

If it's any consolation, it looks like Newman will soon be recognisable again to Tony Benn – and others. A much-trumpeted return to the live

stage at the Edinburgh Festival this week will be followed next month by a novel, *Manners*, and a full-scale national tour in the autumn.

As he down coffee and Marboro Lights with equal alacrity in a central London cafe, Newman's brown eyes twinkle with excitement at the prospect. He seems refreshed by his spell out of the limelight; indeed, he thinks it might have even been good for his career.

"Because you've been away, you become a more interesting person than you really are. You have a mystique you don't deserve: 'Ooo, what's he been doing?'

He certainly doesn't regret going all Greta Garbo on us. "I got off the treadmill because you can feel like you're losing your soul. I had no time to read; I need to read like some people need to go fishing or have sex.

I didn't want to be one of those blokes talking endlessly about the novel in the top drawer."

Many people would sell their grannies with their grandads thrown in as a special offer to appear on telly, but the magic rectangle lost its allure for Newman, who was involved in such well-regarded BBC2 programmes as *The Mary Whitehouse Experience* and *Newman and Baddiel in Pieces*.

"If you're on telly, you can't mix that with writing, because then you're not experiencing life as a normal person. Also, I'm not comfortable on TV. They treat you like an idiot. I'm 34 and they say to you: 'You've got an hour to go, you're not going to go away, are you?' Like I'm going to wander around Wood Green Shopping Centre.

Like the spontaneity of live comedy. The audience feel they've been part of a show rather than just

watching it. If something happens on the spur of the moment on telly, they say: 'That was funny, but your left shoulder was out of the frame. Do it again.'

Live, Newman can still do the business. He has a fine line in imaginative routines. For instance, he expresses his delight that the Canadian Olympic snowboarder was re-awarded his gold medal after testing positive for marijuana. What possible advantage could dope give you in the competition, he wonders, "unless someone at the other end was holding up a large packet of chocolate Hobnobs, or the finishing line was by an all-night garage".

But he is not above discussing serious topics on stage; last year he was involved in campaigning for the Liverpool dockers and the Magnet kitchen workers.

"I don't just talk about the difference between cats and dogs and *Star Trek*. I'm just being contrary, though," he smiles. "Now there are so many stand-ups in jeans being *ladish* that I'll come on and bore the audience rigid talking about feminism and the international capitalist conspiracy."

But what really marks Newman out as a stand-up is his sense of vulnerability. "My favourite comedians are vulnerable – people like young Steptoe and Stan Laurel. I've tried to be cocksure like Dennis Leary, but it's just not me. The audience can relate to you better if they think: 'Oh, it's not just me who is being stung and doesn't quite know what's going on.'

I hate that sneery, cynical tone you get with so many stand-ups: self-possessed geezers talking about how stupid everyone else is. It's that loaded thing of being wised up and



Rob Newman: I got off the treadmill because you can feel like you're losing your soul'

one step ahead. My constituency is three steps behind."

Newman is now mature enough to admit to mistakes in the past. He concedes that "I rushed my first novel *Independence Day*. There were the bones of a good book

there, but it was more like a lot of short stories than a novel."

For all that, he reckons many critics were not attacking the book itself, but the fact that he was a comedian who had had the temerity to write a novel. The interview-

ers were like Soviet commissars: [adopts Bond villain-style Russian accent] "You've had a job in the ministry of parks, now you want to work in the ministry of transport – why?"

He can now look back on the hysteria that engulfed Newman and

Baddiel with amused detachment. "It all felt like it was happening to someone else. It was just me, David and the dope smoking lighting guy sitting in a van together; it never felt like a maelstrom. We never moved in celeb circles. Alison Moyet came to one of our gigs. We were very excited. After the show, we even brushed our hair, but she never came backstage."

Despite reports of acrimony of Gallagher brother proportions, Newman maintains that he and Baddiel parted on "really, really good terms".

"Nice things were said. When we hump into each other now, we get on very well. We don't hang out, but it's really warm."

He even claims to like *Fantasy Football*. "I don't watch much telly, but the couple I've seen have been really good. I'm proud for him. After working with me, he deserves all the nice things that can happen to him. He's like someone who's lived in a Stalinist state suddenly experiencing liberation. I'm glad he's not in an Essex sanatorium rocking back and forth repeating the words: 'I only wanted to change one line in the show.' He's suffered enough."

While Baddiel has indubitably made it, Newman knows he's still got it all to prove. "I like those bands like Blue Nile or Prefab Sprout who go away for a few years and then come back with something brilliant. I've shown that I can do the going away for a few years hit. It's the second half I've got to work on."

Rob Newman is at the Edinburgh Suite, Assembly, Edinburgh (0131-226 2128) until 31 Aug. His novel, *Manners*, is published next month.

FESTIVAL EYE

Mr Nice goes up in smoke

THEATRE

HOWARD MARKS
THE PLEASANCE

WHEN TWO members of the audience walked on stage to borrow Howard Marks's bong and smoke some marijuana with it, the audience didn't applaud. In fact nobody seemed to notice. The end-of-evening Q&A session simply continued as if nothing was happening.

The show itself is a combination of anecdotes and readings from Marks's autobiography, *Mr Nice*. We are guided through the professional life of one of the world's biggest-ever dope dealers, from his first, small deal in an Irish village to multi-million-dollar exchanges across the globe. As Marks

porting five tons of hashish into Scotland in the early Eighties, Marks paid a Mexican government official \$50,000 to testify at his trial. "He came along and told the court he couldn't reveal any specific government details, such as the identity of Mexican agents. There must have been a couple of smokers sitting on the jury, because I walked free." According to Mr Nice, "this is my greatest achievement. I've never even been to Mexico, for God's sake!" For Marks, you feel, this was all just a game.

ALEX HAYES

reveals the details of his dealings, and you discover how much money he made and how good a life he led, you sit and listen, almost dispassionately. There is no jealousy, no envy. Instead you marvel at his ability to make the most of the hand he's dealt, whatever the circumstances.

When caught red-handed for im-

Verbal assault and battery

THEATRE

CRAVE
TRAVERSE THEATRE

headed nonsense. Although there's not a torture in sight in this, that doesn't make for any easier viewing than *Blasted*, *Cleansed* or the Seneca update *Phaedra's Love*.

The set-up resembles some kind of daytime TV chat show: two men and two women walk on and begin speaking. They are not introduced, although they are named after let-

ters of the alphabet. At first, they appear not to know one another, but gradually details emerge.

There are points when the exchanges seem to indicate mutual understanding, moments when each is in his or her own shell. Kane's extraordinary poetry of desire is delivered with anything from playfulness and indifference to blank despair. Crave can be cringe-making but it can be exhilarating, too. Above all, it confirms Kane as a uniquely experimental voice.

Runs until 5 Sept (0131-226 1403)

DOMINIC CAVENDISH

10AM

ART
10.00-5.30pm The End of an Age – Paul Graham. Portraits in late-night haunts. Portfolios. Royal Mile Primary School (venue 42), 43 Candlemaker Row (226 1911). Price £1.50 (75 pence). To 29 Aug.

11AM

THEATRE
11.30-1.00 A Soldier's Song. One Paratrooper remembers the Falklands. Assembly Rooms (venue 31), 54 George Street (226 2428). Price £8.90 (£7.80). To 5 Sept (not 16, 17, 26 Aug).

12 NOON

THEATRE
12.30-2.00 Crave. Startlingly elegant new comedy. Traverse Theatre, (venue 15), Cambridge Street (226 1904). Price £6 (£4). To 5 Sept (not 17, 24, 31 Aug).

1PM

THEATRE
1.30-2.30 Shylock. A lucid and passionate evocation of Shakespeare's play. Assembly Rooms (venue 31), 54 George Street (226 2428). Price £8 (£7). To 5 Sept (not 16, 18, 28 Aug).

2PM

CHILDREN
2.00-2.55 Rumpelstiltskin. Royal Mile Primary School (venue 58), Canongate. Price £3 (£2.50). 15, 17, 22, 23 Aug.

3PM

DANCE
3.30-4.30 A Moovin' and a Groovin'. A show of movement, rhythm and rhyme, plus a chance to learn to dance. Graffiti (venue 90), Broughton Street (557 8330). Price £4.50 (£3.50). 15-17, 19-28, 31 Aug.

4PM

COMEDY
4.30-5.20 Ben Moor – My Last Week With Modiolia. A cynical twenty-something junior plastic surgeon falls in love with an 88-year-old woman his "anti-Lolita". Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (556 6550). Price £8.50 (£7.50). To 31 Aug (not 18).

THEATRE
4.30-6pm Love Upon the Throne. Gag-packed comedy about Charles and Diana. Assembly Rooms (venue 31), 54 George Street (226 2428). Price £8.50-9.50 (£7.50). To 5 Sept (not 17, 24, 31 Aug).

5PM

THEATRE
5.45-7.15 Kill the Old Torture their Young. Sparse understated dialogue. Traverse Theatre (venue 15), Cambridge Street (226 1904). Price £12 (£11). To 5 Sept (not 17, 24).

6PM

COMEDY
6.15-7.15 The Mighty Boosh A must-see show. Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (556 6550). Price £8 (£7). To 31 Aug.

7PM

MUSIC
7.40-9.20 Fiddling Around on the Fringe. Some of the Highland's best belladairs and fiddlers. Randolph Studio (venue 55), Inst. Franscios d'Ecosses, 13 Randolph Cres. (225 5366). Price £6 (£4). To 16 Aug.

8PM

MUSIC
8.00-11.00 Spiritualised/Steve Martland (support Ben Neill). Two of the most original contemporary musical sounds. The Queen's Hall (venue 72), Clerk Street (226 6522). Price £7 (£5). To 18 Aug.

9PM

COMEDY
9.00-10.00 Jason Byrne: Camping on the Moon. A court jester for the millennium. Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (556 6550). Price £7.50 (£6.50). To 31 Aug (not 18).

10PM

THEATRE
10.15-11.15 The League Against Tedium. Insults, megalomaniac pronouncements and riddles from comedy's überstand-up boffin. Pleasance (venue 33), 60 The Pleasance (556 6550). Price £4 (£3). To 31 Aug (not 25).

11PM

THEATRE
10.05-11.25 The Liberty of Indifference. A spectacle of moral corruption, and definitely one of the festival's must-see comedies. Hill Street Theatre (venue 41), 19 Hill Street (226 6522). Price £7 (£5). To 18 Aug.

12 MIDNIGHT

MUSIC
12.00-3.00 Club Graffiti. Fridays, Midnight Blue; Saturdays, Lizard Lounge. Graffiti (venue 90), corner of Broughton and East London streets (557 8330). Price £3-£7 (£5-6).

TICKET OFFERS

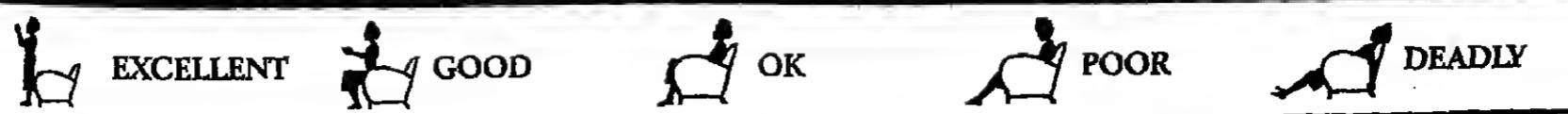
TICKET OFFERS – Take today's *Independent* to these shows:

The Pleasance (venue 33):
10 pairs of tickets for the first 10 at the box office.

+4.35pm: *Plackets and Pockets*
Young Pleasance in a wicked restoration romp with real women behaving really

THE WEEK IN REVIEW

BY FIONA STURGES



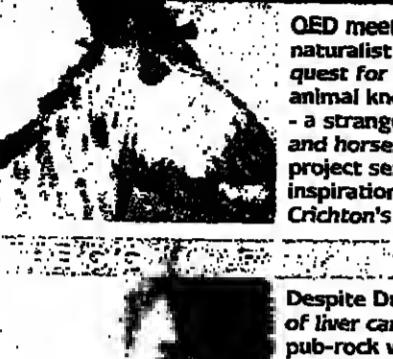
OVERVIEW

THE FILMS GANG RELATED



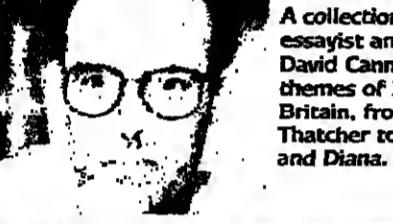
The last of the Tupac Shakur epitaphs, Jim Kouf's tongue-in-cheek cop-drama sees the gangsta rapper team up with fellow cop James Belushi as they frame an alcoholic tramp for a murder they committed.

THE PROGRAMME QUEST FOR QUAGGA



OED meets follows naturalist Reinhold Rau's quest for the extinct animal known as a quagga - a strange hybrid of zebra and horse. Reinhold's project served as inspiration for Michael Crichton's *Jurassic Park*.

THE BOOK HISTORY IN OUR TIME



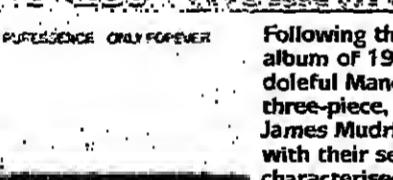
A collection of articles by essayist and historian David Cannadine on themes of 20th century Britain, from Churchill and Thatcher to Edward VIII and Diana.

THE COMEDIAN BEN MOOR



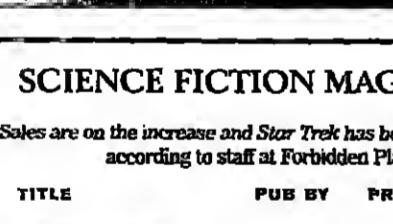
My Last Week With Modo is a gentle tale of boy meets girl, in which a cynical twenty-something junior plastic surgeon, who believes in fairies, falls in love with an 88-year-old woman, his 'anti-Lolita'.

THE ALBUM PURESSENCE



A strikingly eclectic assortment of short films and small features from France at London's Institute of Contemporary Art by five gay film makers: Francois Ozon and Bruno Roland.

THE ALBUM PURESSENCE

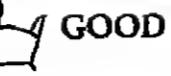


Following their eponymous album of 1996, this doleful Manchester three-piece, fronted by James Mudroch, arrive with their second album, characterised by stadium-rock guitars and dramatic melodic intervals.

EXCELLENT



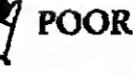
GOOD



OK



POOR



DEADLY



CRITICAL VIEW

"It glistens from the tantalising, oily sheen of pure trash" reported Ryan Gilbey. "What pleasures it offers are largely derived from the assorted bents, U-turns and blind alleys taken by the film's writer-director." "The plot (has) the air of a Laurel and Hardy narrative let loose in the inner city" chuckled *The Spectator* while the *Daily Mail* informed "A superior script that has a trace of Tarantino about it..."

continuing "the relentlessly bad language and gratuitously voyeuristic strip-club scenes become wearisome". *The Big Issue* found it "merits a short footnote in history as the swansong movie role for a gunned-down Tupac Shakur... it remains an above-par farce through its familiar mean-streets territory."

Belushi and Shakur give creditable performances as cops-gone-bad, though Kouf's gangland farce offers little moral comment and fails to rise above the clichés of its genre.

On view at selected cinemas through the country from yesterday, 111 minutes. Cert 15. This is the last chance to see Shakur on the big screen, but you can see him with Tim Roth in the much-acclaimed gangster flick 'Gridlock'd', available now on video.

"The quagga was described as 'one of Africa's most graceful animals' and a 'gentle creature', but how reliable are these descriptions?" asked Thomas Sutcliffe. "In truth, both phrases are posthumous honoriac, the sort of attributes we sentimentally ascribe to beasts we have extinguished in order to make ourselves feel wickeder than we are." "As happy as most of us are that they're not doing a

Frankenstein, in terms of the programme, it's an anti-climax" stated *Time Out*. "The facts of the matter are nothing like as dramatic as the book or Spielberg's movie" complained *The Mirror*. "I can think of sillier ways of horsing around."

OED has sadly underestimated the viewers by taking a sentimental rather than a scientific stance.

There are no more planned showings of this programme. Next week's OED is called *Breathless* and looks into a controversial new cure for asthma. BBC1 9.30pm.

"(Dury's) stage demeanour conjured up the ghosts of music hall comedian Max Wall and Max Miller, and gave a nod in the direction of Sex Pistols Johnny Rotten" said Pierre Perrone in the *Independent*. "The Blockheads were as tight as ever, miking a jazz-funk seam which perfectly complemented Dury's brand of street poetry and rap." "Within a minute of the opener, 'Wake Up and Make Love with Me', my reservations had evaporated" sang

the *Daily Telegraph*.

Dury appeared to disappoint all the critics by not dropping down dead. Even in middle-age, these Essex boys have surpassed themselves.

There are no more dates planned as yet. Ian Dury & The Blockheads' new album *Mr Love Pants* is available in all record shops at £15.99.

"Few academics have spent their idle moments more productively, for these pieces are well worth preserving" praised Piers Brendon in the *Independent*. Cannadine writes with infectious verve. He writes lucidly, and sometimes wittily... some of Cannadine's own squibs bang and sparkle agreeably, but there is something that grates," muttered the *Daily Telegraph*. "Every bit as stodgy, and eventually as

wearisome, as compilations of reviews usually are," spluttered the *Spectator*. "The book has only the slenderest claim to thematic coherence".

Despite its deeply turgid title, 'History in Our Time' is a stylishly crafted reference book for academics. Cannadine's scholarly wisdom, vivacious writing style and smart editing make for an engaging and often irreverent read.

Available now in all good bookshops. Published by Yale University Press, £16.95. Other titles by the author include *Decline and Fall of British Aristocracy*. Cannadine's next book, *Class in Britain*, will be published in October.

"...wifely, intelligent, fantastical and especially... charming," gushed Mark Wilson in the *Independent*. "It's refreshing that a comedian has the audacity to produce a show that is unashamedly sentimental, never resorts to shock tactics but instead relies on the craft of the writing and Moor's eloquent and expressive physique." "An enchanting mix of the prosaic and the poetic, full of improbable imagery, dark lines and a strong

dash of bathos," enthused the *Guardian*. "Moor has a great presence... and he drives the story at a cracking pace, never giving your mind a chance to wander." *Times* was equally approving. "This is a delicious piece of theatre by an inspiring performer, with just enough of a naughty edge to stop it slipping from pleasantly sweet into win-

The route to success is the avoidance of smutty monologues on sex, drugs and alcohol. Moor's singular brand of "new romantic" comedy, coupled with his enthralling story-telling ability, will ensure a long stay on the comedy circuit.

Ben Moor will be showing at The Pleasance Over The Road 2 at 4.20pm, until 31 August (except 18th). Today, 21, 22, 28-31 August £8.50 (£7.50 concessions). For bookings and enquiries call 0131 556 6550.

"Gay short film-making has never suffered from a dearth of distinguished practitioners" observed an entranced Ryan Gilbey. "Ozon taps into the enigmatic sensuality of the greatest cinema, and isn't afraid to drench in it." *The Guardian* also picks out Ozon, noting "A Summer Dress is the most seductive... a depiction of seaside sex that has something to put a smile on the face of just

about anybody." "(Ozon's) style is bold, economical and observational" note *Time Out*. *The Times* concurred: "Francois Ozon is the star of the show... His exquisitely shaped short film *A Summer Girl's Dress* seems likely next to

A Little Death, an abrasive 26 minutes with the weight of a full-length film." The ICA's programme of French shorts has been carefully curated to increase your appetite for this marginalised art form. A welcome elixir against the predilection for blockbusters.

On view at the ICA Cinema, Nash House, The Mall SW1. No Certificate. Subsidized. For bookings and information call 0171 930 3647.

The Independent's Andy Gill asserted "Puressence's brand of souring, soul-baring rock has suddenly acquired a remarkable presence. There is a stomp, powerful sound." *Time Out* observed "a big sound... sweeping, melodramatic, memorable," while *The Guardian* opined "essentially a man and his voice, though the dramatic guitar backing deserves a mention." The *Mirror* was less impressed: "(the singer's)

vocal style and the band's built-for-stadium-rock sound begins to grate."

The melodrama of *Only Forever* is more in keeping with the current tide of miserabilist bands than their 1996 effort. This may lend them fleeting credibility but it will take something more original to win us over.

"Only Forever" will be available from records shops from Monday at £10.99. Their debut album *Puressence* is currently available from all record shops at £15.99.

THE CHARTS

SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES

Sales are on the increase and *Star Trek* has become a religion, according to staff at *Forbidden Planet*.

TITLE PUBLISHER PRICE

1 Babylon 5 Monthly	Titan	£3.99
2 Cinefix	Cinefix	£5.95
3 SFX	Future Publications	£3.25
4 Star Trek Monthly	Titan	£3.25
5 Star Trek Fact File	Paramount	£1.99
6 Starburst	Visual Imagination	£2.99
7 Cinescape	Warner Brothers	£3.50
8 Star Trek Voyager	Starlog	£3.99
9 Star Trek DS9	Starlog	£3.99
10 Starlog	Starlog	£3.99

Supplied by *Forbidden Planet*, 71 Neto Oxford Street, London WC1 (0171-836 4179)

ART POSTCARDS

Romantic and humorous cards are the most popular in the Tate Gallery shop, with the Pre-Raphaelites heading the list as usual

TITLE	BY	DATE
1 Lady of Shallot	J W Waterhouse	1888
2 Ophelia	John Everett Millais	1851-2
3 The Snail	Henri Matisse	1953
4 The Kiss	Auguste Rodin	1901-4
5 Proserpine	D G Rossetti	1874
6 Lobster Telephone	Dali	1936
7 Weeping Woman	Picasso	1937
8 Metamorphosis	Dali	1937
9 Norham Castle	JMW Turner	c1845
10 Carnation, Lily	J Singer Sargent	1885-6

Supplied by the Tate Gallery, Millbank, London SW1P (0171-836 8877 8000)

POPULAR MUSIC PUBLICATIONS

Ex-punks, Beatles enthusiasts and Nirvana fans all rub shoulders in Helter Sheller, set up three years ago with a comprehensive stock of popular music books

TITLE	AUTHOR
1 Bob Dylan: Like the Night	CP Lee and Paul Kelly
2 Syd Barrett Lost in the Woods	Julian Palacios
3 Long Hard Road out of Hell	Marilyn Manson
4 Night Beat: A Shadow	Mikal Gilmore
5 On the Road With Patti Smith	Michael Stipe
6 The Grateful Dead Taping Companion	M Geltz
7 More Brilliance than the Sun	Kodwo Eshun
8 Serge Gainsbourg: A View	Alan Clayton
9 Cheap Trick: Reputation	Mike Hayes
10 Elvis Costello: A Biography	Tony Clayton-Lea

Supplied by Helter Sheller, 4 Denmark St, London WC2 (0171-836 1151)

JAZZ CDs

Jazz aficionados are still heading to music outlet Mole Jazz, set up 20 years ago, though they now buy CDs rather than vinyl

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1 Dick Morrissey	It's Morrissey, Man	(Redial)
2 Coleman Hawkins	Jamestown, NY 1958	(Uptown)
3 Stacey Kent	The Tender Trap	(Candid)
4 Stan Tracey	Solo, Trio	(Candid)
5 Charles Mingus Comp.	1958 Columbia Rec	(Columbia)
6 Roland Kirk	Here Comes the Whistle Man	(Atlantic)
7 Bob Wilber & Kenny Daversa	Reunion at Arbors	(Arbors)
8 Tubby Hayes	Down in the Village	(Redial)
9 Art Ensemble of Chicago	Fanfare	(Atlantic)
10 Humphrey Lyttelton	The Paraphones	(Calligraphy)

Supplied by Mole Jazz, 311 Gray's Inn Rd, London (0171-278 8623)

Bent on the boys in blue

THEATRE

LOOT
VAUDEVILLE THEATRE
LONDON

Even after the play proper has ended, Fred Ridgeway's excellent Inspector Truscott can't resist poking his head through the theatre curtains - still taut with bulging-eyed crackpot suspicion. A goldfish in a bowl has more overall conception of what it is up to than this bent, violent guardian of law and order as he shoots along wildly divergent lines of investigation, claiming to be from the Metropolitan Water Board.

When Orton accepted the Evening Standard Best Play Award, he joked that Scotland Yard had snatched up the complementary tickets they'd been sent and that the police loved *Loot* because while the public thought it was a farce, the boys in



THE BOOKS INTERVIEW

Under Western eyes

The waspish wonder boy of English fiction has turned his gaze to the East. Philip Hensher talks to Daniel Britten about inspiration, depression and the inscrutable charm of East Germany

Philip Hensher was never going to be an easy subject to interview. Almost the first thing he said in his south London flat was "I'm not very interested in human beings". Later, he explained that it was not people, but being interviewed that he really disliked. He described it bluntly as "being asked to jump through hoops". Throughout our time together he gnawed at his fingernails and fidgeted with an intensity that suggested a kinetic energy ill at ease with itself. His conversation mirrors his prose style, which he describes as a sort of "polished garrulity": a mixture of irony, rebuke, cajolment and exhortation.

Hensher first caught the public eye in 1995 with his second, highly acclaimed novel, *Kitchen Venom*. Critics were ecstatic over the wit and ingenuity of this macabre tale about behind-the-scenes goings-on at the Palace of Westminster. The book was lent added piquancy by the fact that its author was, at the time, employed as a Clerk (a much grander post than it sounds) of the House of Commons. It was then that his nervousness as an interviewee, which stemmed from chronic shyness in childhood, was compounded. He made some incautious remarks about the ugliness of MPs, among other things, and promptly got the sack.

It turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for he loathed the job and was relieved to be free to pursue his vocation as a full-time writer. Since then he has come to be identified as one of the most distinctive novelists of his generation, and is also a prolific journalist: art critic for the *Mail on Sunday*, chief book reviewer for the *Spectator* and a columnist on this newspaper. At 33 he is the youngest Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature and the only young British writer included in AS Byatt's recent *Oxford Book of English Short Stories*.

Yet despite, or perhaps because of, his success, feelings of alienation seem to predominate in life as well as in his art. In all three of his novels, themes of family rivalry, sexual betrayal and the abuse of power serve to emphasise the fragility of relationships. Indeed, his characters are invariably deformed, self-obsessed creatures. Hensher's elegantly baroque style is vaguely reminiscent of Ivy Compton-Burnett, beautifully conveying a feeling of suppressed menace through abstract, often arbitrary dialogue.

In his new novel, *Pleasured* (Chatto & Windus, £15.99), all the characters display the usual eccentricities. It is set in Germany in the year before the fall of the Wall, and its hero is Friedrich, a sales assistant in a Berlin bookshop, who is going home for Christmas. He accepts a lift with a mysterious fat Englishman called Peter Pickle; and a sometime student activist with a vivid imagination, called Daphne.

Convinced that West Germany is superior to its Eastern counterpart, Peter plans to destabilise the East by distributing pleasure in the form of ecstasy tablets. Friedrich responds by coming him out of 50,000 marks. Many moments of high comedy and melodrama ensue, some of which involve Daphne and her boyfriend Mario, an East German defector; in a sub-plot about terrorism and spying.

The one quality that all the characters seem to share is a sense of cynicism and disillusion. Daphne, for instance, recalls her childhood thus: "She remembered what people said about her. She always did. And everything that people said to her, about herself, she picked over for insults, for hidden rudeness, for a chance, when



PHILIP HENSHER, A BIOGRAPHY

PHILIP HENSHER was born in London, in 1965. From age 10 he grew up in Sheffield, where his father was a bank manager and his mother a librarian.

He gained a first in English at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and completed

half of a PhD in 18th-century satire at Cambridge before abandoning it to take up the position of a Clerk of the House of Commons, which provided the subject matter for his second novel, *Kitchen Venom* (published in 1996).

she got old enough, to revenge herself." They also seem frustrated, almost unconsciously so, with the success-driven lifestyle of the West and its excessive emphasis on status. A central theme is the way in which the two halves of Germany tend to idealise each other.

Hensher who has often visited Germany and speaks the language almost fluently, remembers the near-magical appeal of the DDR. "There was something warm and

peaceful about it," he says. "Personal relations seemed very sincere. The kind of innocence which it seemed to embody was constructed by the West as much as anything else, but there was a genuine sense of a slower way of life."

In writing *Pleasured*, he admits to influences from three other meditations on the subject of West versus East: Virgil's *Aeneid*, Pope's *Dunciad* and John Donne's poem "Good Friday 1613: Riding West-

In addition he has published two other novels - *Other Lulus* (1994), and *Pleasured* (1998) - as well as writing the libretto for Thomas Ades's opera *Powder Her Face*, which was based on the life of Margaret, Duchess of Argyll.

ward". However, he rejects any suggestion that the split might represent a metaphor for the human condition as a whole.

Pleasured is a less cohesive novel than either of Hensher's earlier books, possibly because it is more ambitious. *Kitchen Venom*, despite featuring hunchbacks, rent boys and murder, remained a delicately balanced chamber piece, distinguished by a brilliantly written sub-plot about the deposition of Margaret Thatcher.

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The little frog goes wooing

The godmother of feminism showed a hidden, softer face to her American lover. By Lisa Appignanesi

Simone de Beauvoir as pioneer of the women's movement, as rigorous intellectual and champion of free and open relations between the sexes? Yes. De Beauvoir as novelist, as incisive chronicler of her times, as *Notre Dame de Sartre*, one half of the mythical mythical duo? Of course. But de Beauvoir as a "loving little frog"? Never!

Yet this is the de Beauvoir who writes to Nelson Algren over the five years of their transatlantic affair – years which make up the bulk of this astonishing correspondence, though it goes on sporadically for another 10. She writes in English, with all the awkwardness of a non-native speaker. The clumsiness is endearing. Stripped of the logical precision of French, de Beauvoir emerges as tender and passionate, even frisky and playful, always greedy for love. English forces a directness on her.

Part of the drama of these letters lies in the fact that they coincide with the writing of *The Second Sex*, where de Beauvoir exposed love as woman's greatest trap. The woman in love, she writes, lives on her knees and few crimes entail worse punishment "than the generous fault of putting oneself entirely in another's hands". On that word "evidently" the relationship with Algren then cracked and cracked.

De Beauvoir met Algren in 1947 on her first trip to the US. She was 39 and already famous. As she began her lecture tour, the *New Yorker* hailed her as the "prettiest existentialist". From impoverished, war-torn Paris, the US presented a haven of freedom and plenty. Simone spoke and listened, wined and dined, walked for miles, made forays into the forbidden world of Harlem. She also observed acutely. In *America Day by Day*, she notes: "In the eyes of the average American, imperialism takes on the guise of clarity. Their arrogance lies not in their love

Beloved
Chicago
Man:
Letters to
Nelson
Algren,
1947-1964



of power. It is the love of imposing on others that which is good."

A New York acquaintance suggested that Simone look up the left-wing writer Nelson Algren during her stay in Chicago. Algren's stories had just appeared to critical success. Simone rang him. She wanted to see Algren's neither America of drug addicts and gamblers and prostitutes. Algren twice hung up, unable to understand her accented speech.

Finally, a meeting was arranged. No sooner had Algren opened the door than the electricity between them crackled. They walked and attempted to talk, drank Polish bars, and parted with a kiss. Simone's first letter to Algren confides: "I was happy, being with you. I did not like to say good bye, perhaps not to see you again in my life..."

The dominant note of the relationship is struck. Goodbyes are implied in hellos, parting in presence. However much Simone's letters may iterate that Nelson is her "only true love" – that she dreams of being a good frog-wife to her "sweet crocodile" – it is clear that her life is elsewhere. At first, the letters name this as her working life of a writer, editor and intellectual. Only gradually do they disclose Sartre as a major component of that French life.

In fact, Sartre – embroiled in his own affair with Dolores Vanetti in 1947 – was instrumental in launching de Beauvoir into a relationship with Algren. He asked Simone to

postpone her arrival in Paris by 10 days. She returned to Chicago to see Algren and the physical bond was sealed. In May, she flew to France only to make the difficult journey back to Chicago again in September.

The following May, she was once more in Chicago, she and Nelson then travelled around Mexico. Simone cut this trip short on account of Sartre. He grew increasingly morose, hostile, until Simone said she could leave immediately. He responded by asking her to marry him.

On her return to Paris, her letters are riddled with despair and guilt. She tries to explain the nature of her relations with Sartre: "I should not be the Simone you love, if I could give up my life with Sartre. I should be a dirty creature, a treacherous and selfish woman... Sartre needs me... I am his one true friend, the only one who really understands him, helps him, works with him, gives him some peace and poise."

Three weeks later, she amplifies: "Sartre was my first love... We spent a long time together and I told you already how I care for him, but it was rather deep friendship than love... Chiefly because he does not care much for sexual life. He is a warm, lively man everywhere, but out in bed... it seemed useless, and even indecent, to go on being lovers." Both hindered and abetted by distance, Algren and de Beauvoir carried on passionate relations through his stay in Paris in 1949 until he set off on Lake Michigan in the summer of 1950, when he brutally announced he no longer loved her. He remarried his first wife.

Back in Paris, Simone (as she periodically did when her emotions overwhelmed her) suffered a physical breakdown: this time, a breast cancer scare. When she recovered, she began a love affair with a car learning to drive with reckless abandon. She also carried on writing, now in friendship, to her "beloved Chicago man", telling him that what was



SIMONE DE BEAUVIOR, A BIOGRAPHY

The French novelist, socialist and existentialist writer was born in 1908 in Paris into a middle-class family. She read Jean-Paul Sartre, her life-long companion. After a teaching diploma, she taught briefly in Paris before moving to Rouen until 1936. In 1937 she returned to Paris. *The Second Sex* (1949) caused an uproar on publication.

being a comprehensive study of the role of women in society and their oppression, drawing on history, mythology and literature. It is hailed by many as one of the first major feminist texts. Her first published novel was *She Came to Stay* (1942), followed by *The Blood of Others* (1945) and *All Men are Mortal*. *The Mandarins* (1954) won the Prix Goncourt. It examines

the dilemmas of politically active intellectuals during the Occupation. She sympathised with the Communist Party but, like Sartre, never joined. They founded *Les Temps Modernes* in 1945. She also wrote many autobiographical works. In 1981 *La cérémonie des adieux*, her uncharitable account of the last years of Sartre's life, was published. She died in 1986.

to become *The Mandarins*, her best book, was his hook since it also told their story. The letters continue to chart her efforts to have his work translated. They chronicle French intellectual and political life, and the Algerian liberation struggle, as well as Simone's extensive travels.

What these letters lack is their co

respondent. The fierce, trenchant voice of the author of *The Man with the Golden Arm* is nowhere to answer de Beauvoir's passion and despair. Sylvie le Bon de Beauvoir – Simone's adoptive daughter, who compiled this volume – intimates that the fault lies in Algren's estate.

Algren finally broke off all relations with de Beauvoir after the appearance of the third volume of

ber autobiography, *Force of Circumstance*, in 1963. Here she coolly sums up her thoughts on the possibility of "reconciliation between fidelity and freedom", her and Sartre's notion of "contingent loves". Far too coolly for Algren, who reviewed the book with a pithy hostility that speaks of years of simmering anger: "Anybody who can experience

love contingently has a mind that has recently snapped," he wrote. "How can love be contingent?"

Algren's wounded vanity shows. Then, too, his star was on the wane. He never rose again to the heights of his early work. And the "little frog-wife"? Well, she was faithful in her fashion. De Beauvoir was buried wearing Nelson Algren's ring.

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Under the glass-and-steel canopy of the Business Design Centre in Islington, the Citron Press this week launched its much-heralded alternative to vanity publishing. This airy Victorian shed used to be the Agricultural Hall, back in the days when many Islingtonians knew more about the soil than you can glean from the salad menu at Granita. Its 1980s rebranding brought in shiny hi-tech outifts and a title heavy with the buzzwords of the age.

Underneath, though, it remains the same old Aggie. So does Citron offer anything more than a cosmetic makeover to the oft-eshy trade of paying someone else to print your cherished manuscript?

I think it does, although its true significance exceeds the balm it offers to disgruntled authors rebuffed by established imprints. After a quality-control process to weed out sub-standard work, Citron will edit, print and promote your book for a fee of £400 (or £399.99, to be exact – the founders have plenty of form in the dark arts of marketing). It will then be sold in as many shops as possible (so far, and predictably, the independents rather than the chains have bitten hardest), via a dedicated website, and through a special book club. Members of the club – participating authors, and anyone else who wants to join – will be asked for feedback on the titles that they read. The highest-scoring books will be submitted to mainstream publishers, with this handy market test already done.

Nikki and Steve Connors, the husband-and-wife team who created Citron, have neatly side-stepped the miasma of misleading claims about sales, advertising and reviews that gives some "commission" publishers such a pungent name. Derek Johns, an agent at A P Watt who has campaigned against the scams and lies of the vanity presses, accepts that Citron has brought new standards of straightforwardness to the cash-for-copy business.

"They don't give authors a lot of flattery about having written a masterpiece," he comments, and neither does Citron make false promises about the likely distribution of their books. "The absence of deceit is the key difference here."

Bruce Durie, one of the six authors in Citron's initial batch, argues that the speed of the process may appeal to some established writers driven to despair by the snail's pace of much-trad publishing. Citron can move "from disc to book in less than three

months. That's pretty amazing for an industry that moves at a glacial pace," he says.

Durie explains that he was once asked by a major Canadian house for a \$4,000 contribution to costs before they would accept a book as a "joint venture" – one of several recent signs that the ancient practice of author-subsidised publishing may be staging a comeback in some highly respectable places.

So much for the pitch. What about the quality of Citron's opening crop? In an outshell, the list of titles (all £5.99) comprises solid genre pieces, each confident enough but pretty close to a safe commercial niche. So Bruce Durie's *The High History of the Holy Quail* belongs firmly in Terry Pratchett's comic-fantasy land; Richard Baum's *Bombay Mix* offers lively subcontinental satire in the Rusbuid and Irving mould; and the *Railway Man* theme of the embittered Far-East POW in search of peace and reconciliation resurfaces in Peter Rhodes's memoir *To Japan to Lay a Ghost*. Meanwhile, Nick Johnston-Jones's advertising romp *Toilet Elephant* manages a brisk workplace farce, with romantic grace notes, at least as well as several of its much-hyped faddist peers.

Only *Going Indie* by Sam North – the most experienced of this bunch, with four novels to his credit – seems to be treading really new ground in its off-beat, child's-eye black comedy. A word of warning, though: this Sam North teaches creative writing on Bumberside, but is definitely not the same Sam North who already publishes well-regarded fiction with Secker & Warburg and has a new novel due in October.

As for the production values of the Citron stable, the covers have a

bright but slightly rough-and-ready feel. I didn't much care for the grim sans-serif typeface inside. On the other hand, the editing never sank to the depths of carelessness that you can sometimes encounter in Top Five bestsellers from the corporate giants.

I suspect that the real revolution in the making here lies in Citron's ability to print small batches of each book (in theory, even single copies) on demand from its readers. This low-cost "just-in-time" production (JIT) can eliminate expensive stockholding and ensure that titles never go "out of print" in the traditional, frustrating way. Some academic houses can already order very short-run reprints for specialist monographs.

There's no reason why general publishing should not follow suit. Best arranged in combination with on-line chapter samples and sales, JIT publishing could help to haul books out of the 19th-century mass-production era in which many are called to authorship, few chosen, and success depends primarily on the sheer volume of copies shifted.

A time of small-scale, open-access print communication might be just around the electronic corner. But surely, with 100,000 new titles already gushing from the British presses every year, more will mean worse? We should worry about that when our billion-pound, star-studded conglomerate publishers take the trouble to hire copy-editors with a sound command of English spelling and grammar. Until then, let a hundred flowers bloom, and a literary orchard grow up around Citron.

Citron Press authors' helpline:
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information: 0845 602 2202.



BOYD
TONKIN



PAPERBACKS

BY CHRISTOPHER HIRST, EMMA HAGESTADT AND BOYD TONKIN



Now
by Gabriele Josipovici,
Carcanet, £9.95, 152pp

Told exclusively in dialogue, critic Josipovici's latest exercise in minimalist fiction is a good deal warmer and funnier than his avant-garde credentials might suggest. Yes, figures such as Beckett do lurk in the background, but there's more than a touch of Mike Leigh in these scenes from the tangled family life of a London Jewish dynasty. Josipovici's perfect command of voice builds up a rounded picture of every figure. Less is more, indeed.



Duncan Grant
by Frances Spalding,
Pimlico, £14, 570pp

"I'm sick to death of Bloomsbury or, rather, of hearing people talk about it," groaned Grant in 1951. The appetite of Bloomsbury devotees is insatiable, but this biography seems an excessively generous canvas. Grant was active virtually to the end of his 93 years, but his finest works were heavily influenced by Matisse. Spalding faultlessly illuminates his charming character.

Easy Peasy
by Lesley Glaister,
Bloomsbury, £6.99, 245pp

Soaking in her lime-scented bath, Griselda Dawkins doesn't know whether to be more upset by the news of her father's suicide, or the discovery that her lover (a flame-haired historian by the name of Foxy) is sleeping with another woman.

Featuring a storyline that might have been used by many female novelists – a young woman coming to terms with her father's suicide, and memories of a weird childhood in the provinces – Glaister's version of events unfolds into something altogether more satisfying. Unlike her feelings for foxy Foxy, Griselda's feelings for her father are confused. A bad-tempered man who never recovered from his years as a Japanese POW, he spent long hours closeted in the lav. But what she remembers most is his intense friendship with the little boy next door, "Puddle-duck". This gormless 10-year-old hovered over her childhood like an excuse for bad luck.

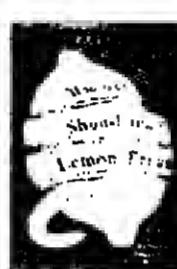


That "Pud" played a significant role in Griselda's history is clear, though only at her dad's funeral do missing parts fall into place. In this novel of guilt and redemption, Glaister digests childhood's stickier moments without a hiccup. For a writer of her calibre, it's easy peasy lemon squeezy.



Getting Back Brahms
by Mavis Cheek,
Faber, £6.99, 256pp

If Mavis Cheek hasn't clicked with you before, this novel probably will. Diana, a 30-something Putney-ite, is trying to resurrect after the end of a long relationship by "practising" to be a lesbian. To her rescue comes a romantic novelist and a neat-bottomed Yank, and their hare-brained scheme to set up a writing academy. Cheek's greatest achievement is to give life to an engaging 30-something who isn't in the remotest bit like Bridget Jones.



Monsieur Shoushana's
Lemon Trees
by Patricia Duncker,
Picador, £5.99, 208pp

Set mostly in France, and among women of the sapphic tendency, these short stories from the author of *Hallucinating Foucault* are drenched in southern sunshine. The best in the collection include the story of a young male documentary maker found dead in a field of sunflowers (after interviewing an all-female household). Either enjoy the scenery, or the sexual politics.

INSPIRATIONS

THE NOVELIST AND FILMMAKER
CHRISTOPHER FOWLER ON HIS SOURCES



now I go to stand in the middle and be calm.

The film
Witchfinder General, directed by Michael Reeves. I saw it when I was 17, and was struck by the genuine sense of the past in this macabre film dealing with the breakdown in law and order after the English Civil War.

The artwork
Anything by the Pre-Raphaelites. I wrote *Dorchester Day* using John William Waterhouse's *The Favours of the Emperor Honori*, 1883, as a symbol – the emperor prefers feeding his pigeons to talking to his counsellors.

The place

Waterloo Bridge crops up in three of my books; it's important to me for its historical connections and as a crossing place. It's part of my life – I remember letting go of balloons there as a child, and

Christopher Fowler's "Soho Black" is published by Warner, paperback original at £3.99

SPOKEN WORD

The Cult Listening label prides itself on being just that, and its offerings, often tipped with a black-spot warning of offensive language, can be found ranged beside new music titles in garage shops. John Birmingham's *He Died With a Felafel in his Hand* (Cult Listening, 90mins, £8.99) is a hilariously gruesome peek into Australian flat-mate hell, ultimately pointless but compulsive listening – and as different from *Home and Away* as *King of the Hill* is from *Teletubbies*.

CHRISTINA HARDYMENT

ERRATA



Ordinary people come out of the shadows

D J Taylor salutes a writer who showed that gay fiction belongs in pit villages as well as trendy nightclubs

TOM WAKEFIELD came late to authorship and did not publish a novel until he was in his forties. But in the two decades before his death in 1996, he wrote over a dozen books, including the autobiographical *Forties Child* (1980) and *Moted* (1983) – which, whatever the éclat of the Hollingbursts and Mars-Joneses, has some claims to be regarded as the gay English novel of the past 25 years.

Wakefield was not exclusively a "gay novelist", although the re-in-

ventions of literary history will probably mean that this is how he is best remembered. The distinction of his writing about homosexual relationships was the resolute ordinariness of the subject matter: The spangled existences lived out by the stars of much modern US gay fiction have already passed into cliché. Mates, in contrast, is simply the story of two men who meet while doing National Service in the 1950s and live with each other until death parts them.

The Scarlet Boy
by Tom
Wakefield with
Patrick Gale



Serpent's Tail, £8.99, 185pp

Emphasising the mundane surfaces of Wakefield's characters and settings does not perhaps do justice to the imaginative colour he brought to these lives. *The Scarlet Boy*, a sequel to *Forties Child* left unfinished at

his death and unobtrusively rounded off by his friend Patrick Gale, maintains this stylistic treatment. An "ordinary" life in a Yorkshire pit village of the 1950s is irradiated by Wakefield's whimsical eye for detail and comic possibility.

Much of this attaches to Edward, Wakefield's alter ego. He is superannuated from primary school to become the village's first entrant to the local grammar. His humpbacked self-possession, as he negotiates with par-

ents (indulgent father, costive mum) and teachers, and feels the first stirrings of sexuality, is neatly and amusingly handled. Even the customary musings over genitalia have a kind of tongue-in-cheek quality.

It would be wrong to make too many claims for *The Scarlet Boy*; but Patrick Gale's mimicry of his friend's style seems spot-on, and the result is a fine valedictory tribute to a writer of whom much more fuss could have been made in his own lifetime.

BESTSELLERS

Heavy tonnes don't necessarily mix with sea and sand or the constraints of baggage allowances. This is reflected in the dominance of "summer reading" in the fiction list. Cahn's reign at the top of the non-fiction list is being challenged

by chaos, with no sign of the *The Little Book of Stress*. The top three science titles are all small, easily digestible histories – the nation's obsession with numbers, as 2000 approaches, shows no sign of diminishing. Watch out soon for

David Ewing Duncan's *The Calendar*, recounting the struggle to align the heavens with the clock.

Compiled by Bookwatch from sales over

seven days ending 9 August.

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ORIGINAL FICTION

TITLE	AUTHOR/PUBLISHER	PRICE
1 <i>Fifth</i>	Irvine Welsh (Cape)	£9.99
2 <i>Jemima J</i>	Jane Green (Penguin)	5.99
3 <i>Perfect Strangers</i>	Robyn Sisman (Penguin)	5.99
4 <i>The Clothes They Stood Up In</i>	Alan Bennett (Profile)	3.99
5 <i>Love Song</i>	Charlotte Bingham (Bantam)	5.99
6 <i>Rachel's Holiday</i>	Marlan Keyes (Penguin)	5.99
7 <i>Hitched</i>	Zoe Barnes (Platypus)	5.99
8 <i>The Klone and I</i>	Daniel Steele (Bantam)	8.99
9 <i>The Last Continent</i>	Terry Pratchett (Doubleday)	16.99
10 <i>Op Centre: Balance of Power</i>	Tom Clancy & Steve Pieczenik (HarperCollins)	5.99

ORIGINAL NON-FICTION

TITLE	AUTHOR/PUBLISHER	PRICE
1 <i>The Little Book of Calm</i>	Paul Wilson (Penguin)	£1.99
2 <i>Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus</i>	John Gray (Thorsons)	9.99
3 <i>Under the Tuscan Sun</i>	Frances Mayes (Bantam)	5.99
4 <i>The Little Book of Chaos</i>	Craig Brown (Warner)	1.99
5 <i>In the Footsteps of Alexander the Great</i>	Michael Wood (BBC)	17.99
6 <i>The Guv'nor</i>	Lenny McLean (Blake)	16.99
7 <i>Round Ireland with a Fridge</i>	Tony Hawkes (Ebury)	9.99
8 <i>The Little Book of Dreams</i>	Joan Hanger (Penguin)	1.99
9 <i>60 Ways to Feel Amazing</i>	Linda Field (Element)	1.99
10 <i>Before I Say Goodbye</i>	Ruth Picardie (Penguin)	5.99

SCIENCE BOOKS

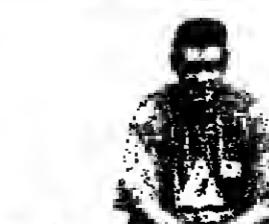
TITLE	AUTHOR/PUBLISHER	PRICE
1 <i>Longitude</i>	David Sobel (Fourth Estate)	£5.99
2 <i>Fermat's Last Theorem</i>	Simon Singh (Fourth Estate)	5.99
3 <i>The Man Who Loved Only Numbers</i>	Paul Hoffman (Fourth Estate)	9.99
4 <i>The Human Brain: a guided tour</i>	Susan Greenfield (Phoenix)	6.99
5 <i>A Brief History of Time: 10th anniversary edition</i>	Stephen Hawking (Bantam)	15.00
6 <i>A Brief History of Time</i>	Stephen Hawking (Bantam)	8.99
7 <i>Guns, Germs and Steel</i>	Jared Diamond (Vintage)	8.99
8 <i>The Mars Mystery</i>	Robert Bauval & Graham Hancock (Michael Joseph)	16.99
9 <i>On Giant's Shoulders</i>	Melvyn Bragg (Hodder)	12.99
10 <i>Stephen Hawking: a life in science</i>	Michael White & John Gribbin (Penguin)	7.99

is Nelson's companion;
lit with occasional shafts of
And that is what
is about.'

Simon Barnes, *The Times*

left foot in the grave garry nelson
a view from the bottom of the football league

HOME



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Do you have to be mad to be a mathematical genius? No, argues Ian Stewart – just enchanted by the magic of numbers

Some oblique angles on life

How old is the epsilon? Is it a boss or a slave?" If you hadn't encountered Paul Erdos before, it was an odd and rather disquieting question, but his friends and acquaintances, accustomed to his private language, had no difficulty in translating. He was asking about a child: was it a girl or a boy?

Erdos the most prolific mathematician of modern times, loved children. His term for them was a mathematician's joke: in analysis, epsilon denotes an arbitrarily small quantity. The boss/slave terminology was a kind of private joke in which Erdos poked gentle fun at a world he understood but whose values were seldom aligned with his own. He referred to God as "SF", "supreme fascist", but reserved his greatest reverence for "The Book", an imaginary volume in which God had written down the best proofs of the best theorems.

John Nash was another brilliant mathematician and a rough contemporary of Erdos. At the age of 66, he was awarded the Nobel prize – not a bad trick when there is no Nobel for mathematics. But for much of his career, Nash suffered from paranoid schizophrenia.

Is mathematical ability akin to madness? Theodore Kaczynski, the Unabomber is often cited as some kind of proof, mostly by people who feel uncomfortable at their own inability to handle mathematics and want reassurance that anyone who can do better is crazy. I think the answer is "no". After all, the Unabomber had to have had some profession, be it dentist or wall-of-death motorcyclist. But now biographies of both these remarkable mathematicians are available, and they provide some interesting first-hand evidence.

Erdos first: Paul Hoffman – former editor of *Discover* magazine, and publisher of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* – has written a wonderful, playful, insightful life of this century's most unusual mathematician. Erdos published 1,475 papers, "many of them monumental and all of them substantial". He engaged in more collaborations than any other mathematician ever: 485 to be exact. If you are a mathematician, your "Erdos number" is the length of the smallest

The Man Who Loved Only Numbers

by Paul Hoffman
Fourth Estate, £12.99,
256pp

A Beautiful Mind

by Sylvia Nasar
Faber & Faber, £17.99,
448pp

chain of joint papers that links you to Erdos.

In March 1913, while Erdos's mother was in hospital giving birth to him, his two young sisters both died of septic scarlet fever. Young Paul was kept at home a lot, on the assumption that this would protect him against contagious diseases. Self-absorbed and self-sufficient, he was a strange, though sometimes charming, child. Possibly his unusual childhood was the cause of his later unworldliness: he never owned a house or rented an apartment.

Instead, he travelled the globe, staying with colleagues and friends. Most of the money he earned he gave away to deserving causes. The friends remembered him with a mixture of exasperation and affection, but it is the affection that shines through.

Erdos's most famous feat was a proof by elementary methods of the "prime number theorem", which gives a good approximation to the number of primes less than a given value. His greatest love, however, was Ramsey theory, which stems from a curious discovery made by Frank Ramsey, an atheist whose brother Michael became Archbishop of Canterbury.

How many people must there be at a party in order that either three of them all know each other or three of them are mutual strangers? Six. If we ask the same question for four-somes, there must be at least 18 people at the party. For fivesomes, the best anyone knows is that the answer lies between 43 and 49; for six-somes, between 102 and 165. Questions like this have useful applications outside party chit-chat, but it is striking how difficult they are. Erdos loved problems like that.

Instead, he travelled the globe, staying with colleagues and friends. Most of the money he earned he gave away to deserving causes. The friends remembered him with a mixture of exasperation and affection, but it is the affection that shines through.

It is not against the rules to award a subject's most prestigious medal to a schizophrenic, it is a rare occurrence. All the more amazing, then, that in 1994 Nash (by then fully recovered) received the Nobel prize in economics for his work on game theory. Here Sylvia Nasar has done a fascinating job of reconstructing the Nobel deliberations: the infighting, the academic politics. By the slenderest of margins, we discover, justice was done.

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Nash is the subject of Sylvia Nasar's *A Beautiful Mind*, less playful than Hoffman's book but more meticulous and equally gripping. Like Erdos, Nash was a strange child, but it is the differences in their lives that are most revealing.

Nash published little, but what he did

publish was absolutely spectacular. He was extraordinarily competitive, confidently anticipating the award of the Fields Medal, the mathematician's equivalent of a Nobel, desperately hurt when he was passed over. He missed by a hair's breadth, not that he could have known that. The committee may well have had it in mind to consider him again four years later, but by then Nash was suffering from delusions about messages from extraterrestrials.

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It, among the many thousands of holiday-makers on beaches around the coast of Wales this summer, you spot two people carrying a spade made of shiny stainless steel rather than the ubiquitous fluorescent red or yellow plastic, do not mistake them for dedicated sandcastle builders. Their occasional excavations on the principality's beaches have a much more serious purpose.

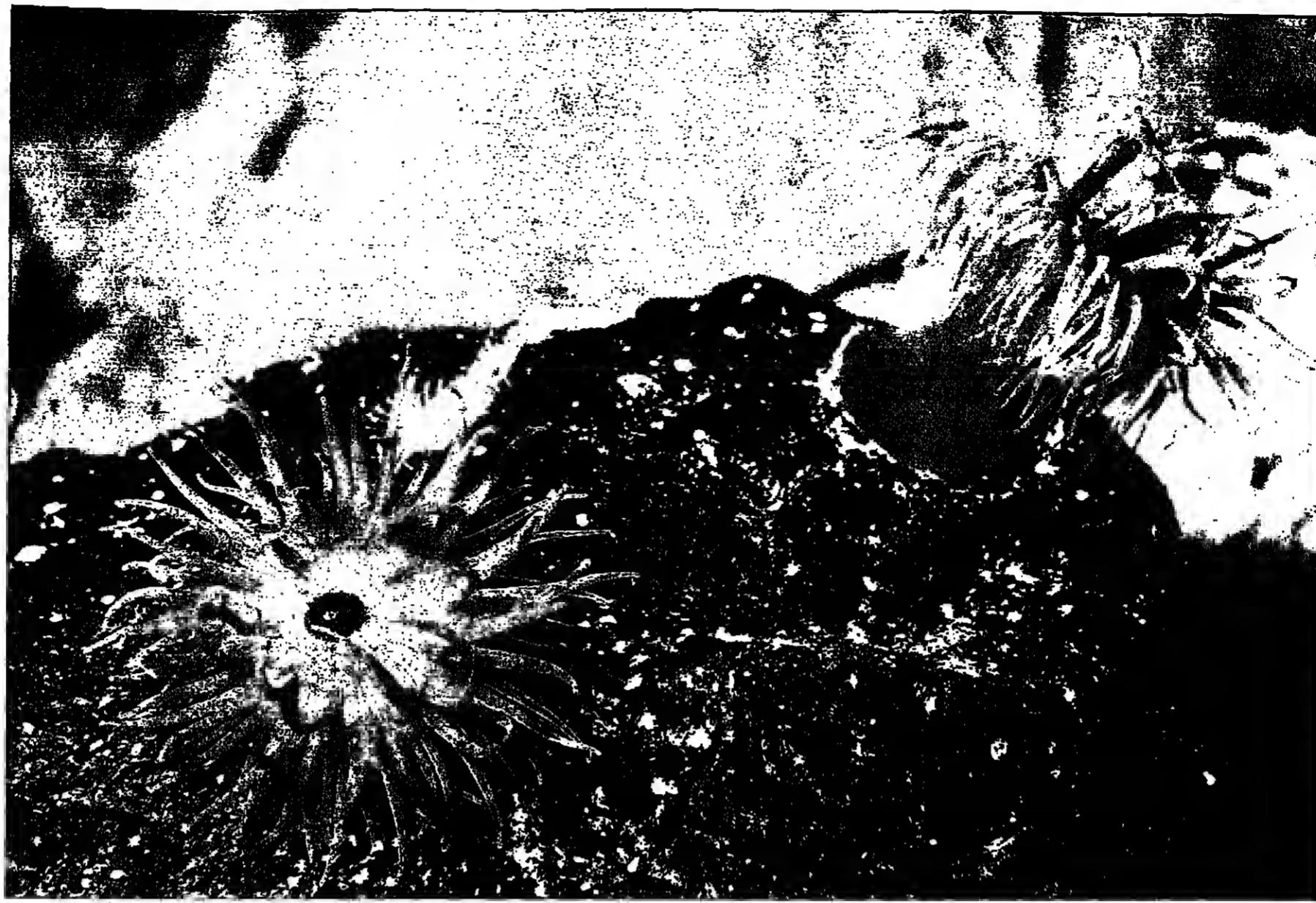
They are surveying the coast of Wales - all 1,600 leg-wearing, note-book-filling kilometres of it (1,000 miles) - to map its plant and animal-rich habitats, a project launched by the Countryside Council for Wales (CCW). Their survey is a sort of modern Domesday Book of the riches of one of the finest and most varied coastlines in Europe.

Walking along the shore at Cregydian Beach on the west coast of Anglesey, it's easy to become enthralled. Although the two surveyors with me, Gabrielle Moffet (the project's team leader) and Chris Ulley - both marine and freshwater ecologists - have been doing this job for more than two years, they remain refreshingly enthusiastic.

In the rock pools we come across, Chris starts a standard three-minute survey of every plant and animal species he can find while Gabrielle notes them down on standard record sheets. A kind of seashore pigeon English mixed with tick-tack gesticulation then begins, which proves to be almost impossible for the uninitiated to follow. It consists of necessary shorthand for an array of seaweeds, anemones, sponges, sea slugs, shelled creatures, orange-brown common starfish and crabs.

Gabrielle says: "Most of these pools have just two species of anemone - wine-red beadlet anemones, which are very common and the much prettier, less common sunshock anemones."

Red sponges and pink corallines - a more delicate plant than the slippery brown wracks that most beach-goers recognise, cover the rock faces of submerged overhangs. Above the high tide mark, a black coating stains much of the rock - not oil, as many imagine, but a



Will the wine-red beadlet anemones, a common feature of Welsh rock pools, survive an invasion of Sargasso Sea strangleweed?

P Morris/Ardea

Life on the ledge

Something rich and strange is happening in Wales: a modern Domesday Book is being written to record the natural wealth of Europe's finest coastline. By Malcolm Smith

lichen specialised for survival in such a harsh environment.

We walk down the shore nearer the breakers for another recording session. Here the rocks, which can be pounded by wave power in excess of 25 tons per square metre, are covered in little volcano-shaped barnacles, larger pale-grey limpets and rows of blue-black mussels, all competing for space and hugging the rock surface tenaciously. Shoreline rocks can be sharply pointed. "I've got through some footwear in this survey," comments Chris, a veteran of several pairs of leather boots.

But it is the long stretches of sandy shore that pack the greatest surprises. Superficially, they appear devoid of life, with the exception of neat little piles of worm casts each of which twins; a few inches away, with a little countersunk hole in the beach. This is the tell-tale sign of lugworms, the segmented bodies of which form a U-shape buried in the sand, its two ends reaching the surface at the worm cast and at the hole.

Every so often, Chris digs a spadeful of sand, puts it into a sieve and washes the fine material out in

a nearby pool of water. Spotting the movement of a tiny grey isopod just a couple of millimetres long isn't easy, but Chris has an expert eye for these creatures.

Next we go into a Monty Python-like routine of walking in a line, backwards, along the tide line. As a newcomer to this movement, I feel relieved that holiday-makers further up this attractive beach seem to be taking no notice of us. The routine, does, though, have a serious purpose. The vibration could bring sea potatoes (a kind of sea urchin) to the surface. They

look like little rolled-up hedgehogs a couple of inches across, and are covered in short spines which they use to burrow into the sand.

Such work comes with quite a price tag. The survey is costing around £250 per kilometre - and by the millennium, 60 per cent of the Welsh coast will have been mapped out. The project, funded mainly by CCW, has also attracted EU support. Dr Margaret Hill, Head of CCW's marine and earth science group, says: "Even as we do it, the habitat maps are being used to assess the impact of coastal developments

such as building sewage outfalls. "On a bigger scale, we will be able to assess the biological value of the whole Welsh coast, and target protection of the best stretches. It's also going to be invaluable for assessing the sensitivity of any bit of the coast to different impacts, such as oil spills and coastal defence work."

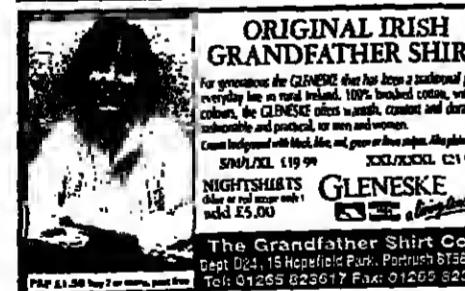
But, after well over two years, isn't Gabrielle Moffet getting fed up with tramping along the shoreline, sometimes starting out at 5am to catch the lowest tides so that the teams can see as much as possible of the shore? "Not at all," she says.

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WHAT'S ON
THIS WEEKEND

BABIES, FOSSILS and crocodiles will be represented at the Herne Bay Festival today. Find out who is the homeliest at the Baby Show, then join the Great Shark's Tooth Hunt which is part of the Fossil Roadshow - bits of Ice Age mammoth and rhinoceros have been uncovered in this part of the Kentish coast.

There also is an exhibition of Punch and Judy puppets and ephemera, plenty of music and great theatre. Later on you can renew your energy by eating lobster royal at the Seawise restaurant, relax at a country and western evening and be amazed by the pyrotechnic display over the bay.

The Herne Bay Festival runs until 16 August. Saturday events include: Baby Show, 2pm, Christchurch Hall; Fossil Roadshow, 3pm, Clocktower Plaza; country and western evening, 7-11pm, King's Hall; pyrotechnics, 9.30pm, on the sea front. The World of Punch and Judy runs until 29 August at the Library Gallery. For further information, call 01227 742690.

SALLY KINDBERG

NATURE NOTES

ONE OF the most mysterious sounds of hot summer evenings out on open heathland or in young plantations is the song of nightjars: an almost mechanical whirring which continues for maybe a minute at a time, rising and falling in intensity as the bird turns its head from side to side. On the wing, hawking for insects in the dusk, males give out a quite different call - a high squeak, sometimes accompanied by a clapping of wings, designed to keep rivals away.

The magic of the nightjar lies in its crepuscular habits: it performs only as day is dying or breaking. Perhaps it was this, along with its slightly sinister appearance - flat head and widely gaping beak - that earned it the name Caprimulgus, the goat-sucker, and gave rise to the legend that at night it steals milk from the teats of goats and sheep.

In Britain nightjars are only summer visitors. They come here to breed, and any time now will set off southwards to winter in Africa. The indications are that they have done well this season - and certainly over the past few years their numbers have increased spectacularly, partly as a result of the 1987 hurricane, partly due to sympathetic forest management, both of which have created large openings in southern woodland.

DUFF HART-DAVIS

The Independent shopping pages have moved to pp6-8 of the Your Money section



The Soil Association now has complimentary postcards of sheep, pigs (above) and fork-lift trucks by an award-winning photographer

Jim Hodson/Soil Association

Politically correct porkers

Genetically modified food - who needs it? Sally Williams visits the heroes of the organic world

Things are really looking up for the Soil Association. Ten years ago it was an inconsequential charity with an unpaid staff of five. Today it employs 50, and will turn over £2.5m this year. Based in Bristol, it is the leading certifying body of all things organic. Carrots, chocolate, shampoo, even manure from Paignton Zoo, are all endorsed by the Soil Association. It authenticates 80 per cent of the organic market.

Germany has about 100 such organisations. This country has only four. Consequently, getting Soil Association approval, being awarded that swirly triangle in a circle, they say, really counts for something. "It shows that the product and all the processes along the way: the farm, the farmer, the abattoir, the packers, have been inspected by us and conform to regulations set by the United Kingdom Register of Food Standards," says Patrick Holden, an organic farmer who is the association's director.

Holden, like many of the association's senior male staff, is dressed

in casual country attire, with tie. The rest - environmentalists and a pretty right-on bunch - wear DMs, floaty dresses, jeans and T-shirts. But no Swampy-style grunge. Kathie Burton, business operations director, is even wearing a smart suit. But then, this former administrator with IBM has the job of making things more businesslike. "It wasn't that it was unprofessional," she explains briskly, "but it did need to be more like a modern commercial organisation. It is much in demand."

Especially now the organic food market is worth £250m and growing at the rate of 40 per cent a year. Farmers - realising that there is money to be made - have even stopped throwing stones at Simon Bremner, the producer services manager, who has worked for the association in various guises for 15 years. He recently held a seminar at the Bath and West Show and "filled the tent to overflowing. It was packed," he enthuses, obviously still not quite believing it.

Patrick Holden is so busy, I had to be squeezed in before an interview with Radio 5 wanting an up-

date on the organic farmer Guy Watson. The day before, Holden chaired an all-day meeting on genetic engineering. The day before that, he hosted a visit to the Prince of Wales's estate at Highgrove to admire the farming methods behind Duchy Originals. And the day before that he milked 62 cows.

What was once a marginal band of committed individuals finds itself like the organic market it serves, moving into the mainstream. This year, the association's Organic Food Awards will be held at Raymond Blanc's restaurant, Le Manoir aux Quat'Saisons, which is a million miles from the organic niche that the Soil Association used to be in. And, there, holding the association's hand as it links in the light of day, is Jonathan Dimbleby, president of "a great resource", says Kathie.

And Kathie Burton will be there. She has introduced computer systems, formalised recruitment procedures, introduced staff appraisals. There are new offices, too. Exit the cramped box-room in a converted Georgian house. Enter slick, open-plan, modern rooms

with recycled glass and timber in co-ordinated, yellow and green. There must be money to spare because the association now has complimentary postcards of sheep, pigs and fork-lift trucks stylishly shot in black and white by Jim Hodson, an award-winning photographer, and a very fetching painting of a carrot executed by the artist in residence.

Even the stationery has had a make-over: "It was a mess," says Chris Binding, who, with Christopher Ball, designed the new corporate identity. "Different colours, different typefaces." Which just leaves the name. "The very first thing we asked when starting the job was 'is the name up for change?'" recalls Chris. "It is a bit confusing." People assume it's something to do with geology or soil science - requests for a soil analysis are so common. Simon has compiled a long list of laboratories to refer callers to; and, let's face it, who wants to think about mud when eating organic chocolate?

And herein lies the Soil Association's biggest problem. It is best known for something it never set out to do. Its origins are not in promoting organic farming, but in compost.

The Soil Association was set up by Lady Eve Balfour in 1946. Her thesis was that "the health of man, beast, plant and soil is one indivisible whole" that if you practise good husbandry of the soil, there are observable benefits to the health of plants, animals and people dependent on it. Soil is central, she sees.

"There are tensions between our members," concedes Burton.

"The ideologues don't approve of supermarkets, mothers-of-three wouldn't shop anywhere else and the foodies want as much choice as possible. We must try to straddle these differences," says Patrick Holden. "But we must also guard against diluting the original message."

Just how the association achieves this remains to be seen. In the meantime, Lady Eve, a tough-looking old trout with a beret, keeps a firm eye on proceedings from her portrait in the association's library. What would she think of it so far? Simon Bremner does not hesitate. "Formidable," he says. "Formidable."

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DUFF
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was fascinated, "because that whole tradition has died out at home". So he enrolled and joined the team.

You have to start off with only five marks in your pocket and come back with the same. You're not allowed a vehicle, you're supposed to walk."

Michail's own *Wandergerlehrer* has taken him for two summers to Scandinavia, where he travelled with his "basic kit of an adze, a big chisel, some carving tools and hewing stones, and a Japanese saw". In Germany he came across a copy of Mike Abbott's book *Green Woodwork* and

had also been on a pole-lathe course; Clare Walker, another master carpenter; and Colin Lodge, described as "resident philosopher, photographer and punch-repairer".

In blazing sunshine eight men, all stripped to the waist, lifted the main cruck frame, made of oak, carried it horizontally into position, then hoisted it carefully into a vertical attitude. The first essential was that the tenon on the foot of each upright should seat itself accurately in the mortice socket carved for it out of the base-beam.

Quickly, Michail slung a length of string and a plumb-bob beneath the cruck to make sure it was perfectly upright. Helpers tacked temporary stays in position.

The speed with which the frame took shape was amazing - and so was the accuracy. One after another, the joints came together. Uprights, horizontal and angle braces, all hand-hewn, slotted together with a precision that left everyone grinning - and nobody smiled wider than our host when it was revealed that Hauke had decorated the cen-

tral collar of the cruck with animal carvings.

In little more than three hours the frame was complete, locked together with hand-cut oak pegs driven into pre-bored holes. Never mind that as yet the building had no roof or walls. For Mike Abbott, the barn will be a dream come true, for until recently, in the best tradition of old-time pole-lathe operators, he has led a largely itinerant existence. During the past eight years he and Tamsin, between them, have lived in 24 different places.

Mike reckons that the total cost of building the barn will be between £1,000 and £1,500 - a third of which has gone on volunteer assistants.

The most remarkable feature of the whole exercise was the enthusiasm with which fellow green-wood enthusiasts flocked from lands afar to help, and the way in which the ancient crafts he rediscovered have taken a strong hold.

'Green Woodwork' by Mike Abbott, price £14.95, can be ordered from Greenwood Cottage, Bishops Frome, Worcester WR6 5AS



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Flower power on high

What plants do best in the window box? Cathy Packe provides the answers

Traditionally, window boxes have been regarded as the playground of the urban gardener: a tiny patch where those unfortunate city-dwellers who have no land to call their own can seek temporary refuge in a rural dream.

But this is no cheap alternative for those who are deprived of the real thing; in fact, many would say that the smaller the area involved, the greater the gardening skill required.

Geraniums, petunias, fuchsias, nasturtiums and trailing lobelia are currently filling the window boxes around my part of central London. Many of the displays are beautiful, but in a few more weeks most of the plants will be past their best, if not dead, leaving the gardeners responsible with a choice: to do without a window display until next summer, or to spend money on buying more seasonal plants.

The gardens round here are small, so we have room for either a greenhouse or flowerbeds, but not both. As a result, most of us have nowhere to raise seedlings and nowhere to overwinter any window-box plants that may be worth saving. On the face of it, paying £3 for half-a-dozen bedding plants does not seem a huge expense; but if you have a home that lends itself to window boxes - I have seven boxes that I like to keep planted all year round - buying new stock every season can be a pricey business, which makes gardening an expensive hobby.

If you work for a big city company - a large bank, for example - you will be used to seeing the plantscape around you changing regularly. Carefully maintained window boxes are an important part of a corporate image, but at a price that is not realistic for most domestic gardeners.

Windowflowers, the company that adorns many of the buildings in the City of London, as well as several hotels and major stores, is responding

sible for planting three-and-a-half miles of window boxes. They change their clients' displays five times a year (making an annual total of 17-and-a-half miles) to give a non-stop supply of seasonal colour and interest.

With a little advance planning, most of us could achieve a similar effect, but at a fraction of the cost. The secret is to create a framework that can remain in the box throughout the year and can then be embellished with a few bulbs or bedding plants according to the season.

A good window display is meant to be appreciated mainly from the outside, so you should consider the shape of the window and the style of the house when you are planning the design. Symmetrical Victorian- or Georgian-style houses usually look best with a formal style of planting, whereas a modern house can cope better with a more haphazard approach.

Height in a display is important, but remember that if your sitting-room is on the other side of the window, that two-foot conifer or box tree that looks so attractive in the garden centre could deprive you of a certain amount of light. It is also important to have a number of trailing plants to bring the eye down below the box itself. This makes it pointless to spend a lot of money on a container which is a work of art in its own right, since, in a good display, most of it will be covered up anyway.

The obvious choice for a trailing plant is ivy; this can be far more interesting than it sounds if you branch out from the common *Hedera helix* in its plainest form and choose the variegated types such as 'Glacier' (green and white) and 'Gold Heart' (green and yellow), or the more interesting *Hedera helix* 'Sagittifolia', whose leaves are shaped like an arrowhead. When these get overgrown, you can chop a bit off and pot them up to keep in the house, or pass on to a neighbour in exchange for another plant.

The creations of the company Windowflowers adorn many buildings in London

A more fragrant alternative to ivy is trailing rosemary, which looks and smells good all year round, and has blue flowers in summer; catmint can also be persuaded to trail without much difficulty; and there are various kinds of thyme that will soften the edges of the container - a good one to try is the yellow-finged

x citriodora 'Aurea'. Any of these can be interspersed next summer with whatever bedding - trailing geraniums, lobelia, fuchsias - you care to add in.

Structure and height can be achieved by planting almost any small, evergreen plant, according to whether you want it to be simply a shape, like a small conifer, or a sub-

ject of interest in itself, such as a small variegated hebe or euonymus. These can be used to provide a framework around which you can add various seasonal extras.

Once you have created a permanent structure, it is pointless to keep pulling it apart just because the parts of it have reached the end of their natural life. A way around this

Kalpesh Lathriga

is to add in a few empty pots when you plant up the box for the first time. You then plant up pots of the same size with whatever you choose for the particular season - pompon chrysanthemums, perhaps, as autumn approaches, to be followed later in the year by hardy cyclamen, then *Iris reticulata*, *Primula malacoides* and finally petunias. As the contents of each pot begin to fade you just replace it with a new selection without having to replant the whole box. An advantage of this method is that you can always pop in something special for a celebration: white flowers for a family wedding, or red for Christmas.

There are different approaches to the question of colour schemes in window boxes. You can go for as many colours as possible; this is a technique that for some reason is used frequently outside pubs, and often to great effect; but it can look overwhelming in the average house.

Experienced window-box planters reckon that a range of colour is important, but you shouldn't try to represent the whole spectrum in a small space.

The ingredient most vital to any window box is water. Even in a wet summer like this one, container plants can quickly dry out. The

smaller the box, the more often it is going to need watering. Jill Brown, who designed the winning window-box display at the Chelsea Flower Show this year on behalf of the Coventry Fuchsia and Geranium Society, reckons to water hers at least once a day. The professionals at Windowflowers water once a week, except in a heat wave, but their secret is to use the largest box they can fit into the window. They also advise blocking up any drainage holes in the base of the container, and drilling some at the sides instead, about half-way up. This creates a reservoir at the bottom, which you can keep topped up to prevent the whole box drying out.

As this year's bedding plants start to fade over the next few weeks, it is worth considering the size of the financial investment which is, in effect, heading straight for the compost heap. Most of us would be appalled at the prospect of replanting a flower bed every summer; a bit of planning and a careful browse round the garden centre this autumn could mean that we don't have to keep replanting our window boxes, either.

Windowflowers can be contacted on 01628 667227

WEEKEND WORK

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, THE MAIN TASK IS TO KEEP EVERYTHING TICKING OVER: KEEP DEAD-BEADING ANNUALS TO PROLONG THE FLOWERING SEASON AND, IN THE CASE OF MANY PERENNIALS, TO ENCOURAGE A SECOND BURST OF FLOWERS IN EARLY AUTUMN; KEEP MOWING THE LAWN REGULARLY; AND ABOVE ALL, KEEP WATERING.

BY THIS POINT IN THE SUMMER, YOU CAN SEE WHERE YOUR PLANTING SCHEMES HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL, AND WHERE THERE ARE GAPS THAT COULD BE FILLED NEXT YEAR. DRAW A PLAN REMINDING YOU WHERE EVERYTHING IS; ONCE THE SUMMER IS OVER IT IS EASY TO FORGET HOW THINGS LOOKED, AND THE LEAVES ARE DYING DOWN.

LOOK AT THE SHAPES AND COLOURS THAT ARE CURRENTLY GROWING SIDE BY SIDE, AND MAKE NOTES OF SUCCESSES AND FAILURES. ANY COMBINATIONS

THAT LOOK LESS THAN HARMONIOUS CAN ALWAYS BE MOVED LATER IN THE YEAR.

TAKE CUTTINGS FROM GERANIUMS; THEY WILL HAVE TIME TO ROOT BEFORE THERE IS ANY DANGER OF FROST, AND CAN THEN BE OVERWINTERED INDOORS. REMOVE A YOUNG SHOOT, WHICH SHOULD BE A FEW CENTIMETRES LONG. TAKE OFF THE LOWER LEAVES, DIP THE STEM IN ROOTING POWDER, AND PUSH DOWN INTO A POT OF COMPOST. SEVERAL CUTTINGS WILL FIT INTO ONE POT.

SUPPLIES OF BULBS ARE NOW AVAILABLE FROM MOST GARDEN CENTRES, AND BULK ORDERS SHOULD BE PUT IN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. TAKE A LOOK AT THE AREAS OF THE GARDEN THAT MAY NEED A SPLASH OF WINTER OR SPRING COLOUR, AND DECIDE WHAT TO PUT WHERE, SO THAT YOU CAN GET YOUR ORDER IN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

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TRAVEL

INDEPENDENT ADVICE FOR THE INDEPENDENT TRAVELLER

£20,000 a story? Not a chance

WHEN I was younger and even more naive, I asked a senior, much respected travel writer whether he could recommend a particular travel agent.

He looked puzzled. "But I haven't got one - I don't need one."

Imagine this: on every trip you take, from the airport to your accommodation, from beach to bar, someone is organising your travel and paying your way. At the very least, you can expect to be insulated from the hassles of the journey that afflict the rest of us, such as being "bumped" from overbooked flights and being billeted in sub-standard apartments. With a bit of luck, you should also get an upgrade on flights and hotels so you don't need to mix with us riff-raff in economy.

Every other national newspaper in Britain enjoys unlimited free travel facilities. Some of my best friends are travel writers who take lots of press trips. They say they can, and do, write impartially. Other pals work in public relations, and insist that they don't expect favourable coverage in return for free travel.

I respect their views. I just don't feel comfortable about a branch of consumer journalism depending for raw material wholly upon the largesse of the industry about which it reports. This unease is shared by the magazine *Condé Nast Traveller*, which operates a similar no-freebies policy.

As a marketing executive for the leading Australian airline once told me bluntly: "If a journalist recommends Qantas, the consumer is going to believe that more than our advertising". Accordingly, the travel industry pours millions into providing free facilities for journalists.

When you land that freebie, you have to ask yourself: "Why is this holiday company/tourist board/airline being so jolly nice to me?" (and, often, your partner and family, too).

No doubt it is because you are a fine person. But another possible factor is "equivalent advertising spend". This is the amount that the stories published as a result of a freebie are reckoned to be worth in terms of buying the same space in press, radio or TV advertisements.

Holiday companies are reticent about the financial value they place on editorial coverage. But, handily, a quango, the Scottish Tourist Board, has published the average value of the hundreds of free trips it organises for journalists every year: more than £20,000 each in equivalent advertising spend.

Big money - but not every holiday company can afford to lavish endless hospitality on journalists. A story doing the rounds in travel-writing circles tells how a small, specialist tour operator announced plans to introduce a



SIMON CALDER

The Independent owes no travel company any favours, and we intend to stay out of their debt

nominal charge for journalists on press trips. A travel editor not from a national newspaper was so incensed at what she regarded as a dangerous precedent that she vowed never even to mention the company in her pages again.

FREEBIES can also cause that fact file at the end of the story to be economical with the facts. The same Qantas executive told me that the airline would demand an "exclusive mention" in return for a free flight. In other words, even though there are 50 ways to leave the UK bound for Australia, the travel information accompanying the story would mention only one airline.

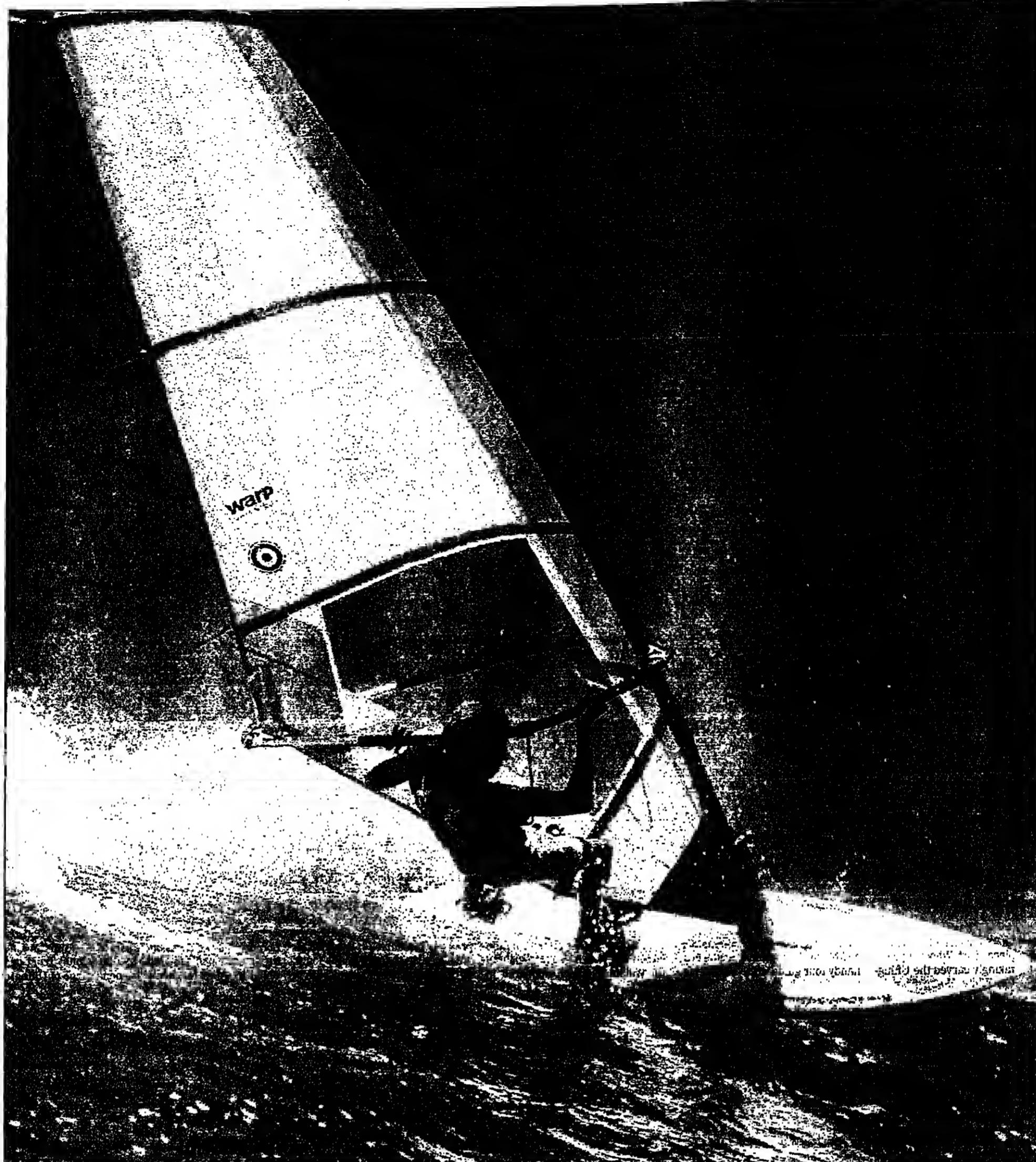
The *Independent* owes no travel company any favours, and we intend to remain out of the industry's debt. We believe you have the right to get a fair picture of the options.

We spend a lot of time researching fact files, to try to find the best deals. We may not always get them absolutely right, but our intention is always to dig out the best value for you.

CAREFUL STUDY of those "exclusive mentions" can lead you to speculation about office politics at other newspapers. Earlier this month, one page of a rival's travel section credited "the five-star Kempinski Hotel Corvinus... rooms from £140" in Budapest. Is the writer who enjoyed that one more in favour than the journalist who travelled to Skegness "as a guest of East Lindsey District Council's Leisure and Tourism Department"?

The travel section of *The Independent* might not be able to afford too many five-star places, but neither are we so strapped for cash that we have to ask a local authority to cough up £17 for a night in a B&B.

Meanwhile, few people who have hoodwinked the travel industry into providing a freebie because they claim to be writing for us grow ever fatter. This week, a hotel in Ireland got in touch to check a writer's credentials, but unfortunately only after the guest had checked out. Clear winner, though, remains the chap who enjoyed a week of luxury in Antigua while purporting to work for a small, specialist tour operator announced plans to introduce a



Now anyone can learn how to launch off after only eight hours of tuition; a week-long course should teach you how to get back to the shore as well. Warren Bolster/Colorific!

Scything through the seaside

Windsurfing is not as tricky as you might think. Eric Kendall catches the coastal breeze

Next time you are grilling gently on the beach, turning a delicate shade of lobster and hoping for only that only a moderate amount of sand has worked its way into your underwear. Walkman and egg sandwiches, spare a moment to study the windsurfers gliding gently across the shallow waters just beyond the shoreline.

Few are nut-brown Adonis, with toned muscles rippling and blond manes flowing. This is not California. Most are - well, just like the rest of us. Windsurfing, like many of the people who now do it, has come of age.

The biggest difference between participants and beach-

bound observers is that the participants are having fun. They have found a way to enjoy the British seaside, simultaneously keeping and looking cool while whizzing across the waves, powered only by the wind and sometimes at speeds that would cost a motorist three penalty points.

Anyone can do it, from age eight to 80, and it's never too late to start. OK, that is a cliché, but advances in sailing techniques and hardware have made windsurfing easier, quicker to learn, less physically demanding and less likely to result in frozen extremities, even in British waters.

For a raw recruit or lapsed champion-in-the-making from a few years back, the paraphernalia involved has improved beyond recognition. Today, when

someone tries to tell you that getting started is not so hard, that you don't fall in all the time and that the sails really aren't heavy to pull out of the water, they're almost telling the truth. As for getting cold, wetsuits have improved so much that they should take prizes for rapidity of development.

There is a technological answer to everything. Balance problems? No longer are you sent away to have a go on the pedalo or told to take up bird-watching. With the latest wide board, more of a pontoon, really, you can stay upright and experience decent performance - two things that used to be mutually exclusive.

Weight is the other key aspect, from the board itself to all the other bits, such as sail, mast and boom. Today's rig (you might as well slip into the argot, too) is easier to launch, sail and sling on to the roof rack, thanks mainly to its having shed a few pounds.

Teaching methods have evolved, too. To begin with, no sail or even mast is involved. The first steps are literally that: "Climb on to your board, stand up and walk to one end," said Toby the instructor. After glancing ashore to check that this wasn't an amusing windsurfer

joke at my expense, I scabbled aboard and stood up.

The desperate wobbliness means that you adopt a knee-bent, feet apart stance as though about to take part in the Hakka, but without the noise or the actions and definitely without any stamping.

I staggered towards one end, until it sank and I fell in. I got on again and skipped nimbly (getting the hang of it now) to the other end, which also sank, and I fell in again. It's as easy as falling off a log, the last bit.

Next comes the pirouette around the hole where the mast fits (it has a name, but do you really care?). With your newly acquired sense of balance this would be easy if you didn't have to put one arm in the air and look at the tips of your fingers throughout the manoeuvre.

Do this in both directions. Just because, OK?

Now comes the sail. At last, a chance to show my stuff. Learning the up-haul (pulling the sail from horizontal to vertical) has echoes of real sailing - of heaving away on ropes, bunting a sea shanty and feeling nautical. But perhaps not while learning on the simulator on dry land - which saves no end of faffing around and means

that Toby doesn't have to get wet when he's demonstrating.

The ludicrously named "secure position" seems easy enough to achieve until you get back on the water but, with luck, you stay upright and move rapidly on to swinging the sail round the back of the board while pirouetting around the mast. Mysteriously, the board turns slowly below you to point roughly where it needs to be for you to start sailing.

And, finally, assuming that there is a breeze and that you can co-ordinate some crucial footwork and transfer your hands to the boom, all in the correct order, you are away. This is at once thrilling and disturbing, because Toby's instructions are getting fainter as you head offshore, and you haven't covered turning around in sufficient detail to be fully confident of being able to get back to base.

A week-long course should transform reasonably fit novices into competent Level Two windsurfers, which allows you to sail without safety cover - ie, you are able to get back to where you started with confidence. Bewi Windsurfing (01822 891000) runs courses for all levels at Bewi Water in Kent, one of the biggest stretches of water in the South-east. Equipment, including wetsuits, is provided by schools: bring swimming kit and old trainers for use in the water.

GETTING WET BEHIND THE EARS

The Royal Yachting Association (01703 627400) training scheme is used by schools throughout the UK. Call them for details of your nearest affiliated windsurfing school. Level One, which ensures you can do the basics, including sailing round in a triangle, can be covered in eight hours.

A week-long course should transform reasonably fit novices into competent Level Two windsurfers, which allows you to sail without safety cover - ie, you are able to get back to where you started with confidence. Bewi Windsurfing (01822 891000) runs courses for all levels at Bewi Water in Kent, one of the biggest stretches of water in the South-east. Equipment, including wetsuits, is provided by schools: bring swimming kit and old trainers for use in the water.

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Giant etchings on the hoof

Who made the great white horses that gallop mysteriously across Wessex? Matthew Brace follows the trail



Trendsetter - the Uffington White Horse in south Oxfordshire inspired the creation of at least another nine hillside horses

It's a masterful, massive piece of art. Whoever painstakingly carved the Uffington White Horse from its chalk hillside must have been truly inspired. Back in primitive age, only they knew why they grazed their knees scraping away the grass to etch this giant symbol on the landscape - we are still in the dark despite numerous theories and attempts to find answers through archaeology. What they could not have known was that this horse would start a trend.

Hundreds, possibly even thousands of years later it's impossible to pinpoint the precise age of the animal is also unknown; at least another nine horses have been scratched out of the chalk slopes that run around the edge of the Salisbury Plain and the Marlborough Downs. Two are now invisible but seven can be seen and all are close enough to each other to be visited during a short cycling break in one of England's most fascinating re-

gions. A Marlborough couple, James and Marna Young, have produced a handy tour guide with a pointed history of each horse and its location. Since they wrote it a few years ago two things have changed: a seventh horse has now become visible, at Broad Town, and the price of the brochure has rocketed up by 50 per cent to £5.

As in a large-scale treasure hunt, there is a great sense of anticipation in rounding a bend in search of another white horse - hoping to see a chalk nose or tail come into view. Their clarity is due to the hard work of the National Trust, English Heritage and private landowners who maintain them.

Where to start the tour depends on where you base yourself. The ancient town of Avebury is the most central point, but it tends to become overcrowded with tourists who flock to walk, open-mouthed, around its stone circle. Otherwise Devizes and Marlborough are the biggest centres.

The oldest horse after Uffington (in south Oxfordshire) is at Westbury (in Wiltshire), which appeared in 1778, although it is thought a much older one used to stand here, possibly dating from the Iron Age and having some connection with Bratton Camp, a hilltop fort next to the horse which dates from between 500BC and AD43.

It is drawn with some precision, showing the shape of individual hooves. It stands at the end of an escarpment east of Westbury on an almost vertical hillside and is best viewed from B3098. English Heritage, which owns the site, says it may also have had political implications; the white horse was the heraldic badge of George II.

At the other end of the Vale of Pewsey, in Pewsey itself, stands the most recent horse. It was not cut by Iron Age tribes as a symbol of fertility or a gift for the gods, but by the Pewsey Fire Brigade in 1937 to mark the coronation of King George VI, who had come to the throne the

previous December. It is a good bit smaller than the rest and is found at the end of a green lane south of the town. The most delicate of Wiltshire horses is at Alton Barnes on the slopes of Milk Hill, in a secret valley between the Marlborough Downs and Salisbury Plain. The landowner cut it in 1812.

It has the appearance of an unusual beast, feeling its way gingerly across the hillside. It is looking a bit dishevelled at the moment but the village is nevertheless proud to have it watching over them with a vigilant and ever-open eye.

The horses at Marlborough (off A4, west of the town) and Hackpen Hill (east of the Swindon to Avebury road near the turn for Broad Hinton) are similar to each other. Both are lean, sleek-looking animals trotting across their grassy canvases and close enough for Hackpen (dated 1838 and a tribute to Queen Victoria) to be a copy of the other, which was cut in 1804 by the boys of nearby Marlborough school (later Marlborough College), possibly as part of an outdoor class led by an enlightened art teacher with a penchant for wildlife.

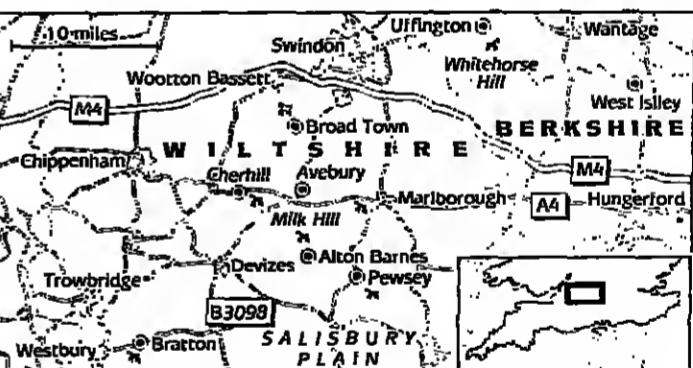
The Cherhill horse is hard to find when coming from Avebury as it hides beneath the west-facing flank of Cherhill Down, but an obelisk leads you to it. It was built in 1780 and, according to the locals, used to have chunks of glass in its oversized eye so that it flashed in the sunset.

There is a new addition to the white horse list, above the village of Broad Town, near Wootton Bassett, which has only recently become visible again - though it is still missing its back legs. It dates from 1863 and can be seen clearly from outside the village school.

For some reason not explained, all the horses are walking or trotting from right to left, except Uffington which is galloping off in the opposite direction. This is the most famous and beautiful, a real abstract masterpiece, and deserves more time and reverence, so leave it until last.

You can walk up to it from a National Trust car park near the village of Uffington and stand on the grass in its eye to turn around three times and make a wish, but the chalk limbs are delicate and not to be touched. Such is the mystical quality of the Uffington horse that interfering with its artistry would almost certainly incur the wrath of Iron Age ghosts.

The tour brochure can be obtained from 54 George Lane, Marlborough, Wiltshire SN8 4BY (enclose a cheque for 45p, payable to Mr and Mrs Young, and an SAE). In Avebury you can sleep beneath exposed ceiling beams at Westbrook B&B (01672 539377); near Uffington, stay at Down Barn Farm on Sparsholt Down, a short walk from the horse (01367 820273).



Whatever you do, don't look down

Prince Harry caused consternation this week when he went abseiling without a helmet. So what's the right way to tackle heights? Simon Calder finds out

BY THE end of the two-hour session you feel you have conquered Everest, or at least a mountain as meaty as nearby Snowdon. No matter that you are a mere 40 feet above a foam mattress: you feel a sense of triumph, along with the security of knowing you are in good hands.

On Sunday, the *News of the World* revealed the cavalier attitude to safety demonstrated by two young members of the Royal Family, abseiling without a helmet or a safety line from the top of a remote Welsh dam. On Monday, I took no such chances, by signing up for a climbing and abseiling session with the National Mountain Centre at Plas y Brenin in Conwy, North Wales.

The centre is housed in a former hotel in the lakeside village of Capel Curig. The surroundings are superb - the highest peaks in England and Wales are reflected in water tickled into a shimmer by a light breeze. But on the climbing and abseiling taster course, there is no chance of enjoying the great outdoors. You are here to sweat and learn, entirely within the confines of the National Mountain Centre.

Before you are allowed to reach any altitude at all, you have to be

properly kitted out: a rather fetching pair of blue climbing boots, looking like suede winklepickers and enlivened by a pair of yellow laces; a helmet; and a harness.

This last item gets to see no action at all for the first hour, which you spend in a room decked out with bumpy walls at peculiar angles, which resembles a cross between a padded cell and Fred Flintstone's front room: this is the beginners' climbing chamber.

While the instructors, Helen and Becky, ran through the theory, the 10 of us who had signed up for the session looked nervously at each other. Not that ambitiously, though; it became clear that the first part of the course involved skirting around the walls at well, skirting-board height. The correct technical term is "bouldering", but the outcrops on to which you are trying to cling are really the size of paddles. They have been thoughtfully bolted to the wall to provide hand- and footholds, of sorts, to help you edge your way around the room.

Within a few minutes, we resembled a colony of lizards crawling along the walls. Well - half of us were. Safety is paramount, so that even at an altitude of 2 feet, your own two

feet are watched over by your "buddy". Participants - ranging from eight to well over 40 - are matched by size; I teamed up with a fellow six-footer, Alan from the Isle of Wight.

We became pals very quickly, mainly because on the second circuit of the Flintstone lounge the climber was told to keep his or her eyes firmly shut while the minder called out directions to keep fumbling on course.

Plas y Brenin has been planted in the middle of Snowdonia for two decades, a centre of excellence for mountaineering in the midst of some excellent mountains. It was established by the Sports Council, but since last year has been run by the Mountain Training Trust, an amalgam of the ruling bodies for teaching climbing.

Everything from boots to hats is stencilled "pyb", which perplexed the two Russian lads on the course no end; the acronym for the centre corresponds precisely to the Cyrillic abbreviation for roubles. You do not need too many roubles to sign up: just £2 gets you two hours of expert tuition. You learn to use the strength in your legs, keeping your hips in infinite proximity to the wall. Arms

are mainly used in a horizontal fashion, to stop you falling off. When you need to use them to overcome gravity, particularly on those tricky overhangs, you keep them straight.

Satisfied that we posed no further danger to ourselves or society, Helen and Becky moved us from the padded cell to a much grander climbing-caveon, which struck me as what the inside of a giant bouncy castle might resemble. The floor was bouncy, but the walls were hard. Rock hard. We put on our harnesses, in the awkward manner of handling a particularly tricky piece of surgical equipment.

Until Monday, I had thought that a karabiner was an above-average-stylish and/or brutal Italian policeman. It turns out that the mountaineering variant is the crucial

hoop that keeps you (or, more accurately, your harness) hooked up to the safety rope. Helen taught us which bit to squeeze to check its integrity, then demonstrated how three of us at bouncy floor level would keep the climber safe.

The idea is that you can be the worst climber in the world (and I would be first to volunteer) but you will never get hurt. When you slip,



Learning to climb the safe way at Plas y Brenin Simon Calder



The waterfront of the old town of Rovinj on the Istrian peninsula

Nigel Sutcliffe/Hutchinson Library

Tito's VIP hideaway

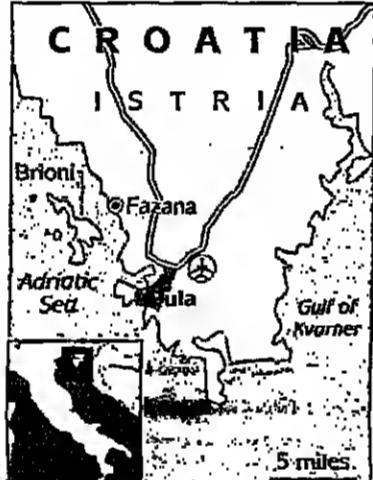
After years of being available only to the privileged few, Brioni has opened up. By Penny Jackson

Bury men were boisterously playing volleyball in the water, spreading themselves in an ever-widening circle as more joined the game. As a few families withdrew to the beach, a man came out of the restaurant and shouted at them: "If you boys don't get out of the water, I'll telephone your commanding officer. You're frightening away the guests."

We flopped under a tree - in tactical retreat from the sun rather than from exuberant off-duty soldiers. It is an unusual mix for an island in the Adriatic during a scorching summer, but then this is an ordinary island. Brioni was closed to all but politicians and VIPs during Tito's years, and tantalising pictures were the only glimpses we had of its flora and archaeological treasures.

Now it is open to everyone, although part is for the private use of the Croatian president, Franjo Tudjman, who had clearly chosen the same time as we did to take up residence, if the number of guardsmen's T-shirts was anything to go by. His men did not wait for a second warning from the water's edge, but abandoned their ball game and disappeared in the pinewoods.

On the one beach, which is carved from the rocky shoreline and is for hotel guests only, our two sons made for the tall water-slide they had spotted from the boat. They and a handful of other children had the place to themselves. When not in the crystal-clear and very warm water, they were collecting vast pine cones or trying to spot squirrels - small, dark and endearing.



Brioni feels as though it is coming out of a long sleep, almost as if it has one foot in another century. It was so quiet that we could hear from our hotel room the waves lapping against the walls of a deserted 19th-century boathouse. We began to feel sorry for a gorgeous Italian girl who walked around in a cloud of perfume; her only admirers were our own boys aged eight and nine, who remarked on her every change of clothes.

We were staying on the island not for the night, but so that we could enjoy the freedom to roam. After the last boat had left for the day, we wandered up towards the 15th-century church and museum, filled with

PENNY JACKSON bought a seat-only ticket on a Britannia charter flight from Gatwick to Pula. Thomson Direct (0990 502580) is quoting £15 return for flights in early September.

Croatia Airlines (0181-563 0022) flies each Monday from Stansted to Pula, again for a fare of £145. There are also flights on Croatia Airlines from Heathrow to Zagreb, with connections to Pula. British Airways (0345 222111) flies daily except Mondays from Heathrow to Zagreb, for £206 return.

One night at the hotel Neptune on Brioni (00 385 52 525 100) cost £200 for this month and next.

stone, bone and pottery relics unearthed during the digs that produced evidence of the islands' being inhabited as far back as neolithic times. In the twilight we came across the empty zoo. Weeds are growing in the bear pit and the tunnels leading from other empty enclosures threw back satisfying echoes of the children's shouts.

As we meandered past some bird cages, one son, confident that they were equally deserted, turned his back on the wire and did a fair imitation of an owl. At that, an enormous bundle of black and white feathers shot out and made straight for him with squawks and gobbles. An irate turkey, we quickly discovered, is still in residence.

FACT FILE

two adults and two children. Istria has good, private rooms for £5 to £15 a night.

Penny Jackson hired a car through Giusto Rent A Car (00 385 52 501 540) for £240 per week.

Several tour operators offer inclusive holidays in Croatia; details from the Croatia National Tourist Office, 2 The Lanchesters, 162-164 Fulham Palace Road, London W6 8ER (0181-563 7979). Balkan Holidays (0171-543 5356) has just announced discounts on many holidays to Croatia this month and next.

strange looking oven fidgeted in the shade of trees. The first animals here and in the zoo were gifts to Tito - a camel from Gaddafi, an elephant from Gandhi. Brioni was, after all, the birthplace of the long-for-gotten non-aligned group of countries.

"This is like something out of a story," whispered one of our boys as, bizarrely, we found ourselves admiring two lovely old carriages from the British Royal Family. We had zipped along a small path and landed up outside an airy stable block of Austrian grandeur. Inside every stall was the unmistakable Lippizaner.

A young guy - pony-tailed, and pronounced as pretty cool - proudly introduced us to these magnificent horses, which are rarely put through their paces these days.

The children sat in the royal carriages and marveled at their comfort, waving into an empty coach house. We trundled off. Five minutes later, we were gazing at three Roman columns in a landscape scattered with ruins. All along the pathway were distinctive remains.

On the short ferry journey back to the little port of Fazana, a woman got into conversation with our sons. Did they know that the Croatian football team was on its way to Brioni as guests of President Tudjman? No, they didn't, but they were determined to go back and find out, all memories of ruins and water slides blotted out by the disappointment of missing a close encounter with the world's third best. But then again, that stall on the quayside selling football shirts... perhaps a Super strip would be just as good.

RED CHANNEL

The world's most dangerous airlines are missing from the website www.airsafe.com. No individual airline from the former USSR is included, and the only China-based carrier is the relatively safe Cathay Pacific. Other Chinese firms, lumped together as "Airlines of the People's Republic of China", have suffered 13 fatal accidents since 1970.

Among the named airlines that make the list, three are well above average. Two serve British airports. Air Zimbabwe has suffered a fatal accident on average every 80,000 flights since 1970. The Havana-based airline Cubana has incurred five, ie one for every 65,000 flights; at least one of these was attributed to a bomb placed by anti-Castro elements.

Most dangerous among those for whom records appear is AeroPeru, with a fatal crash every 60,000 flights. But flying is still safer than driving, especially in the US, where the giant carriers - American Airlines, Delta and United - on average suffer one fatal accident every 2 or 3 million flights.

GREEN CHANNEL

The most savage price cut of the year so far is on offer for travellers prepared to track black rhino in Zimbabwe.

Earthwatch has received some cancellations for its 25 August departure. So the international science and education charity is recruiting volunteers for only £200 instead of the usual £1,500 (though you need to add the air fare). Paying team members help scientists acquire data for their research.

The idea is to track black rhino - one of the world's endangered species - through a unique method of photographic "footprinting", which should bring your wildlife photography skills into focus. In the Black Rhino Project, research teams will track the rhinos in Hwange National Park, photographing and drawing the individual footprints of the rhinos...

The results will then be scanned into a computer and matched or added to a footprint database. The details are passed on to the parks department, to help it protect the black rhino in the park. Rhinos have previously been tracked through radio collaring, but as this is expensive and often stressful to the animal, this new method of footprinting is now being tested.

The black rhino is one of the fastest disappearing animals on the planet, largely because of illegal poaching to serve the massive demand for the horn, which is used in traditional Asian medicine.

Their worldwide population has been cut by five-sixths in the past 20 years. In Zimbabwe, the animal was almost wiped out by poachers in the early 1990s; after an emergency dehorning operation in 1993, 263 survived. According to the British educational charity Sebakwe Black Rhino Trust, rhino horn is literally worth its weight in gold: £25,000 can be paid on the black market for a single horn.

SUE WHEAT

Earthwatch: 01865 311600. Sebakwe Black Rhino Trust: 01993 830278

THAT SUMMER

FLORENCE, 1982

Fine art and ice-cream

Italy in June was a magic roundabout for Claire Gervat

IT WAS the ice-cream that made the most impact. My diary for 1982, otherwise fairly sketchy, faithfully records daily - and more frequent - trips to Vivoli, Florence's best known and most popular seller of ice-cream.

Even now, if I concentrate, I can recall the frosty pleasure of my first mouthful of their rice-pudding ice-cream, though I must have tried most of their flavours at least once.

Vivoli was a short walk from the British Institute where I was studying Italian and art history. Vivoli was a popular spot to go to between classes, despite the fact that you had to cross Piazza della Repubblica, the town's main square, to reach it. All the girls at the institute (and there were many) used to complain about being pestered by Italian men as they walked through the square.

My room at the Pensione

Bartolini was comfortable, and from the window you could see the dome of Santa Maria del Fiore. I was, and still am, convinced that the place was the model for the Bartolini in E.M. Forster's *A Room With a View*: the same high-ceilinged dining room; the same group of English people; the view over the Arno. Forster, however, never mentioned the breakfast rolls, which were warmed to disguise the fact that they were from the previous day and tasted strongly of parmesan, which combined strangely with apricot jam.

I shared a table with Christopher, who planned to go to Oxford to read classics and who conscientiously translated chunks of Homer before breakfast. However, I longed to sit on the next table with four girls who seemed to spend every meal in a froth of laughter.

Many of my evenings seem to have been spent at what my

diary calls "the English bar", though I have little memory of the place. Small snatches of night-time scenes are all I can remember: going on the back of someone's motorbike up to Piazzale Michelangelo; a drunken dinner at a student's flat and dancing to Italian electro-pop. The wine must have been good and potent or I'd surely recollect more.

A long weekend gave us a chance to explore further afield. One of the students, an Anglo-Italian, invited several of us to his parents' farmhouse four hours outside Florence.

We went to Urbino and visited its Renaissance ducal palace. We took long walks, ate huge meals and drank chianti. But most of all we took advantage of the lack of neighbours to play our music loud, dance to Oliver's Army and shriek in nasal Elvis Costello imitations. "And I would rather be anywhere else but here today", though the opposite was true.

Wars and armadas were in the news. The Falkland Islands conflict was at its peak, but not a flicker of news reached us in Florence. Our Italian, though improving daily, wasn't good enough to read

newspapers, so we didn't know about the terrible things happening daily around the world, and were happier for it.

Not that it was all fun and frivolity. After all, most of us were on the history of art course, which meant daily lectures and regular museum visits. The Uffizi, not surprisingly, was a frequent destination. Botticelli's *Primavera* had just been put back on display after careful restoration, but every room had something worth studying.

Of course, there was no shortage of other art galleries and museums. The Palazzo della Signoria had Donatello's statue of David, naked apart from boots and a hat, which I thought was wonderfully kinky and made me laugh. Then there was an exhibition in some ancient-frescoed church of Ray Lichtenstein paintings.

The month passed depressingly fast, but by the end of it several things had become clear. I had turned almost blonde, my legs were brown, I could swear like an Italian and my shoe collection had grown. And - most important - rice-pudding was definitely my favourite flavoured ice-cream.

BOARD & LODGING

A room
Strikes and war delayed the completion of one of London's newest hotels. The official history of the County Hall Travel Inn (0171-902 1600) points out, however, that these problems affected the previous tenant, the London County Council (later the GLC). A room is £55.

A meal
The "Great British Breakfast" is part of a day out at Chatsworth House. For £29 from Midland Mainline (0990 125 242) you get a first-class ticket from London

to Chesterfield, a bus to the home of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and admission to the house and gardens.

A drink
If, by next Saturday, you buy 150 packets of Earl Grey from Sainsbury's (cost: £1.25), you earn enough Reward points to exchange for Air Miles for a return flight from London to Paris or Brussels.

Gnome corner
Photograph a gnome to win £2,000. See next Saturday's *Independent*.

A FEW DAYS AT THE PYRAMIDS

A Long Weekend at the famous Mena House Hotel at Giza

T here are few hotel locations in the world that can beat the Mena House at Giza with its dramatic views of the Pyramids and nearby Great Sphinx. The Mena House has played host to many of the most important personages of the last century including members of the royal families of Europe, politicians such as Churchill, stars from Hollywood as Chaplin, besides being the headquarters for Allied Chief of Command during the last war. The hotel accommodation is laid out in a circle and in the middle are beautiful grounds with a swimming pool and palm trees, where you can be sitting and believing for all the world that you are in an oasis and that you have the Pyramids all to yourself.

This is a unique opportunity at a tariff which is at a fraction of the normal to see one of the wonders of the world and in some comfort, with travel provided by British Airways scheduled non-stop flights to Cairo, 4 nights accommodation at the Mena House Hotel on a room and breakfast basis, visits to the Pyramids, Sphinx, and the Treasures of Tutankhamun at the Egyptian Museum, with optional visits to Alexandria. There is also an opportunity to see the fantastic spectacle of a sound and light performance set against the Great Sphinx.

rooms have full facilities and are air-conditioned. The hotel is managed by the internationally renowned Oberoi Group.

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SPORT

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Hill faces £2m Jordan pay cut



MOTOR RACING

BY DERICK ALLSOP
at Hockenheim

DAMON HILL needed a second glance but it confirmed his disbelieving impression and return to the sharp end of Formula One. His third place in practice for tomorrow's German Grand Prix was also a timely repose in his negotiations for a new contract with Jordan.

Only the McLaren-Mercedes cars of Mika Häkkinen, the championship leader, and David Coulthard were ahead of Hill at the end of yesterday's session. Michael Schumacher in his Ferrari was fifth, Ralf Schumacher in the other Jordan, 10th.

Hill's season has lurched from the modest to the downright indifferent and he has yet to score a point. That burden has proved heavier still these past two races because his team-mate has registered points in both.

Compounding his discomfort, Hill

spun off in the British Grand Prix at Silverstone and then expressed his frustration after the team miscalculated his laps in qualifying for last week's Austrian Grand Prix, where he lined up 15th on the grid.

Neither Jordan, nor their engine partners, Mugen-Honda, were amused by the public laundering of dirty linen. The mood changed dramatically yesterday. Hill savouring his work on the track where he has traditionally been strong.

Hill, who completed the day just 0.348 seconds down on Häkkinen, said: "It was very satisfying to see my name in the top three again. This is the most encouraging Friday of the season for me."

"And we're not kidding ourselves either. We did this with plenty of fuel in the tank. The car seems inherently good here and we are knocking on the door of being regular top six runners again. If you look back over a few races we have been building up this kind of momentum and I can see some light at the end of the tunnel."

A good result here tomorrow would palpably strengthen Hill's position more than any performance in practice. He has indicated his preference to continue driving with Jordan, who in turn have stated positively they wish to retain him and Ralf Schumacher.

Hill had an option to stay at the team, but the deadline for him to exercise that right lapsed a fortnight ago. Now the playing field has been levelled, the bargaining muscle is perhaps in Jordan's favour and they appear intent on taking advantage.

It is understood Hill's salary for this season is around £5m, a huge slice of the budget a midfield team like Jordan are able to raise. If Hill is to stay, he may have to be satisfied with nearer £3m for next season.

Eddie Jordan, the team owner, declined to discuss details of their ongoing negotiations, restricting himself to uncontroversial comment. "We want Damon to stay and we are

hopeful we can reach agreement," he said. "We want to keep both our drivers. We feel we are going from strength to strength as a team."

Hill still has the option of retiring, or be might be tempted by the likes of the British American Racing team or Stewart-Ford. He has also been linked with Williams.

He speaks enthusiastically about the potential at Jordan and a strong finish to the season would undoubtedly sharpen his appetite to race on, but more so if he can outpace his young partner.

McLaren have yet to announce their driver line-up for next season, but Coulthard maintains there is no uncertainty in his mind, that he and Häkkinen will again be tandem.

Coulthard has had to wait for confirmation as rumours of McLaren's approaches to other drivers have continued. A bid for Michael Schumacher can be appreciated; a supposed move for Jacques Villeneuve the finds less logical.

"I'll be glad when it is all announced and over with," Coulthard admitted. "But it's not something that has concerned me in the least. All I know is what I've been told by the team, and I don't believe they have lied to me."

"I am absolutely certain it will be the same pairing next year, just as we've always been certain it would be."

If there are no further doubts, it seems curious McLaren, and Mercedes especially, would not wish to make a statement here. The team say it is "imminent" and that just a few final details have to be sorted.

But behind Coulthard's brave face and loyal stance must lurk a degree of unease.

"All I want to do now is focus on my racing," he said. "I want to win as many races as I can before the end of the season and try to at least finish second in the championship."

"I'm reasonably satisfied with the job we have done today and surprised a little bit about our advantage. But our concern on this circuit is reliability. It really pushes the en-

gine to its limit and that could work against us."

Coulthard accepts Häkkinen now leads the McLaren fight against Michael Schumacher. On yesterday's showing the German may not be such a danger in front of his own crowd. The Ferrari had the straight line speed but not the grip through the twisting Stadium section. Another Ferrari-powered car, Jean Alesi's Sauber, was comfortably quicker.

GERMAN GRAND PRIX (Hockenheim): Yesterday's podium finishers: 1. M Häkkinen (Fin) McLaren-Mercedes 1min 43.946sec (av speed 145.417mph); 2. D Coulthard (GB) McLaren-Mercedes 1:43.989; 3. J Alesi (Fr) Sauber-Petronas 1:44.294; 4. M Schumacher (Ger) Ferrari 1:44.546; 5. M Irvine (Ir) Williams-McLaren 1:44.757; 6. M Barrichello (Br) Stewart-Ford 1:44.928; 7. H-H Frentzen (Ger) Williams-McLaren 1:45.186; 8. J Herbert (GB) Sauber-Petronas 1:45.464; 9. D Arnoux (Fr) Jordan-Honda 1:45.642; 10. S Cecotto (Fr) Ligier 1:45.711; 11. J Trulli (It) Prost-Peugeot 1:45.611; 12. A Wurz (Aut) Benetton-Playlife 1:45.943; 13. G Fisichella (It) Minardi 1:46.189; 14. S Cecotto (Fr) Ligier 1:46.195; 15. R Barrichello (Br) Stewart-Ford 1:46.257; 16. O Panis (Fr) Prost-Peugeot 1:46.367; 17. J Bakker (Neth) Williams-McLaren 1:46.903; 18. J Verstappen (Neth) Williams-Ford 1:47.086; 20. E Bero (Arg) Minardi-Ford 1:48.175; 21. S Nakajima (Japan) Minardi-Ford 1:48.215; 22. R Rosset (Br) Tyrrell-Ford 1:49.986.

Tour de France: Riders demand action over drug abuse as power surge from Backstedt makes history for Sweden

Riis leads calls for a 'pure sport'

BY ROBIN NICHOLL
at Autun, France

RIDERS IN the Tour de France called on the governing body, the Union Cycliste Internationale, to act promptly to clean up the sport in the wake of the drug scandal that has overshadowed the 98th edition of the world's premier cycle race.

"We want a pure sport," said the riders' spokesman, Bjarne Riis on the day that the TVM team quit the Tour with two days to go to the finale on the Champs-Elysées. "The UCI is not here just to write rules and arrange the racing calendar. Together with them we have to sort out this problem which has come out in the Tour."

After Magnus Backstedt became the first Swedish rider to win a Tour stage, Riis went before the media to deny a newspaper story that quoted him as calling Rodolfo Massi "a drugs dealer". Massi had led the Tour's Mountains Grand Prix before he was held for questioning by police investigating alleged drug abuse by Tour riders and was forced to drop out of the race.

"I never said that he was dealing. I am sorry for his team, and I hope that Massi will be freed soon," Riis said. "A lot of people think that my team, Deutsche Telekom, do not agree with what the justices are doing. Their work is necessary for cycling."

Riis, who won the 1996 Tour was challenged at the start in La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland. The French manager of Massi's Casino team, Vincent Lavenu, asked him if it was true that he had accused the rider of trafficking in drugs. After an Italian rider, Alberto Elli, had also questioned him, Riis asked his team manager, Walter Godefroot, to arrange a media meeting.

"I had said that if Massi was guilty of bringing illegal drugs into the sport it was right that police should investigate," Riis said.

Massi was detained by police on Wednesday at Chambery, near the French-Italian border, along with Nico Terrados, the doctor with the Spanish team ONCE. Yesterday Massi faced the examining magistrate in Lille the centre of the inquiry into the case regarding the Festina team, which was thrown out of the Tour after drugs were found in a team car.

The remaining five riders of the TVM team did not start yesterday, and a team official, Guido van Calster, said that it was the riders' decision. "They are not mentally and physically capable of racing," he said, in a statement broadcast on Radio Tour, the race's link with its huge workforce and media.

Four TVM riders were subjected to medical tests on police instructions on Wednesday TVM's manager, Cees Priem, and their team doctor, Alexandre Mikhailov, are being held on drugs related charges.

The first casualty outside the Tour was the prestigious Critérium de France, one of the first big-money appearance races for leading Tour riders. The sponsors called off the race, which was due to run at Château Chinon on Monday.

As the scandal rumbled on yesterday 13 riders made the 19th stage of their showpiece. The Frenchman Jacky Durand, already a stage winner, raced off in the first kilometre, and after 70km he had 12 others to help him build a lead that had soared to 16min 38sec by the finish.

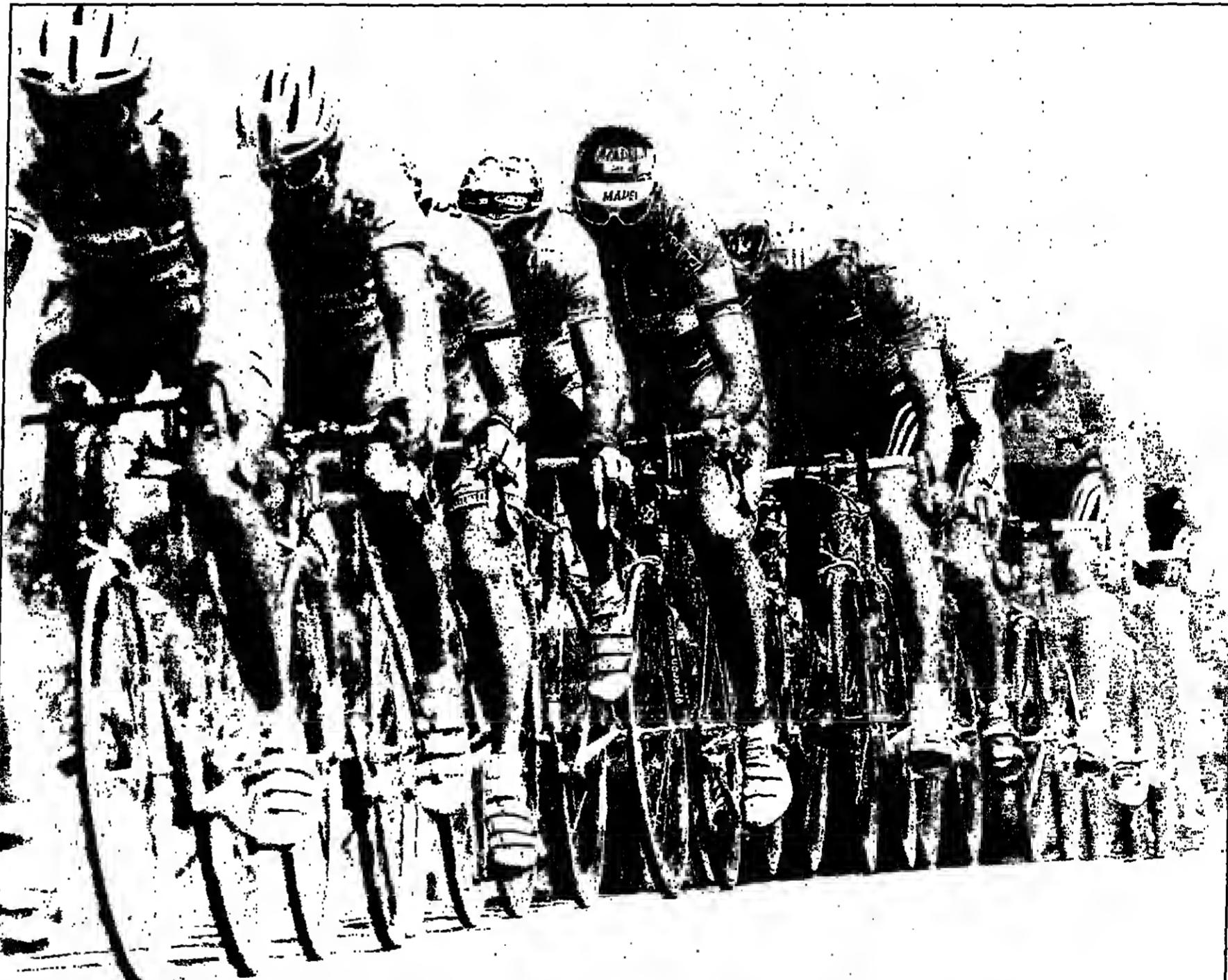
The Italian race leader, Marco Pantani, and his closest rivals were unperturbed. The Frenchman Thierry Bourguignon came nearest to posing a threat, and he was more than 37 minutes adrift of the yellow jersey's position.

Pascal Dernié, sporting purple-dyed hair, broke up the party 16km from Autun when his attack took four riders away to contest a sprint finish. As they sped through the Burgundy vineyards and on to the breeding ground of the Charolais, the quartet opened a lead that was comfortable enough to allow them to tussle in the finishing straight.

Then the pure power of the Swedes swept all before him as Backstedt edged out the Dutchman Maarten den Bakker, the Italian Eddy Mazzoleni, and the colourful Dernié, of the US Postal Service team, to create a little piece of Swedish sporting history.

"I am just overwhelmed. I cannot believe that I have won," said Backstedt, who once used cycling to improve his fitness for downhill skiing, but realised that his cycling was better than his alpine skills.

There is very little downhill left in the Tour. Today Pantani faces the challenge of a 52km time-trial into



The yellow jersey of the Tour leader, Marco Pantani, is sandwiched in the pack during yesterday's 150-mile stage through Burgundy to Autun

TOUR RESULTS

TOUR DE FRANCE 19th stage (150 miles, Néris-les-Bains, Fr): 1 M Backstedt (Swe) GAN Start 10min 14sec; 2 M den Bakker (Neth) Rabobank; 3 E Mazzoleni (It) Saeco; 4 Dernié (Fr) US Postal; all same time; 5 F Gueye (Sen) US Postal; 6 J Durand (Fr) US Postal; 7 C Cenzo; 8 A Turcich (It) Asics; 9 S O'Grady (Aus) GAN; 10 Gouveneur (Fr) Big Mat; 11 F Andreu (US) US Postal; 12 C Agostini (It) US Postal; 13 M den Bakker (Neth) Rabobank +2sec; 14 R McEvitt (Aus) Rabobank +16:38; 15 E Zabel (Ger) Telekom; 16 S Zanini (It) Mapei; 17 P Charreton (Fr) Cofidis; 18 N Jabart (Fr) Cofidis; 20 A Tati (It) Mapei; all +17:10.

Overall: 1 M Pantani (It) Mercatone Uno 87hr 58min 43sec; 2 M den Bakker (Neth) Rabobank; 3 E Mazzoleni (It) Saeco; 4 Dernié (Fr) Cofidis +0:01; 5 M Basso (It) Liquigas +1:05; 6 J Durand (Fr) US Postal +12:36; 7 F Gueye (Sen) US Postal +13:19; 8 D'Amato Nardello (It) Mapei +13:36; 9 B Lamprecht (Aust) Rabobank +14:14; 10 Gouveneur (Fr) Big Mat +15:13; 11 A Merckx (Bel) Pobi +16:15; 12 C Paganini (It) Saeco +16:52; 13 S Heubel (Fr) FDJ +17:49; 14 O Baro (It) Mapei +18:57; 15 K Lichtenberg (US) Liquigas +30:30; 16 P Farazin (Bel) Lotto +32:47; 17 J Jakobs (Ger) Pobi +32:43; 18 L Madiot (Fr) Lotto +34:48.

YESTERDAY: STAGE 19

La Chaux-de-Fonds-Autun

150 miles/242km

Map

Start

La Chaux-de-Fonds

Autun

Finish

Georges

Champ

Plaine

Autun

Start

La Chaux-de-Fonds

Autun

Finish

Georges

Champ

Plaine

Autun

Start

La Chaux-de-Fonds

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La Chaux-de-Fonds

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Finish

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Plaine

Autun

Start

La Chaux-de-Fonds

Autun

THEATRE
COUNTRYWIDE

BIRMINGHAM
HIPPODROME The Phantom Of The Opera Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical adaptation of the novel about a tragic love affair between an opera singer and a disfigured composer. Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed 2pm, Sat 2.30pm, ends 24 Sep. £10-230. Hurs Street (0121-622 7496)

BLACKPOOL
OPERA HOUSE Summer Holiday The Cliff Richard film adapted for the stage. Sat-Sun 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 2pm, ends 7 Nov. £10-£18.50. Quay Street (01253-627766)

DERBY
ALHAMBRA THEATRE Les Misérables Musical dramatisation of Victor Hugo's masterpiece. Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed 2pm, Sat 2.30pm, ends 29 Aug. £10-£29.50. Morley Street (01274-752000)

BURNLEY
TOWNLEY PARK Dracula - The Unseen! Midsummer Actors perform this suspense-filled adaptation in the open air. 18-21 Aug. 7.30pm. £10, concs £7. (01282-430055)

EDINBURGH
ASSEMBLY ROOMS Disco Pigs Corcador's acclaimed production of Neil Walsh's look at a night out in Cork. Mon-Sun 7pm, per 19 Aug. 5 Sep. £8.50-£9.50, concs £7.50-£8.50.

EDINBURGH
PILOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATRE The Importance Of Being Earnest Oscar Wilde's comedy of unlikely coincidences. Aug 13, 17, 20pm, ends 7 Oct. £12.50-£16.50, concs available. A Voyage Round My Father John Mortimer's account of his relationship with his father. Aug 10, 8pm, ends 8 Oct. £12.50-£15, concs available.

EDINBURGH
STEPHEN JOSEPH THEATRE, MCCARTHY AUTOPIUM Contacting Laura One man's attempt to move on following a marriage break-up. 21 Aug, 1.10pm, ends 25 Sep. £4-£12.

EDINBURGH
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE Flora Stovall stars in this new adaptation of the classic novel by Muriel Spark. National Theatre: Lythelton South Bank SE1 (0171-452 3000) in rep. 19 Sep-17 Oct. £12.50-£17.50, concs £5.50-£6.50.

EDINBURGH
THE ROUND COMIC Potential Alan Ayckbourn's new comedy is the first in a season of ten plays. Times vary, phone for details, ends 19 Sep. £9-£12.50.

EDINBURGH
PERFECT DAYS Siobhan Redmond stars as a celebrity hairdresser in Liz Lochhead's new romantic comedy. 15 & 20 Aug, 7.30pm, 16 & 21 Aug, 11am, 18 Aug, 4.15pm, 19 Aug, 4.15pm, ends 2 Sep. £12, concs £7.50.

EDINBURGH
CRIME DRAMA Sarah Kane, looking at the love, loss and desire. 15 & 20 Aug, 7.30pm, 16 & 21 Aug, 11am, 18 Aug, 4.15pm, 19 Aug, 4.15pm, ends 2 Sep. £12, concs £7.50.

EDINBURGH
PERFECT PITCH Tim Godber's comedy about a jingle writer. Times vary, phone for details, ends 26 Sep. £9-£12.50.

EDINBURGH
LOVE SONGS For Shopkeepers Alan Ayckbourn directs Tim Firth's comedy about a jingle writer. Times vary, phone for details, ends 5 Sep. £9-£12.50. Westborough (01723-370541)

GLASGOW
PAVILION THEATRE The Celtic Story Dorothy Paul and Jimmy Logan star in this play Celtic Football Club. Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Sat 2pm & Wed 1.15pm, ends 5 Sep. £5-£15, concs available. Renfield Street (0141-332 1846)

EDINBURGH
CENTURY THEATRE The Late Edwina Black. Turn of the century whodunit. 15, 17-18, 8.15pm, in rep. 29 Oct. £10. Just Between Dorselles Alan Ayckbourn's look at relationships. 19 Aug, 8.15pm, ends 3 Oct. £5-£10.

EDINBURGH
BAD WEATHER Robert Holman's examination of the breakdown in relationships. In rep. 19 Aug, 7.30pm, 20 Aug, 8.15pm, ends 2 Sep. £12-£19. Southern Lane (01789-295623)

EDINBURGH
GRAND THEATRE The Killing Game Catherine Mumpus's murder mystery. 15 Aug, 8pm & 8pm. £5-£8, concs available.

EDINBURGH
PERL AT END HOUSE Agatha Christie's classic whodunit. 18-21 Aug, 7.30pm, 22 Aug, 5pm & 8pm, mat 20 Aug, 2pm. £5-£8, concs available. New Briggate (0113-222 6222)

EDINBURGH
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE THEATRE ROYAL Jesus Christ Superstar Tim Rice and Lloyd Webber's acclaimed biblical musical. From Aug 18. Mon-Sat 7.30pm, ends 5 Sep. £9-£27. Waterside (01789-256225)

EDINBURGH
SWAN THEATRE TELL OF THE CITY Stephen Poliakoff's drama about censorship in the early days of TV and radio. In rep. 15 & 19 Aug, 7.30pm, in rep. 15, 18, 20, 1.30pm, ends 3 Sep. £5-£21.

EDINBURGH
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR Sympathetic staging of Jonson's drama. In rep. 17 Aug, 7.30pm, continuing in rep until Sept 1. £5-£21.

EDINBURGH
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA Directed by Edward Hall. In rep. 18, 20, 21 Aug, 7.30pm, ends 5 Sep. £5-£21. Waterside (01789-256223)

EDINBURGH
YORK THEATRE ROYAL The Boy Friend A sizzling version of Sandy Wilson's musical. Mon-Sat 8pm, mats 15 Aug, 4pm, 10 Aug, 2.30pm, ends 5 Sep. £6-£12.50. St Leonards Place (01904-623500)

EDINBURGH
THE HONEST WHORE Middleton and Dekker's melodrama. The Globe New Globe Walk, SE1 (0171-401 0019) & London Bridge. In rep. 10 & 21 Aug, 7.30pm, ends 18 Sep. £5-£20, concs available.

EDINBURGH
IT'S A MAD WORLD MY MASTERS Comic look at London life in the seventeenth century. The Globe New Globe Walk, SE1 (0171-401 0019) in rep. 18 Aug, 7.30pm, ends 19 Sep. £5-£20, concs available.

EDINBURGH
OKLAHOMA Rodgers and Hammerstein's classic musical. National Theatre: Old South Bank, SE1 (0171-452 3000) Mon-Sat 7.15pm, mats Wed & Sat 2pm, ends 5 Oct. £12-£32.50.

EDINBURGH
POSTMAN PAT The famed postie and his black and white cat star. Barbican Theatre: Barbican Centre EC2 (0171-638 8891) in rep. 15 Aug, 10pm, 1pm & 4pm, £4-£9, concs £3-£7.50.

EDINBURGH
TARRY FLYNN Drama about the ambition of an Irish farmer poet. National Theatre: Lythelton South Bank, SE1 (0171-452 3000) in rep. 19, 21-22 Aug, 7.30pm, 20 Aug, 7pm, ends 22 Aug. £8-£22.

EDINBURGH
MIDDLEBROUGH ART GALLERY Cleophobia Major group show featuring Mora Hirsch and Rache Whitehead. Opens 15 Aug, 1pm-4pm, ends 2 Oct. £5-£10. Linton Road (01642-247445)

EDINBURGH
LIVERPOOL CREAM AT NATION Paul Caleforn, Seiji, Paul Bleszak and Lee Burridge split house. 15 Aug, 9pm-3am. £10, NUS 27, Holsten House Square (0151-709 9172)

EDINBURGH
MIDDLEBROUGH ART GALLERY Layers Of Meaning - The Big Big: A Contemporary Approach Contemporary crafts. In-Sat 1 Dam-5pm, ends 12 Sep, free. Gihes Street (01642-262 376)

EDINBURGH
MANCHESTER WORKS ON PAPER: LS Lowry Retrospective featuring early portraits and life drawings. Ends 30 Aug. Myriad: Katherine Dowsen New acrylic installation. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2pm-5pm, ends 1 Oct. free. University of Manchester, Oxford Road (0161-275 7450)

EDINBURGH
MANCHESTER THE QUEEN'S HALL Rory Bremner Award-winning impressionist. 17-20 Aug, 7.30pm, £12, concs £10. Clerk Street (0131-667 7776)

EDINBURGH
CLUBS

EDINBURGH
THE EDINBURGH TATTOO

EDINBURGH
MONTRÉAL AVENUE, GRAND DRIVE

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THE PLEASANCE

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SUNDAY TELEVISION & RADIO

THE WEEKEND REVIEW
The Independent 15 August 1994

BBC1

BBC2

ITV LWT

Channel 4

Channel 5

ITV/Regions

6.20 Children's BBC: Model Millie (F) (S) (155142). 6.35 Teletubbies (S) (2317784). 7.20 Match of the Day (S) (7) (835438). 8.30 Breakfast with Frost (21559). 9.30 All That Matters (877203). 10.45 See Hear (75061). 10.45 Touched by an Angel (216806). 11.30 Countryfile (S) (235). 12.00 News (T) (9307142). 12.05 The Argument (5748326). 1.00 EastEnders (T) (6592245).

2.20 FILM: *Airport 76* (Jack Smight 1975 US). A Boeing 747 is involved in a mid-air collision. Can Charlton Heston save the day? (464564).

4.05 Columbo (347177). 5.45 Tom and Jerry (2167332). 5.30 News; Weather (617566). 5.50 Local News (226203).

5.55 Songs of Praise: Sir Harry Secombe introduces highlights of the Songs of Praise year (S) (799448).

6.30 Animal Hospital Roadshow: Rolf Harris, Shuna Lowry and Rhodi Williams are in the New Forest in Hampshire, where Rolf visits a rabbit sanctuary. Ah (S) (T) (378784).

7.35 The Great Antiques Hunt: Jill Godden and teams hit Jersey's antique shops and auction rooms (S) (T) (741090).

8.00 Daiziel and Pascoe: Another in the repeat series of mystery dramas, adapted from the award-winning novels of Reginald Hill, and starring Warren Clarke and Colin Buchanan (F) (S) (T) (95342210).

9.35 News; Weather. (T) (774974).

9.50 FILM: *Last of the Mohicans* (Michael Mann 1992 US). The creator of *Miami Vice* meets James Fenimore Cooper in the zappy costume adventure. Daniel Day-Lewis is surprisingly good as Hawkeye. Maledeline Stowe is good support as the love interest (S) (519603).

11.35 FILM: *The Rounders* (Burt Kennedy 1965 US). Comedy western with Glenn Ford and Henry Fonda (working agreeably well together) as cattle wranglers trying to earn enough money to escape their mundane existence (Then Weather) (564603).

1.00 Joins BBC News 24 (5605727). To 6am

6.00 Open University: *Off with the Mask* (2235). 6.30 The Location Problem (3779968). 6.55 Making the News (3772055). 7.25 The Open Mind (7229428). 8.45 *Italianissimo* (5161852).

8.30 Children's BBC: *Brum* (F) (S) (3638516). 8.40 *Gadget Boy* (F) (S) (5880516). 9.05 *The Adventures of Shirley Holmes* (S) (8058036). 9.30 Fully Booked (S) (971245).

12.00 Sunday Grandstand (S) (9005784). 12.05 *Golf* (6306085). 12.15 *Wetbair Women's British Open* (5649697). 1.30 *Equestrian* (53061). 3.00 *Golf* (6157687).

5.45 News Round-Up (989697).

6.00 Watch Out Monthly. A report on basking sharks, and a look at Britain's most spectacular spider (S) (777).

6.30 Top Gear - the TVR Story (F) (S) (T) (429).

7.00 The American Dream. Peter Fonda-narrated documentary series which tells the stories of 10 families over three generations (S) (996719).

7.50 Black Firsts. Edric Connor, the first black actor in the RSC (S) (T) (596222).

8.00 Summer Dance: Urban Clan. A profile of the three Page brothers: choreographer Stephen, whose ballet *Rites* was screened last night; composer David; and dancer Russell (S) (2055).

9.00 Cricket: England vs Sri Lanka. Tony Lewis introduces highlights from Lord's of the one-day international (5719).

10.00 Whatever Happened to the Likely Lads? Bob does some wallpapering (T) (18852).

10.30 CHOICE: Peggy Sue. Romantic drama about a Chinese girl in the 1960s. See *Drama of the Day*, below (S) (94535).

12.00 CHOICE: The Blue Dahlia (George Marshall 1946 US). Raymond Chandler-scripted film noir with Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. See *Film of the Day*, below (214543). To 10am.

2.00 BBC Learning Zone: The Greats: Explorers 1 (5361). 4.00 Languages: *Italianissimo* 1 - 4 (97291). 5.00 Business and Training: *The Business Programme* (279253). To 5.45am.

6.00 GMTV (37887).
8.00 Children's ITV: *Diggit* (4674531). 9.25 *Art Attack* (F) (9563226). 9.30 *Men in Black* (F) (756142). 10.15 *Cartoon Time* (8478790). 10.35 *My Favourite Hymns* (S) (314005). 11.05 *Morning Worship* (T) (570448). 12.15 *ITV News; Weekend Weather* (T) (6393332). 12.15 *London Weekend Today* (9088061).

12.20 F1: Hungarian Grand Prix Live. Live coverage (T) (3804516).

3.20 Dempsey and Makepeace. Michael Brandon and Glynn Barber star in a feature-length episode (9833790).

5.00 Murder, She Wrote (8043055).

5.55 London Weekend Tonight (T) (61487).

6.15 ITV News; Weekend Weather (T) (966535).

6.30 Animal Rescuers. This edition finds the team working against the clock to save some oily Canada Geese (T) (555).

7.00 Predators. Gaby Roslin meets some cheetahs and leopards (F) (8177).

7.30 Coronation Street. Greg and Sally are forced to think on their feet. Hayley receives an ultimatum from Mike (239).

8.00 Duck Patrol. Instantly popular comedy series starring Richard Wilson. The river cops are forced to hold an open day (S) (T) (1697).

8.30 A Touch of Frost. After four robberies in four days at the same house, David Jason's old-school Yorkshire copper comes up with a surprising arrest as a result of lateral thinking (F) (S) (T) (522652).

9.00 Cricket: England vs Sri Lanka. Tony Lewis introduces highlights from Lord's of the one-day international (5719).

10.00 Whatever Happened to the Likely Lads? Bob does some wallpapering (T) (18852).

10.30 ITV News; Weather (T) (458887).

10.45 F1: Hungarian Grand Prix. Jim Rosenthal presents highlights (736513).

11.45 Holy Smoke! (S) (T) (452968).

12.20 FILM: *Empire City* (Mark Rosner 1991 US). Detective Michael Paré and his partner (Mary Mara) investigate the murder of a society's fiancé (5226524).

1.50 F1: Hungarian Grand Prix (50450-562). 4.20 *Night Shift* (28133678). 4.25 *ITV News* (9004165). To 5.30am.

6.10 The Pink Panther (6530697). 6.30 *Little Dracula* (80142). 7.00 *Chigley* (8915351). 7.15 *Hullabaloo* (437018). 7.30 *Sharky and George* (F) (82226). 8.00 *Biter Mice* from *Mars* (5596633). 8.25 *The Odyssey* (5202522). 8.50 *Doug* (852259). 9.25 *Saved with the Bell* (136308). 9.50 *City Guys* (754-784). 10.45 *The Waltons* (595245). 11.00 *Holydays* (156007). 12.10 *The Real World* (2809968). 12.40 *Buzz* (8872603). 1.00 *Mission Impossible* (39667). 2.00 *Trackside* (1829440).

2.35 FILM: *Siege of the Saxons* (1963 US). Arthurian yarn (2178632).

4.30 FILM: *Passport to Pimlico* (1949 UK). Ealing comedy (9893167).

5.45 FILM: *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey* (Peter Hewitt 1991 US). Jolly sequel finds Keanu Reeves and Alex Winter bandying the word "bodacious" as they are threatened by two robotic replicas of themselves sent from the future (4591305).

7.30 Riding the Tiger. Documentary about life in Chinese Hong Kong one year after the handover. This week, two British expatriates (T) (581).

8.00 Your Money and Your Life. A couple and their grim struggle to try to save their recession-hit building business (T) (3351).

9.00 Arthouse: Tuning with the Enemy. Arts documentary profiling the work of Ben Trachten, son of Jessica Mitford, who has battled with the US government to get planes into Cuba (T) (3577).

10.00 FILM: *Stand by Me* (Rob Reiner 1986 US). Charming, flavoursome adaptation of Stephen King's coming-of-age tale set in 1950s Oregon. With Will Wheaton, River Phoenix, Corey Feldman and Richard Dreyfuss (T) (339603).

11.40 So Graham Norton (564142). 12.20 *Midnight Special* (6853949). 1.20 *The Unpleasant World of Penn and Teller* (R) (S) (5703746).

1.55 FILM: *The Time of the Gypsies* (Emir Kusturica 1989 Yug). Tough and funny Cannes prize winner about a young gypsy boy with powers of telekinesis (1398253).

4.20 *Scroto* (5041369). To 5.30am.

6.00 Hot Property (F) (8879142). 6.30 *Havakalou* (80142). 7.00 *Dapperton Down Farm* (8024351). 7.30 *Milkshake!* (6392351). 8.00 *Do You Believe in?* (272790). 8.25 *Wimble's House* (6766742). 8.30 *Alpha Zone* (6765142). 9.00 *Roobarb* (821233). 9.45 *Pitch, Hit and Run* (1433429). 9.50 *The New Adventures of Robin Hood* (821233). 10.30 *Mirror, Mirror* (8588068). 11.00 *Dawn* (388358). 11.30 *USA High* (3884210). 12.00 *The Mag* (7453245). 1.10 *5 News* (62900332). 1.20 *The Impressionists* (9726158). 1.50 *Exclusive* (7820406). 3.00 *Family Affairs* (80142). 3.15 *ITV News* (8184775). 5.25 *Family News and Sport* (7343406).

5.30 I Dream of Diana. Tacky (and talky) documentary in which a group of people discuss the dreams they have had of Diana, Princess of Wales, since her death (S) (T) (734061).

6.30 Diana, Princess of Wales: a 100 Per Cent Special. A special edition in which all 100 questions are about Diana (4859005).

7.00 After Diana. The most interesting of tonight's Diana-related programmes looks at how the royal family responded to media pressures in the wake of Diana's death (S) (559352).

7.30 5 News and Sport (932500).

8.00 The People's Princess: a Tribute. A dramatisation of the last year of the life of Diana, Princess of Wales. See *Tribute of the Day*, below (S) (T) (721242).

9.00 Arthouse: Tuning with the Enemy. Arts documentary profiling

the work of Ben Trachten, son of Jessica Mitford, who has battled with the US government to get planes into Cuba (T) (3577).

10.00 FILM: *Love Crimes* (Lizzie Borden 1992 US). Feminist director Lizzie Borden made that interesting dramatic look at life in an upmarket Manhattan brothel, *Working Girls*, but this inept thriller is a severe disappointment. Patrick Bergin is the phoney photographer who coerces young models to pose for him. Sean Young is the assistant DA who becomes obsessed with bringing the man to justice (535061).

11.40 Motor Racing - the FedEx Championship Series

Texaco/Havoline 200 (4302974).

12.40 Major League Baseball - Live (5341901). 4.40 *Monsters* (5508952).

5.05 Thrill (18222765). To 5.30am.

BBC1 N IRELAND: As BBC1 London except: 2.20 *Town Chatterbox* 3.05 *Hidden Treasures* 4.00 - 4.05 *Our Roaring Reporter*

ANGRIA: As LWT except: 12.45 *Noises* (6583332). 3.25 *Angie News* (5088219). 3.40 *Rock and God* (5088219). 3.45 *Film: Men in Sheepskin Coats* (307413). 5.15 *Tintops Country Churches* (7029993). 5.40 *On 4* (8585886). 6.05 *Angie News* (803571). 12.20 *Film: Empire City* (6303981). 12.45 *Hungarian Grand Prix* (16525017). 1.15 *F1: Hungarian Grand Prix* (7610520). 4.20 *Jobbing* (1755491). 5.00 *Spotlight Asia* (85852).

HTV WALES: As LWT except: 12.45 HTV News (908061). 3.20 *Film: The Man from Laraine* (15057429). 5.10 *1994* (5088219). 5.40 *Leader of the Pack* (5088219). 6.00 *HTV News* (566426). 12.20 *Film: Empire City* (903571). 1.45 *F1: Hungarian Grand Prix* (6252020). 4.20 *Jobbing* (1755491). 5.00 *Spotlight Asia* (85852).

HTV WEST: As HTV Wales except: 12.45 *Academy of Speed* (15057429). 3.20 *TV Sports* (5149219). 4.40 *Can You Keep a Secret?* (729981).

4.40 Three Choirs of the Seven Vale (5873603). 5.00 *Run* with the Ball (1650719). 5.40 *West Match Plus* (538333).

HTV WEST: As HTV Wales except: 12.

SATURDAY RADIO

RADIO 1
(97.6-98.6MHz FM)
7.00 Mark Goodier. 10.00 Chris Moyles. 1.00 Lisa Panson. 3.00 Radio 1's R'n'B Chart. 5.00 Judge Jules. 2.00 Danny Rampling - Lovegrove Dance Party. 9.00 Westwood - Radio 1 Rap Show. 22.00 Radio 1 Reggae Dancehall Mix. 2.00 Essential Mix: Full Intention. 4.00 - 6.00 Annie Nightingale.

RADIO 2
(88.0-92.2MHz FM)
6.00 Mo Dutta. 8.05 Brian Matthew. 10.00 Steve Wright's Saturday Show. 1.00 Talking Comedy. 1.30 What on Earth? 2.00 Alan Freeman. 3.30 Johnnie Walker. 5.30 Paul Gambaccini. 7.00 Hall and Oates. 8.00 Hall and Oates in Concert. 9.00 The Luther Vandross Summer Selection. 10.00 Bob Harris. 1.00 Charles Lowe. 4.00 - 6.00 Mo Dutta.

RADIO 3
(90.2-92.4MHz FM)
6.00 On Air
9.00 Record Breakers.
12.00 Private Passions.
1.00 The Radio 3 Lunchtime Concert.
2.00 BBC Philharmonic.
2-30 BBC Proms 98.
22.5 Choral Day: Joyful Company of Singers. See Pick of the Day.
3.30 Choral Day: City of Birmingham Symphony Youth Chorus.
3.55 In Quires and Places.
4.30 Choral Day: Ex Cathedra.
5.00 Choral Day: Shannon Express.
5.30 Choral Day: Choir of New College, Oxford.
6.30 Choral Day: Huddersfield Choral Society.
7.00 Fantasia and Dance.
7.30 Take Me Back to New Orleans. Humphrey Lyttelton tells the story of the British jazz revival. In the third of four programmes, Britain falls in love, first with swing, then with trad jazz - a bowdlerised version of the New Orleans music. Dancing, sex and pop stardom all come to the humble jazzers as a bit of a shock, as was the end of the jazz boom with the appearance of the Beatles.
8.00 BBC Proms 98. The climax of Choral Day: a 1000-strong massed choir raising the roof of the Royal Albert Hall in Orff's 'Carmina Burana' in its original version with piano and percussion. Judith



PICK OF THE DAY

NOTHING to do with royalty or Prussians, The King of Prussia (3pm-4pm) is in fact a smuggling yarn by the Cornish playwright Nick Darke, performed by the Kneehigh Theatre company. The plot concerns a band of free-traders running brandy from Brittany to Cornwall with the French Revolution just around the corner - their trade brings prosperity to the area, until

they get mixed up with rich folk. You can hear the full gamut of Britain's choral tradition in today's Proms (from 2.45pm-4pm) programme, which starts with Tallis's 40-part motet 'Spem in alium', and ends with 'Carmina Burana' by Orff (right), in the original version for piano and percussion and with a choir of 1,000 voices - so it should be loud.

ROBERT HANKS

6.57 Weather.
7.00 Home Truths.
9.00 Home News.
10.00 NEWS: Loose Ends.
11.00 NEWS: The Food Programme.
12.00 NEWS: From Our Own Correspondent.
12.00 NEWS: Inside Money.
12.30 RTTF.
12.55 Weather.
1.00 News.
1.15 Diverse Perspectives.
2.00 NEWS: Crossing Continents. (F)
2.30 Rosa Rust.
3.00 NEWS: The Saturday Play: The King of Prussia. See Pick of the Day.
4.00 NEWS: Weekend Women's Hour.
5.00 Saturday PM.
5.30 Talking Pictures.
5.34 Shipping Forecast.
5.37 Weather.
6.00 Six O'Clock News.
6.30 Saturday Night Fly.
7.00 Saturday Review.
7.45 Kurds-Eye View. Four talks in which Kurdish journalist Hachir Tamimour reflects on his 39 years' living in Britain. 3: William Shakespeare and I, in which Hachir starts a course towards earning a living as a wordsmith, beginning with his very first English utterance and graduating to a job on The Times.
8.00 The Archive Hour: The Rainey Station. Milk Churns, a Porter and a Cat on a Seal, in the second of two programmes, social historian Jeffrey Richards looks at the country station, which ended rural isolation in Victorian times and has long been depicted in the work of writers, artists and

filmmakers.
8.00 NEWS: The Classic Serial: The Birds Fall Down. By Rebecca West, dramatised in two parts by Melissa Murray. 2: It is 1905, and, having found out that her grandfather's secretary is a double agent, Laura becomes involved in plots to exterminate him. With Sarah-Jane Holm, Kenneth Cranham and John Carlisle. Director Cherry Cookson.
9.00 News and Weather.
10.00 Straw Poll. Justin Webb chairs a debate on the motion: 'Sex is responsible for more trouble than pleasure'. From the LSE Gender Institute in London.
11.00 NEWS: Richard Barton - General Practitioner. Lot Mason's comedy series. Dick Barton running up a tab in the pub? Strange behaviour from the unrefined special agent. With Robert Bathurst, Moray Watson and Matilda Ziegler. (F)
11.30 Talking Notes.
12.00 News.
12.25 Experimental Feature: 4 Minutes 33.
12.30 The Late Story: The Perfect Host.
12.45 Shipping Forecast.
1.00 As World Service.
5.30 World News.
5.35 Shipping Forecast.
5.40 Irish Sea Forecast.
5.50 - 6.00 Bells on Sunday.

RADIO 4 LW
(96.0kHz)
12.00 - 12.04 News Headlines; Shipping Forecast.

RADIO 5 LIVE
(93.909kHz MW)
6.00 Mike Dilger.

6.00 Dirty Tackie.
6.30 The Breakfast Programme.
9.00 Oldroyd on Saturday.
11.00 Move It.
11.30 The Scoop.
12.00 Sportsca.
1.00 Sport on Five.
6.00 Six-O-Six.
6.00 Dalyin UK. Richard Dalyin with news from around the UK including the National Lottery Draw.
9.00 The Treatment. Stuart MacLean and guests review the week's news.
10.00 Late Night Currie. Edwin Currie with the weekend's big issues, including sport in-depth at 10.30, and a news briefing at 11.00. Phone 0500 909893.
1.00 Up All Night.
5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.

CLASSIC FM
(100.0-101.6MHz Fm)
6.00 Jane Merkham. 9.00 Countdown.
11.00 Masters of Their Art.
12.00 Mike Read. 3.00 Margaret Howard. 6.00 Classic FM at the Movies. 7.00 Classic Classics at Seven. 9.00 Opera Guide. 10.00 The Classic Quiz. 12.00 Midnight Music. 2.00 - 2.01 Evening Concert.
4.00 - 6.00 Sunday Start.

VIRGIN RADIO
(125.1-127.2MHz MW 105.8MHz FM)
6.00 Paul Coyle. 10.00 Robin Banks. 2.00 Jeremy Clark. 6.00 Johnny Boy's Wheels of Steel. 10.00 Janey Lee Grace. 2.00 - 6.00

Howard Pearce.

WORLD SERVICE
(198.0kHz LW)
1.00 Newsdesk. 1.30 Letter from America. 1.45 Britain Today. 2.00 Newsdesk. 2.30 How to Listen. 2.45 Sports Roundup. 3.00 Newsdesk. 3.30 World Music Review. 4.00 World News. 4.05 World Business Review. 4.35 Sports Roundup. 4.30 From Our Own Correspondent. 5.00 Newsdesk. 5.30 - 6.00 Global Business.

TALK RADIO
(16.0kHz)
6.00 Paul Ross and Carol McGiffin. 9.00 Sean Bolger. 11.30 Danny Baker and Danny Kelly. 4.00 Premiership Show. 3.00 Live Nationwide Commentary. 5.30 Danny Baker and Danny Kelly. 7.30 Nancy Roberts. 10.00 Mike Allen. 2.00 - 6.00 Mike Dilger.

INDEPENDENT PURSUITS

CHESS
WILLIAM HARTSTON

AFTER EIGHT rounds of the British championship, Mathew Sadler was beautifully placed to take the title. He was half a point ahead of the field and had met all his closest rivals. Two rounds later, however, all his hopes had evaporated. The first thing that went wrong for him was Jonathan Speelman, in round nine, Speelman, playing White, looked a sound bet to take half a point away from Nigel Short, who was the only man within half a point of Sadler. But Speelman played his worst game of the tournament and collapsed to defeat. With Sadler only drawing his game, that result allowed Short to draw level. In the tenth round, however, Sadler had an even worse accident.

He was Black against Mark Hebden and played his favourite Queen's Gambit Accepted, an opening that has brought him a string of fine wins in international tournaments. This game looked for a long time like adding another notch to his tally. Ignoring White's pawn sacrifice with 7.e4, Sadler got on with his development, and, when Hebden sacrificed with 18.Bxh7+, it looked more an attempt to confuse matters than a combination he believed in.

As Sadler cautiously and accurately chose the right squares for his king, Hebden did well to keep his attack alive, but when they reached the diagram position after 34.f3, he seemed to have run out of steam. White does not even threaten Qe5 because it would allow a check by queen or rook on h1. In this position, Black could have played 34...d3 or 34...Qb3 (threatening Qe5+) with

a big advantage. The move he chose was good, too: after 34...e4, Black attacks g5 with queen and rook. White's 35.Nh7+ Rxh7 36.fxe4 (36.fxe4 Rxh7 wins for Black) was his last hope, but 36...Qg5 would have led to a simple win for Black. Instead Sadler blundered in horrible time trouble - and after 36...Qe5?? 37.Rf1+ Black was dead.

White: Mark Hebden
Black: Mathew Sadler
Queen's Gambit Accepted
British Championship 1998
1 d4 ds 20 Rxg5 Qxc5
2 c4 dxc4 21 Nxf7+ Kg6
3 Nf3 Nf6 22 Nfd6 Rxg6
4 e3 e6 23 exd6 Qf5
5 Bxg5 c5 24 Ne4 Rh8
6 0-0 a5 25 g4 Qd5
7 e4 h5 26 h5+ Kf7
8 Bd3 Bb7 27 Ng5+ Kf6
9 Re1 cxd4 28 Qd2 e5
10 a4 b4 29 Ne4+ Kf7
11 e5 Nf7 30 Qg5 Bc8
12 Bg5 Re7 31 Qg6+ Kf8
13 Rxg7 Qxe7 32 Ng5 Bxg4
14 Nbd2 Nc6 33 Re1 Rh5
15 Rcl 0-0 34 f3 e4
16 h4 Rfd8 35 Nh7+ Rxh7
17 Qe2 Nc5 36 fxe4 Qe5
18 Bxh7+ Kxh7 37 Rh1+
19 Ng5+ Kh6 resigns

BRIDGE

ALAN HIRON

"I'VE READ the chapter on safety plays..." South began, but he was interrupted by the firesome kibitzer who had seen all four hands and added: "but haven't got as far as the one on preserving entries!"

South opened One-No-trump (12-14 points) and North raised directly to Six-No-trumps against which west led a low heart, doing declarer no harm, which went to the three, queen and king. Four tricks in diamonds would now be enough and, as the cards lie, an immediate finesse of 97 works, but would, of course, fail if East held the singleton ten. Considering the suit in isolation, there was a play to ensure the necessary tricks and declarer cashed 9 before coming to hand with +Q to lead a second diamond. West played low, however, and dummy's seven won.

"Too late, South saw a hitch. He needed two entries to hand in order to establish and cash a fourth diamond, and he had to fall back on the spade finesse. When this failed, so did the contract. Can you spot the point that the unwelcome spectator had high-

lights? The play itself in the diamond suit was spot on, but declarer had missed an essential preliminary at trick one. He should have played +J from the table on the opening lead. It looks unnatural, but consider the effect: declarer still has his three heart tricks and, whether East covers with his queen or not, there is now an extra entry back to hand in the hearts, and the diamonds can be brought in.

LOVE ALL: dealer South
North ♦8 5 2
♦A J 3
♦A K 7
♦A K J 10
West ♠10 7
♦J 9 6 4
♦9 7 6 4 2
♦Q 10 5 4 0 2
♦5 +9 8 7 3 2
South ♠A Q 3
♦K 10
♦J 9 8 6 3
♦Q 6 4

SATELLITE AND CABLE

PICK OF THE DAY

MADONNA consolidates her older-and-wisdoms phase with 'Ghettos' for her 40th birthday tomorrow. In celebration, VH1 is dedicating a whole day of programmes to the pop icon. The highlight of this will be Madonna Rising (noon and 9pm), in which she visits her favourite New York haunts with friend and actor Rupert Everett. For tips on the art of seduction, look no further than The Fabulous Baker Boys (3.30pm Bravo), which takes a stylish yet understated look at an otherwise well-worn theme.

VIVIENNE HELLER

DISCOVERY CHANNEL
4.00 Seawings (655354). 5.00 Battlefields (562693). 6.00 Battlefields (738806). 8.00 Super Structures (564793). 9.00 Killer Weather (569301). 9.00 Adrenalin Rush (2283). 10.00 A Century of War (2194234). 11.00 Arthur C Clarke's Mysterious World (655623). 11.30 Arthur C Clarke's Mysterious World (555775). 12.00 Battlefields (203500). 1.00 Battlefields (238358). 2.00 Close. SKY 1
9.00 Dolly and Her Friends (8098). 2.30 Orion and Olivia. 6.00 What-a-Mess (57172). 8.30 Ultralapse (22973). 8.30 Wild West Cowboys of Moo Mesa (21215). 9.30 Double Dragon (37777). 10.00 Games World (655650). 11.00 Tarzan: The Epic Adventure (585486). 12.00 Wild West (27395). 1.00 World Wrestling Federation Show (560740). 2.00 Kung Fu (42283). 3.00 Star Trek (3860). 4.00 Star Trek: Voyager (3865). 5.00 Xena: Warrior Princess (562323). 6.00 Zorro (56236). 7.00 Mountain Bike (73354). 8.00 Man in the Mirror (57054). 9.00 The X-Files (71547). 10.00 The X-Files (71548). 11.00 Man in the Mirror (56236). 12.00 Powerball and Jet Sport (562365). 1.00 Star Trek (56236). 2.00 Star Trek (56237). 3.00 Star Trek (56238). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239). 1.00 Star Trek (56239). 2.00 Star Trek (56239). 3.00 Star Trek (56239). 4.00 Star Trek (56239). 5.00 Star Trek (56239). 6.00 Star Trek (56239). 7.00 Star Trek (56239). 8.00 Star Trek (56239). 9.00 Star Trek (56239). 10.00 Star Trek (56239). 11.00 Star Trek (56239). 12.00 Star Trek (56239).

LOUISE LEVENE

TELEVISION REVIEW



YOUTH MISSION (should you choose to accept it) is to find some television worth watching on a Friday in high summer. Hell, introduce a time limit and most desirous of some sort, it is a programme concept in itself.

Jeremy Paxman and Amelia Rose may be taking a short rest, but the schedules are severely challenged just the same. In production companies, up and down the land Peter Bacallaglio, programme that will combine the lurchy-festive rhythms of home interest pursuits with the nervous indulgence of Mastermind.

Watercolour Challenge (C4) has furnished a nice, little corner for Huwman Gordon who gets to present a jingly 30-minute programme in which she visits an acre of Britain, collars the local amateurs and gives them four hours to paint a beauty spot. Each day a winner is selected and on Friday we enjoy a grand final.

The success of "How to"

style painting programmes has prompted someone to come up with a format in which adult education meets the subject in a distinct style.

As a struggling beginner, I would have welcomed a little more that from the resident expert on the techniques and palette of colourist beach painter, had chosen, and if that meant cutting back on Hennessy Gordon gushing "Ooh! That's going really lovely!" every five minutes, all well and good. At about half-time, the cameras took a break from swooping over the artists' shoulders and followed them as she moved around the grounds of Cawton Castle, delivering an interior monologue on lines from

Macbeth. This was considerably less in keeping with watching paint dry.

Never mind, it is an attractive programme and I know its place: the perfect accompaniment for a pot of Dipping and a barrel of Gypsy Creams.

"Cobain's beauty Slinky Cook (BBC1) would be empty

at home in the daytime schedules, but it has pretensions to greater things. So it goes out at prime-time. So should you. Is this really the best BBC1 has to offer at 7.30 on a Friday evening?

I do not care if it is August.

Not that ITV is any better.

Viewers in the south east have the option of watching LWT's mind-boggling Boot Sale Challenge in which two couples are supplied with coloured swastikas and £100 and told to go north and multiply one competitor - a proud veteran of those motorised jumble sales - boasting that he had once paid £2 for a painting which later sold for £10. Such an obscene level of return is obviously the holy grail of this dreary series, but it is an unsavoury business. It is no longer to pick up a hanger from an old curiosity shopkeeper who ought to know better, but trading on the vagueness of fellow car-booters.

The least Antiques Roadshow

is the obvious model for this avuncular, weaselly-in-the-avuncular business of bringing happy endings to the unwilling.

Car Boot Challenge sets out to bring them before they get to the valuation table.

Yesterday's beauty hunters wended up and down a Buckinghamshire road, haggling for various bits of tat. Their browsing was all pretty good, each rendering the subject in a distinct style.

As a struggling beginner, I would have welcomed a little more that from the resident expert on the techniques and palette of colourist beach painter,

had chosen, and if that meant cutting back on Hennessy Gordon gushing "Ooh! That's going really lovely!" every five minutes, all well and good. At about half-time, the cameras took a break from swooping over the artists' shoulders and followed them as she moved around the grounds of Cawton Castle, delivering an interior monologue on lines from

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Macbeth. This was considerably less in keeping with watching paint dry.

Never mind, it is an attractive programme and I know its place: the perfect accompaniment for a pot of Dipping and a barrel of Gypsy Creams.

"Cobain's beauty Slinky Cook (BBC1) would be empty

DOCUMENTARY OF THE DAY



ARTS PROGRAMME OF THE DAY



FILM OF THE DAY



7.00 **The Munsters** (8805467). **7.25** News (8359134).

7.30 **Children's BBC:** Noddy (288167). **7.40** **Free Willy** (R). **8.05** **Reccos** (699592). **8.30** **Cat's Eye** (R). **9.15** **Aladdin** (R). **9.45** **Enchanted** (681222). **10.40** **The Pop Song** (S) (519778). **11.00** **Cartoon** (518852).

12.00 **Grandstand** (S) (9003370). **12.08** **Football Focus** (6844554). **1.10** **News: Weather** (M) (12544028). **1.18** **Critical Focus** (5832219). **1.30** **Motorcycling** (27262487).

1.58 **Racing** (Tom Newbury) (M) (2301). **2.00** **Motorcycling** (27262487). **2.25** **Racing** (Tom Newbury) (M) (2301). **2.55** **Racing** (Tom Newbury) (M) (2301). **3.00** **recess** (6842221). **3.15** **Cartoon** (518852).

3.30 **Score** (165313). **5.35** **New Weather** (T) (588225). **6.45** **Reasonable News and Weather** (398370).

5.50 **Blankety Blank** (Liz Savage) (Guests/Visitors era Sue Cook, Paul Rose, Liz Smith, Howard Anthony, Michelle Collins and Peter Gamble) (S) (758427).

6.00 **Open University: Patterns in the Dust** (S) (5162141). **7.30** **The Bodoggy Trial** (T) (50770). **8.00** **Wettest Day** (24 (522757)). **8.45** **Open University** (S) (5162141). **9.55** **March** (526811). **10.40** **News Review** (881370). **11.25** **National Trust** (The Flamebirds) (R) (S) (344222). **11.45** **National Trust** (Flamebirds) (R) (S) (3724405).

11.40 **ITV: The Wicked Lady** (Leslie Atavis) (941515). **12.00** **Margaret Lockwood** (Ladies in Tighty-Whities) (in his Goldfarb's shop) (not far from the centre in 1945). **James Nelson** (helps her out) (5883297).

1.00 **People's Century** (F) (S) (7207318). **3.55** **Emberok** (R) (270515).

5.00 **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **6.00** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **6.15** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **6.30** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **6.45** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **7.00** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **7.15** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **7.30** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **7.45** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **7.55** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **8.00** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **8.15** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **8.30** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **8.45** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **8.55** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **9.00** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). **9.15** **ITV: Soma Like It Hot** (Billy Wilder 1949 US). 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